

PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

EC.

Hebbie-Eddie: The Wedding Nothing Could Stop

**Frankly, Marriage
Doesn't End Easily!**

LYSON-POWELL

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clusive

**the Truth
hind
ohn Derek's
ST-UP**



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AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**
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IT'S LIQUID **PRELL**
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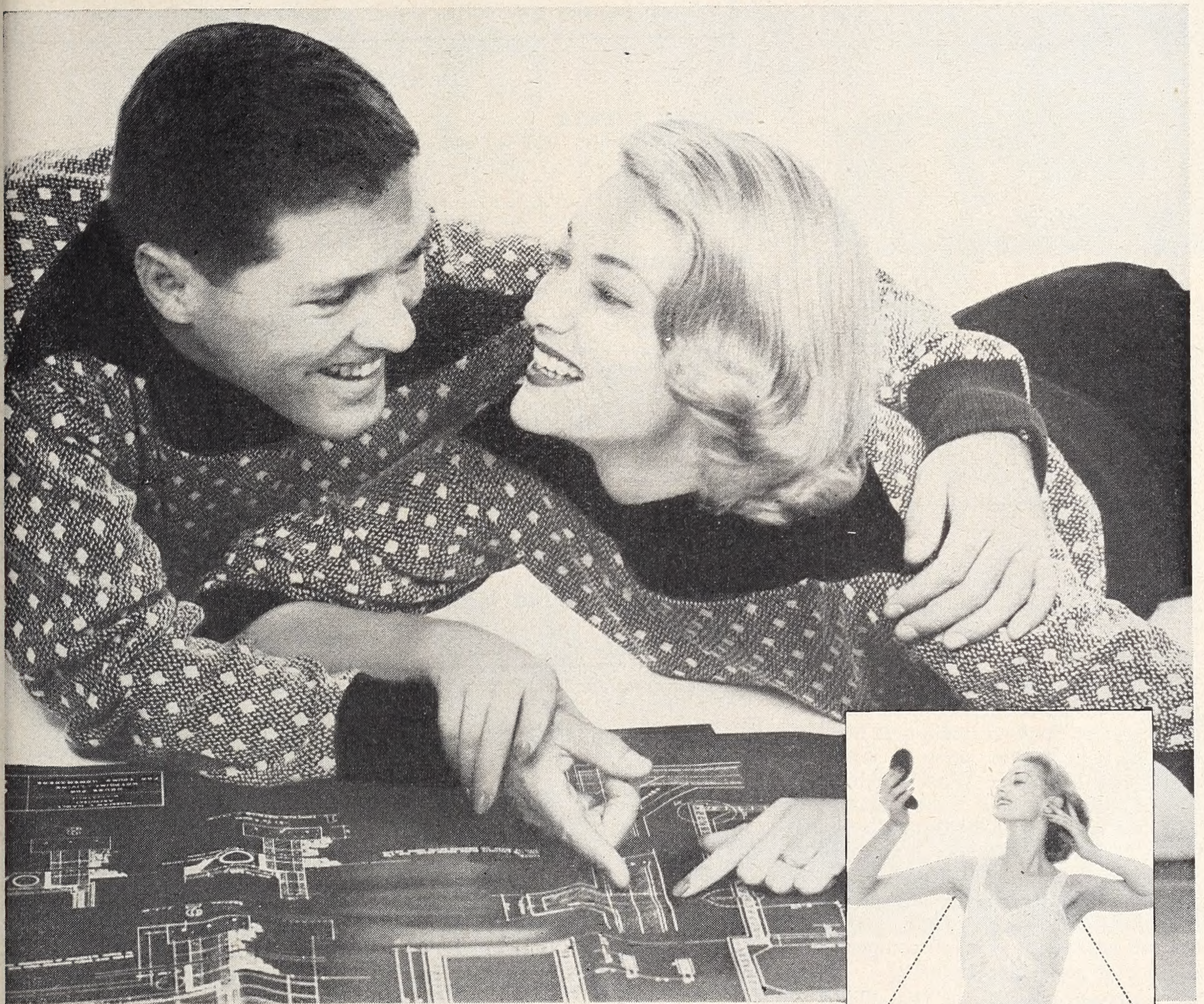
There's the exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And, of course, children and grownups alike love famous Prell in the handy tube! Won't spill, drip, or break. So economical, too—ounce for ounce it goes further!



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New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



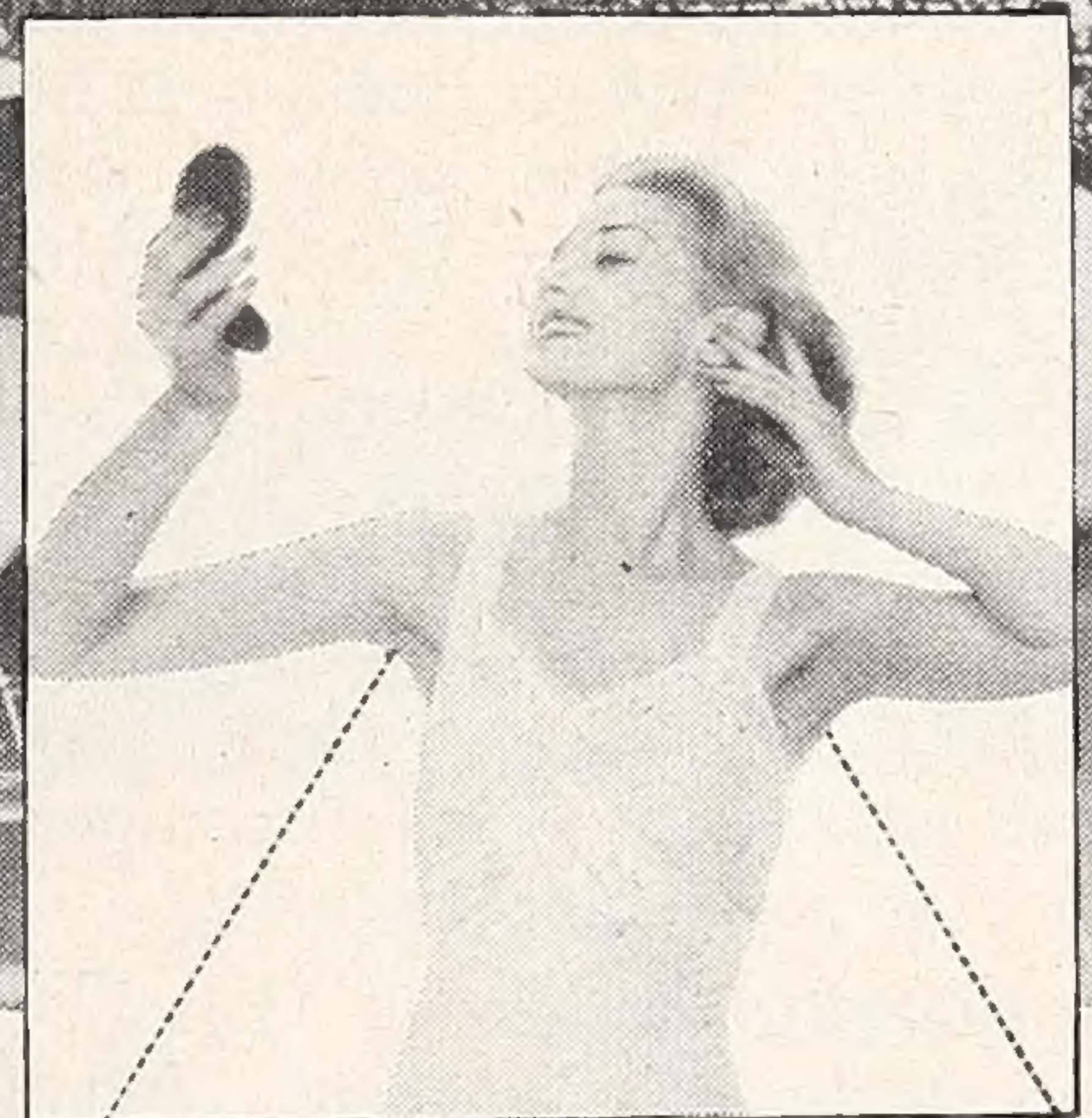
What matter if that "castle" is still a blue-print? For him, the girl's a dream-come-true already . . . so sweet, so pert, so always huggable. (And she *stays* that way with New MUM.)

This original doctor's deodorant now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that *keeps on* destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New MUM is all-day dependable—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh

ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New MUM is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—*stays moist in the jar*.

Buy New MUM today at any toiletry counter—it's that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.



Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet New MUM *with* M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.



This Seal certifies that New MUM will not irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

New Mum® Cream

with long-lasting M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

Another fine Product of Bristol-Myers

PHOTOPLAY

Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand—December 6

December 1955

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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HOLLYWOOD

SYLVIA WALLACE—Editor

JOAN RADABAUGH—Assistant West Coast Editor

Contributing Editors: MAXINE ARNOLD, JERRY ASHER, RUTH WATERBURY

Photographer: SID AVERY

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Why don't they
invite that nice
Mrs. J----?

Mrs. J— is pretty, poised and friendly. You'd think that both men and women would like to talk to her, like to have her around. But she's careless about "the one unforgivable fault." So she's seldom invited back a second time.

Any woman may be the victim of "embarrassing odor" without realizing it. For a douche is ineffective unless it both cleanses and deodorizes. What a difference just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant makes, when it's added to the douche water! It kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact. It helps keep you free from "embarrassing odor" for long periods. It spreads into all the folds and crevices to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

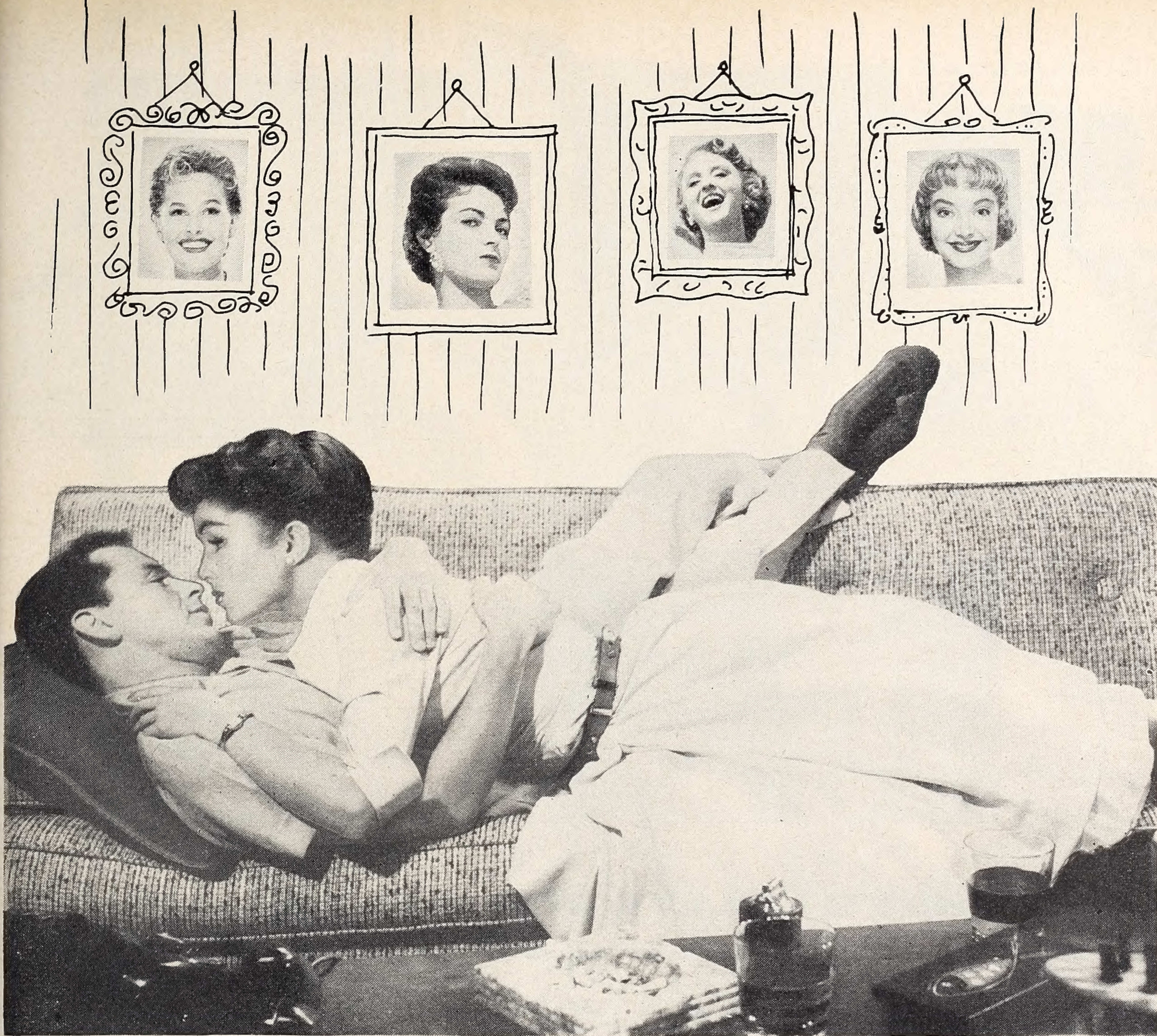
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Brand Disinfectant

THIS GENTLEMAN PREFERS GIRLS!



MANY TRIED... BUT ONLY ONE SUCCEEDED...

SEE HOW SHE DID IT IN

The Tender Trap

from **M-G-M** starring

FRANK SINATRA · DEBBIE REYNOLDS · DAVID WAYNE · CELESTE HOLM

(NOW AN EXPERT ON "THE TENDER TRAP")

with **JARMA LEWIS** • Screen Play by **JULIUS EPSTEIN**

Based on the Play by **MAX SHULMAN** and **ROBERT PAUL SMITH** And Presented On the New York Stage by **CLINTON WILDER**

Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR**

Directed by **CHARLES WALTERS** • Produced by **LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN**

AN M-G-M PICTURE

in **COLOR** and
CINEMASCOPE!



Kate Hepburn in "Summertime" had Joan Crawford sitting through five shows. If Sidney is foreseeing correctly, inimitable Kate and Jim Cagney each have a chance for an Oscar!

Frank Sinatra gets Sidney's applause for the way Frank applauds the people he likes!

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I BELIEVE THAT Mario Lanza is misunderstood, even by himself . . . Saw Liz Taylor with gray hair after she played a scene for "Giant." If this is a preview of things to come, I'm putting in my bid for Liz Taylor as an old, gray-haired lady . . . Joan Crawford goes on kicks. At present she is on a "Summertime" kick, having seen Katharine Hepburn five times. "I'll see it many more times," said Joan. "Katie Hepburn—what a face!—what a performance!" . . . I have to agree with Joan. As this typewriter goes to post, it's Katie Hepburn and Jimmy Cagney winners in the Oscar Derby, for the best performances by actress and actor . . . The best comment I heard on Oscars was made by Marlon Brando during the last struggle. Said Brando: "Everyone talks like you'll go to jail if you don't win one." . . . Whatever became of Elaine Stewart? . . . I turn on the TV set the minute I hear Eva Marie Saint is going to be on.

I wonder how Rodgers and Hammerstein went for the miscasting of Gloria Grahame (*Ado Annie*) and Eddie Albert (the peddler) in "Oklahoma!" Todd-AO

. . . Frank Sinatra is a rooter who goes all the way for you if he goes for you . . . Movie starlets who have done it many times tell me that a sexy pose is uncomfortable. Look at the next batch of sexy photographs and see what I mean . . . Jane Russell's comment on this: "Every time I'm photographed, I feel as though the camera is looking clear down my neck—and it usually is."

I'm waiting for a movie layout of Mel Ferrer which doesn't have a picture of Audrey Hepburn . . . Always remember that it takes more than wearing a pair of white gloves to make a lady! . . . I thought Jeanne Crain was sexier when she wasn't deliberately trying to be . . . Jean Simmons has it, as far as I'm concerned, without even trying . . . Judy Holliday breaks me up when I'm having just a normal conversation with her. I think she's the most, off-screen as well as on-screen . . . I'm weary of reading those catch titles: "What Hollywood Has Done to Marilyn Monroe!" There's also something to be said for: "What Hollywood Has Done for Marilyn

Monroe!" and I believe MM is fair enough to agree . . . I can't remember William Holden giving a bad performance in a movie.

Cyd Charisse could be the biggest sex bundle in the business . . . Liberace smiles a lot, but I wonder how much genuine mirth is connected with it . . . Janet Leigh told me: "Since I became a blond I had to make less conversation." . . . While here making a movie, English actress Joan Greenwood was as entertaining when a camera wasn't looking. Among many things, Joan said: "I think you must be alone part of every day with your clothes off. No radio, no TV, just silence. Gives your body a chance to rest."

I wonder if Rock Hudson is sorry now that he allowed agent Henry Willson to tag him with such a label . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor told me: "I've been married almost all of my life . . . anyway, ever since I was sixteen. Of course, it was to three different men. I feel more at home when I'm married." That's Hollywood for you.

*It's the Big Christmas
and New Year Treat
in Leading Theatres
Throughout the Country!*

ARTISTS and
MODELS!
GLAMOR and
HI-JINKS!
GIRLS! and
GLORIOUS
TUNES!

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

♪
SONGS:
Innamorata
You Look
So Familiar
When You
Pretend
Artists
and Models
The
Lucky Song
The
Bat Lady
♪

SHIRLEY
MacLAINE—
*The exciting new
star discovery!*

Paramount presents
DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS
IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
ARTISTS AND MODELS
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

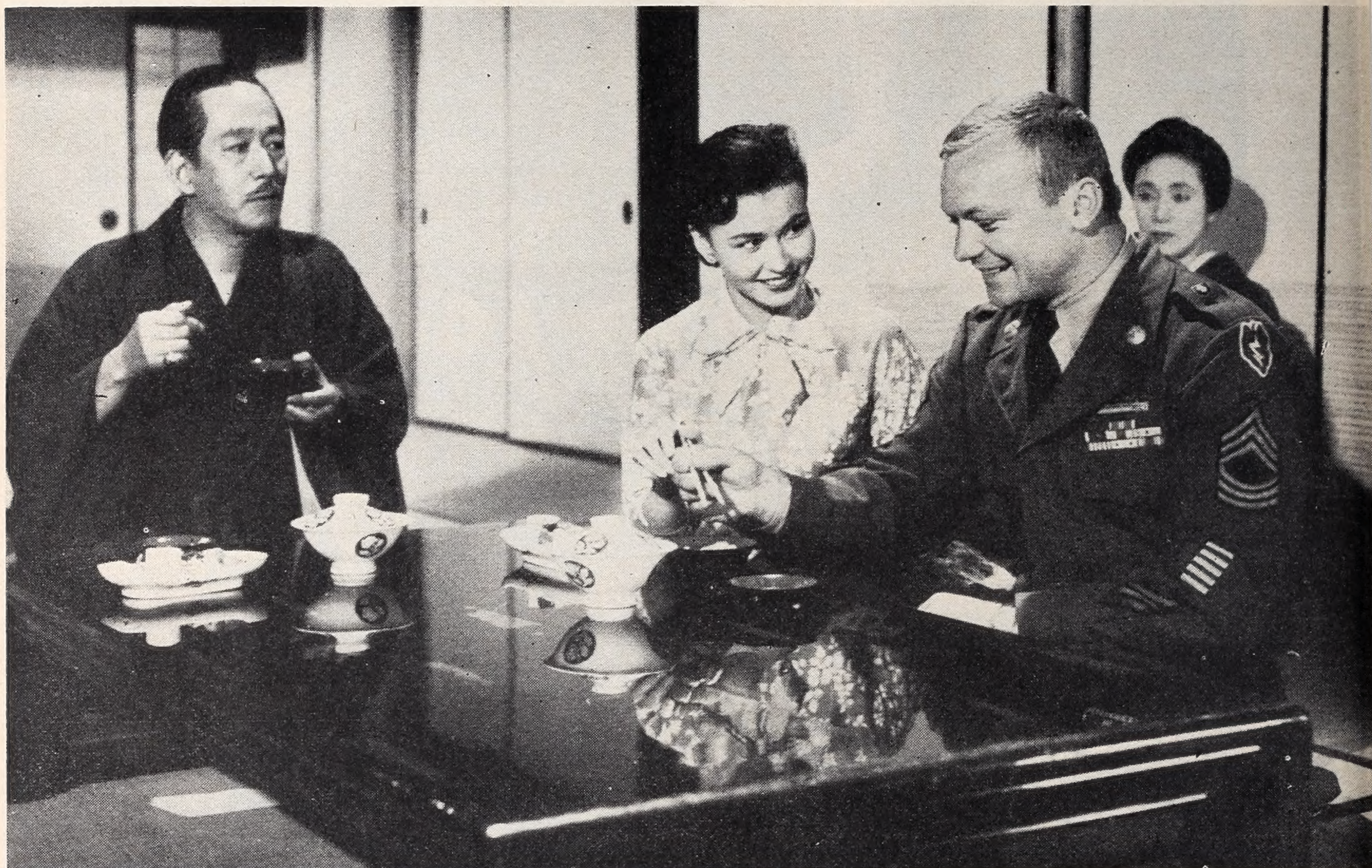
CO-STARRING
SHIRLEY MacLAINE · DOROTHY MALONE
AND
EDDIE MAYEHOFF
WITH
EVA GABOR · ANITA EKBERG · GEORGE "FOGHORN" WINSLOW

Directed by FRANK TASHLIN · Screenplay by FRANK TASHLIN, HAL KANTER, and HERBERT BAKER
Adaptation by DON MCGUIRE · New Songs — Music by Harry Warren · Lyrics by Jack Brooks



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves



Visiting his sweetheart, Mitsuko Kimura, and her parents, Tatsuo Saito and Teruko Omi, Aldo has an etiquette problem

The Desperate Hours

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Sharp teamwork by a first-rate cast keeps the tension tight in this close-up of an average household invaded by criminals. Fredric March sets the pace as the father, hardly the man of action, but capable of courage and strategy when his wife (Martha Scott), daughter (Mary Murphy) and young son (Richard Eyer) are threatened. As the shrewd, ruthless leader in the prison break and the plan to hide out in March's house, Humphrey Bogart contends not only with his frightened yet rebellious hostages, but with his fellow convicts. Kid brother Dewey Martin, corrupted by Bogart, longs for a decent life he can never have. And Robert Middleton, as the third crook, is a mentally twisted brute. Gig Young, as Mary's beau, and Arthur Kennedy, as a deputy sheriff, offer strong support.

Three Stripes in the Sun

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Like Aldo Ray's endearing lead performance, his new film radiates warm humor and humanity. Shot in Japan and based on a true incident of the American occupation, the story presents Aldo as a sergeant who learned to hate Japs during wartime service. His tough, truculent attitude gets him into trouble with his commanding officer (Phil Carey). But Aldo begins to change his mind (and heart) after he meets Mitsuko Kimura, a charming interpreter, and a group of Japanese war orphans. Along with his breezy pal portrayed engagingly by Dick York, Aldo gets his whole regiment to "adopt" the orphanage, doing some amusing finagling with Army supplies to give the children better food and shelter. His romance with Mitsuko is not so smooth. Realistically, his prejudice isn't cured in a flash.



Best Acting:
Fredric March

Fredric thanks Gig Young for protecting daughter Mary in a deadly crisis

FAMILY

FAMILY

Continued



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—
and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine
... instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath results. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

**Listerine Antiseptic kills germs
by millions!**

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact ... instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

**Listerine Antiseptic
acts on many surfaces**

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces ... the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.



LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY LISTERINE



1 HR. AFTER USING

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY TOOTH PASTE



BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY LISTERINE



4 HRS. AFTER USING

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY TOOTH PASTE



NO
SIGNIFICANT
REDUCTION



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

continued

✓✓✓✓ Excellent

✓✓✓ Very Good

✓✓ Good

✓ Fair



Meeting Deb, Frank doesn't know his bachelorhood's doomed

The Tender Trap

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Four deft comedy performances by four likable people—Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, Celeste Holm—bring you a wealth of laughs and lively romance. Frank's a New York agent, whose carefree bachelor life inspires envy in his house guest, David, a domesticated husband and father. Celeste is one of Frank's numerous girls, a violinist quite open in her desire to get married. And Debbie, a new singer signed by Frank's agency, is even more direct: She has a wedding date set, though she hasn't yet chosen a groom. When she decides Frank's her boy, the poor bachelor is in for it. Based on a Broadway hit, the film is pretty talkative—but it's good talk, one bright line following another. All four principals have a go at the title song, reprised often.

FAMILY



Best Acting:
Vivien Leigh

Vivien faces a decision: Can she share Kenneth More's life?

The Deep Blue Sea

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Vivien Leigh's exquisite features mirror a variety of powerful emotions in a British-made story of a tragic infatuation. Kenneth More matches her every step of the way, though he plays a character usually classified as a cad. For him, Vivien deserts her kind, aristocratic husband (Emlyn Williams). An intelligent woman, she knows she has nothing—except love—in common with Kenneth. He's a dashing, shallow-minded fellow, who still talks the weird slang of his RAF days and has no more sense of responsibility than a twelve-year-old boy. But More manages to rouse sympathy for this man, as hopelessly trapped as Vivien. With Eric Portman as a philosophical upstairs neighbor, Moira Lister as the nosy blond next door, the problem is worked out in plentiful, complex dialogue.

ADULT



Old sports Rudy Vallee, Guy Middleton court Jane and Jeanne

Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Thanks to Jeanne Crain, Jane Russell and the city of Paris, this frivolous musical farce is very easy on the eyes. Jeanne and Jane team as show-girl sisters lured to France by Scott Brady, agent who promises them a job. He has trouble keeping the promise, mostly because Paris night spots frown on singers who wear clothes. Romance enters the picture, as Jane and Scott fall in love and Jeanne looks tenderly on Alan Young, gentle would-be actor. The funniest sequences—far too brief—are flashbacks to 1926, with the girls turning blond to play their mother and aunt, a pair of gay gold diggers. Unfortunately, the up-to-date part of the story gets too wound up in plot; lines and musical numbers are a little short on imagination. But in general it's lightweight fun.

FAMILY



Between battles, John and Lauren realize that they're in love

Blood Alley

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

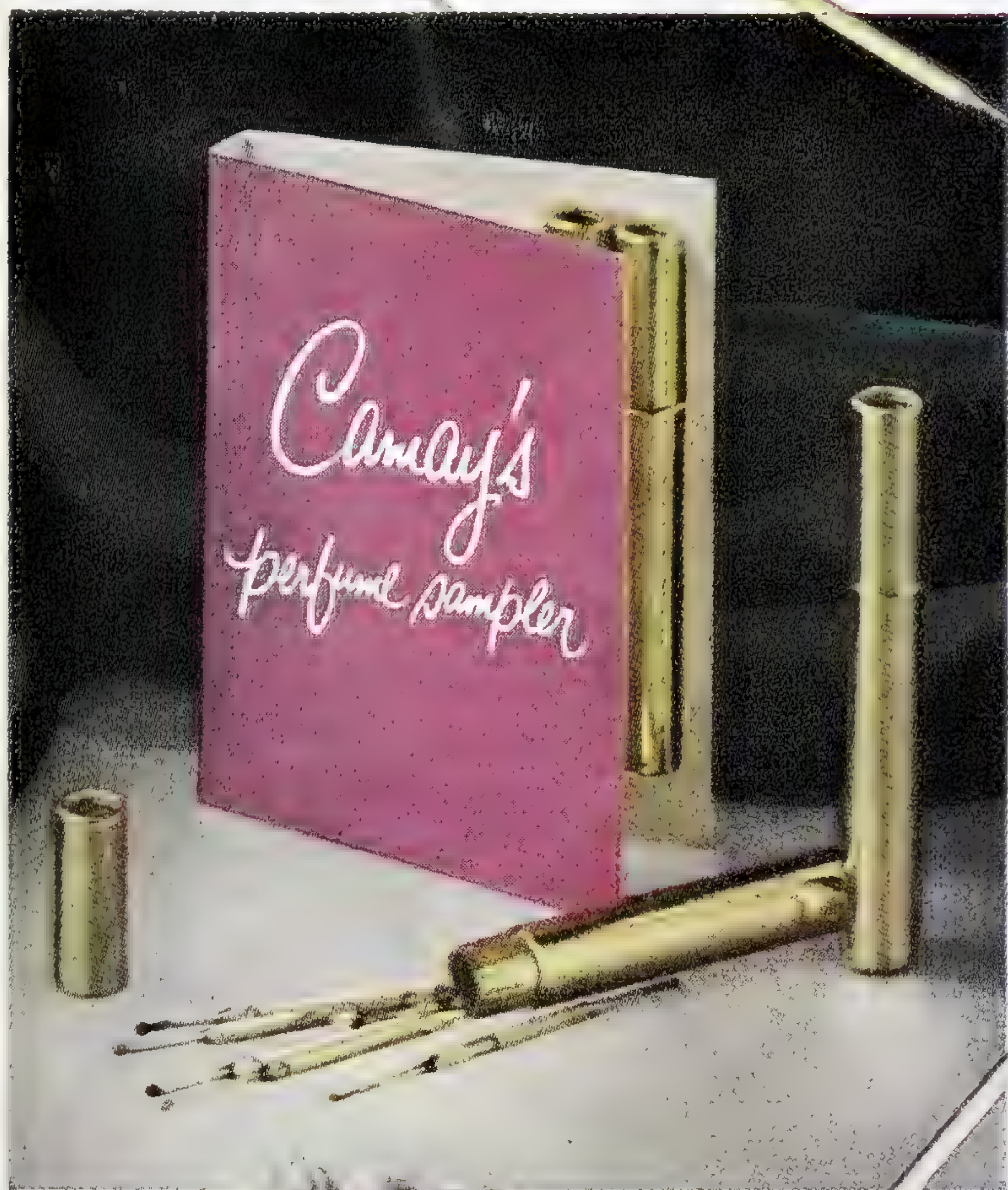
✓✓✓ John Wayne has a typical Wayne role in this quaint yet vigorous adventure yarn. He's a hard-bitten sea captain, prisoner of the Chinese Reds. After a mysteriously arranged escape, Wayne learns that he owes his freedom to the leaders of a Chinese village. They ask him to take command in a crazy scheme: Disgusted with Communist tyranny, the entire village wants to sail for Hong Kong in an ancient ferryboat. Skeptical at first, Wayne is finally persuaded by the people's stubborn heroism and by Lauren Bacall, gallant daughter of an American doctor. Loaded with families, household goods and livestock, the battered stern-wheeler sets forth to defy the sea, the Red Navy and treachery aboard. Wild as the tale is, it holds the attention for most of its length.

FAMILY

Continued on page 13

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO TRY 24 WORLD FAMOUS PERFUMES WORTH UP TO \$20 AN OUNCE!

Exciting perfume sampler offer from Camay!



Find the *perfect* perfume for you! You get all 24 precious fragrances listed below. You'll find delicate, deceptively innocent scents . . . daring, exotic scents . . . fragrant florals . . . haunting perfumes that make you feel fabulously glamorous! You get 24 of these perfume "Nips" (shown actual size). Each contains enough perfume for one generous application. Every drop usable . . . there's no spilling or evaporating with Nips! Packed in slender, golden-bright tubes—perfect to carry in your purse.

ONLY

50¢

plus any 3 Camay wrappers

THESE ARE "NIPS"—
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

YOU GET THESE 24 PRECIOUS FRAGRANCES

MARY CHESSE	<i>White Lilac, Tapestry, Yram</i>
LENTHERIC	<i>Tweed, Shanghai, Miracle, Dark Brilliance</i>
ANJOU	<i>Side Glance, Devastating, Apropos</i>
COUNTESS MARITZA	<i>Silent Night, White Mist</i>
CHARBERT	<i>Breathless</i>
BOURJOIS	<i>Roman Holiday, Evening in Paris</i>
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER	<i>Golden Chance</i>
BLANCHARD	<i>Jealousy, Evening Star, Conflict</i>
ROGER & GALLEY	<i>Fleur D'Amour, Blue Carnation, Santalia</i>
LANIER	<i>Folie De Minuit, Palomar</i>



THERE'S FINE
**COLD
CREAM**
IN
CAMAY

Wonderful chance to discover Camay's Caressing Care! Like exquisite Camay Brides and beautiful women everywhere, you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, satin-smooth lather, and exclusive fragrance. No other beauty soap pampers your skin like Camay!

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Please send me _____ Camay Perfume Sampler packets. I am enclosing 50¢ and 3 Camay Soap wrappers for each packet.

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Please allow at least 21 days for your perfume to reach you as it takes that long to handle your order properly. Offer good only in continental U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii. Please be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope. Offer expires April 10, 1956.

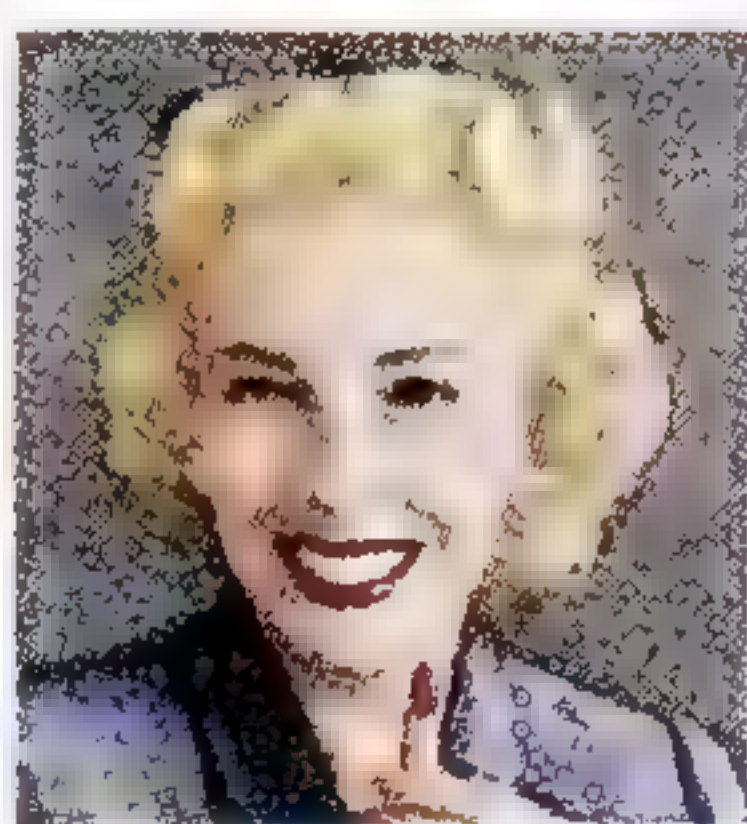


Rhythm
in

Red!

Rhythm-in-Red! A high-key red that fairly sings . . . in wonderful harmony with the blues, the crimsons, the hunter greens of new Fall fashions. Rhythm-in-Red has just the right note of blue to give it a deep, exciting brilliance! And, because it's a Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick, Rhythm-in-Red stays crimson-bright on your lips, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a crimson-red (Rhythm-in-Red), a true-red (Lookout Red) and a golden-red (Tropic Sun). All three cost less than \$2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

says

Candy Jones

Director Conover School, New York, N.Y.

cashmere
bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓✓ AFRICAN LION, THE—Disney, Technicolor: A spectacular variety of other wild life overshadows the lion families in this interesting "True-Life Adventure." (F) November

✓✓✓ BAR SINISTER, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Engaging fable of a dog's life on the old-time Bowery. Used in pit fights by no-good young Jeff Richards, the canine hero later joins a rich household. (F) November

✓✓✓ COUNT THREE AND PRAY—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Van Heflin's sympathetic as a Civil War vet who turns preacher in a tough Southern town, with Joanne Woodward showing promise as tomboy heroine. (F) November

✓✓ FEMALE ON THE BEACH—U-I: Not too plausible murder mystery. Joan Crawford's a rich widow who falls in love with chief suspect Jeff Chandler, charming good-for-nothing. (A) October

✓✓ FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG—Columbia, Technicolor: Leisurely, very British. Servant Jean Simmons profits by her discovery that boss Stewart Granger poisoned his wife. (A) October

✓✓ ILLEGAL—Warners: Edward G. Robinson's shrewd acting enlivens a muddled melodrama about an ex-D.A. who enters a racketeer's employ. Nina Foch is a credible lady lawyer. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In an imaginative musical, former GI pals Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd stage an amusing reunion. Cyd Charisse maneuvers them onto tv, with hilarious consequences. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ KENTUCKIAN, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Warm, flavorsome story of America's youth. In 1820, backwoodsman Burt Lancaster must decide whether to settle down as a businessman or seek adventure in Texas. Plenty of action and humor. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ KING'S THIEF, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Pleasing romantic swash-buckler. Edmund Purdom and Ann Blyth risk their lives by opposing nobleman David Niven's plot to control Charles II's England. (F) October

✓✓ KISS OF FIRE—U-I, Technicolor: Jack Palance shields Spanish princess Barbara Rush from Indians and traitors in the 17th century Southwest. Light, easygoing. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ LADY AND THE TRAMP—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Beguiling cartoon feature, with songs, relates the love story of a gentle lady spaniel and a debonair mutt. (F) August

✓✓✓ LAST COMMAND, THE—Republic, Tru-color: Good, sturdy Americana, with the siege of the Alamo as climax. Sterling Hayden plays Jim Bowie; Anna Maria Alberghetti, his sweetheart, who's also loved by Ben Cooper. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ LEFT HAND OF GOD, THE—20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color: Unusual adventure film casts Bogart as a soldier of fortune in China, masquerading as a priest. The romance, with Gene Tierney, is handled tactfully. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Gentle romance of an American (Bill Holden) and a Eurasian (Jennifer Jones). (A) September

✓✓✓ MAN FROM LARAMIE, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Substantial Western.

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS
F—FAMILY

James Stewart seeks an unknown who sells guns to hostile Indians. (F) October

✓✓ McCONNELL STORY, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Straightforward tribute to a real-life hero, with Alan Ladd as the jet ace, June Allyson as his wife. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Gay, charming tune-film presents Betty Garrett, Janet Leigh as small-town sisters storming New York, finding romance with Jack Lemmon, Bob Fosse. (F) November

✓✓ NAKED STREET, THE—U.A.: Farley Granger makes a comeback as a cheap hoodlum forced to marry Anne Bancroft, sister of gangleader Anthony Quinn. Generally entertaining, though unpretentious. (A) November

✓✓✓ NIGHT HOLDS TERROR, THE—Columbia: Modest but expert thriller. Jack Kelly and Hildy Parks are held captive in their own home by three ruthless criminals. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, THE—U.A.: In a suspense masterpiece, Robert Mitchum does a fine portrayal of a madman, self-styled preacher who terrorizes two small children to find where a sum of money is hidden. (A) October

✓✓✓ NOT AS A STRANGER—U.A.: Moments of emotional power and strong detail distinguish this account of a doctor's career. Fanatically devoted to medicine, Robert Mitchum slights wife Olivia de Havilland, friend Sinatra. (A) August

✓✓✓ PETE KELLY'S BLUES—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Familiar plot, fascinating 1920's atmosphere. Jazzman Jack Webb is threatened by racketeer Edmond O'Brien and pursued by heiress Janet Leigh. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Delightful comedy. As a tough Army officer assigned to a military school, Charlton Heston is baffled by his young charges—notably tiny Tim Hovey. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ SIMBA—Lippert, Eastman Color: Violent yet thoughtful British film about the Mau Mau terror. Attractive Dirk Bogarde, Virginia McKenna face Africa's problems. (A) November

✓✓✓ TO CATCH A THIEF—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Against lovely Riviera locales, ex-thief Cary Grant tracks a thief to clear his own name, meantime doing some amusing romantic sparring with Grace Kelly. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ TO HELL AND BACK—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Audie Murphy retraces his own boyhood and war experiences, touching and sometimes humorous. Combat scenes are among the best ever filmed. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ TRIAL—M-G-M: Smashing exposé of the way Reds exploit race prejudice. Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire defend a Mexican-American boy held for murder. (F) November

✓✓✓ ULYSSES—Paramount, Technicolor: In an adventure-epic of ancient times, Kirk Douglas is the warrior king delayed on his homeward trip by sorceress Silvana Mangano. (F) October

✓✓✓ YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Slaphappy Martin & Lewis farce. Jerry masquerades as a twelve-year-old to escape a killer. (F) November

indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 6



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BECAUSE somehow Midnight makes every facet of your personality more fascinating! Use it all day, every day, in all of its lovely forms. It's the one fragrance that's light enough for your most casual moments, yet glamorous enough for extravagant evenings!

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Seafoam Mahogany Lane chest with self-lifting tray, #3205. Also in Oak, #3207. In Pearl Mahogany, #3206.

What do Christmas **presents** have to do with Christmas **futures?**

There's something you ought to know about the person—husband, sweetheart, or parent—who gives you a Lane. It's this: he—or she—knows and cares very deeply about the kind of person you are.

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cause in the years to come it will always be a beautiful Christmas wrapping for household and personal treasures.

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Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, airtight cedar chest. Made of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



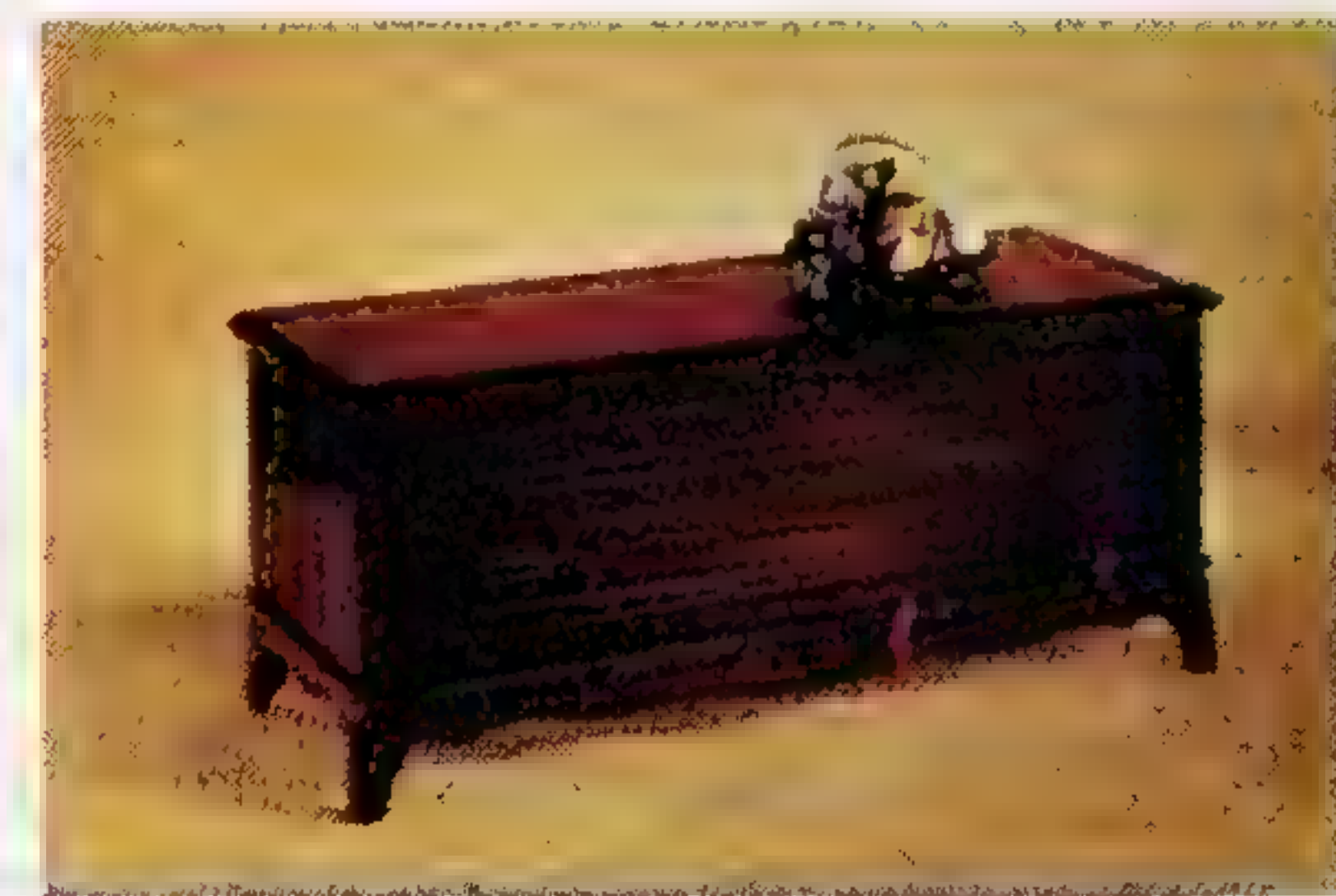
Walnut Space-Saver with base drawers, #3210. In beautiful Pearl Mahogany, #3209. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, #3208.



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LANE Cedar Chests start at \$49⁹⁵ **Easy Terms**
Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables

Seven Cities of Gold

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Action, deep religious feeling and the romantic scenes of Mexico combine to re-create an important episode of early American history. Setting out from 18th century Mexico, then a Spanish possession, three strong men lead an expedition to claim California. As the lame Father Junipero Serra, a man whose path is scattered with miracles, Michael Rennie is intent on establishing the first missions. As the soldier in command, Anthony Quinn is the rough, practical military man. As Quinn's lieutenant, Richard Egan is the arrogant hothead, whose romance with an Indian girl (Rita Moreno) has tragic consequences for the whole group. And Jeffrey Hunter spiritedly plays the young chief of the first tribe that Rennie seeks to convert. Though all members of the cast don't always seem at home in the period, they come across as human beings, taking part in a vital event.

FAMILY

The Tall Men

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ This big, amiable Western sends Clark Gable, Jane Russell and Robert Ryan on a pioneering cattle drive from Texas to Montana. Tart-tongued Jane is set on marrying the ambitious Ryan, but it's obvious that she loves the not so ambitious Gable, for all their quarrels. As Gable's violent younger brother, Cameron Mitchell adds to the tensions on the hazardous drive.

FAMILY

Tennessee's Partner

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A roundup of colorful characters keeps the entertainment bubbling in this adaptation of a story by Bret Harte, sentimental chronicler of the frontier. As a gentlemanly gambler, John Payne has a comfortable understanding with flamboyant Rhonda Fleming, owner of the mining town's entertainment headquarters. As a naive cowhand, Ronald Reagan gets his fortunes thoroughly entangled with theirs after he saves John's life in a gun fight. Payne returns the favor by keeping sweet-faced, money-minded Coleen Gray from fleecing the innocent Reagan. But the stratagem used fractures the two men's friendship. And the murder of an old prospector who has just made a rich strike touches off the rip-roaring finish. Here's a Western with the humor and mellow flavor of long tradition.

FAMILY

I Died a Thousand Times

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ A younger tradition is saluted in a remake of "High Sierra," with Jack Palance in the former Bogart role. Jack (too young for the part he plays) is the

tired, veteran bandit sprung from jail by master mind Lon Chaney for the purpose of a tightly planned robbery. As a shrewd, upstanding crook of the old school (hi there, Jesse James and John Dillinger!), Jack despises the amateurish young punks he must work with. But he soon gets Lee Marvin, Earl Holliman and Perry Lopez in line to carry through a stick-up in a fabulous desert resort. Though Jack and Lee's mistreated girl friend (Shelley Winters) become lovers, Jack takes a misguided interest in the crippled, supposedly respectable Lori Nelson. This is a rather glamorized view of the crime business, but handsome mountain scenery and the sturdy plot give it punch.

ADULT

Magic Fire

REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓✓ An American picture filmed in Germany retraces the life of composer Richard Wagner—and quite a life it was. Its spectacular qualities overcome an occasionally stuffy script and the chopped-up presentation of the music. Alan Badel gives an honest portrayal of Wagner, the struggling nobody, the court composer, the revolutionary of the 1840's, the honored (and foolishly conceited) genius. The ladies in Wagner's somewhat untidy love life are interpreted with charm by Yvonne De Carlo (oddly cast as his conservative, domestic first wife), Valentina Cortese (as his patron's wife and his romantic inspiration) and Rita Gam (as his second wife). Carlos Thompson also has an unusual assignment, as gentle Franz Liszt.

FAMILY

The Naked Sea

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Glimpsed in earlier films but never before covered so thoroughly, the life of California's tuna fishermen is explored in a fascinating documentary account of a typical voyage. To the landlubber, it looks like adventure; to the fishermen, it is bitterly hard and sometimes unprofitable work. The Portuguese-descended seamen are seen leaving their families, setting off on the long trip that may take them all the way to Peru's coastal waters. Though the task of hauling in the huge fish is impressive to watch, the picture also expresses beautifully the pride these men take in their job.

FAMILY

Man with the Gun

U.A.

✓✓✓ In a conventional but crisply effective Western, Robert Mitchum plays a professional "town-tamer." Leading citizens hire him to oppose the local tyrant whose gunmen keep the town terrorized and helpless. Carrying out his dangerous job with skill, Bob also has personal problems. Wife Jan Sterling, who left him because she hated his work, is in town, as manager of a troupe of song-and-dance girls (it says

here). And he's involved in the lives of two young lovers, portrayed appealingly by Karen Sharpe and John Lupton. Nice touches of characterization give the story warmth.

FAMILY

Lady Godiva

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Designed to entertain, rather than to record history or legend, this genial adventure movie casts Maureen O'Hara as the medieval lady who shed her clothes to help her people. A peasant girl, she joins the aristocracy as bride of nobleman George Nader. There's a Norman plot afoot to wrest England from the Saxons, and for a time husband and wife seem to be on opposing sides in the struggle. But Maureen remains the Saxon patriot. (A look at the history books would take the edge off that happy ending.)

FAMILY

The Big Knife

U.A.

✓✓ Though this earnest drama attempts a sort of exposé job on Hollywood, it never achieves credibility, in spite of several brilliant performances. Jack Palance has the toughest role, that of a star who's supposed to be fighting to regain his integrity. As a ruthless producer with a hold over Palance, Rod Steiger dominates the picture. Splendid jobs are turned in by Ida Lupino, as Jack's estranged wife, Everett Sloane, as his agent, Shelley Winters, as a would-be actress ruined by Hollywood, Wendell Corey, as Steiger's cold-eyed assistant, and Jean Hagen, as a faithless wife.

ADULT

The Treasure of Pancho Villa

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ With all the thrills of the chase theme, this melodrama returns to Mexico of 1914. Rory Calhoun, a tough American, serves Villa for money. But side-kick Gilbert Roland, a Mexican patriot, believes the rebel leader is in the right. So does Shelley Winters, as a brave American girl. All three make the dangerous trip toward Villa's hide-out, convoying gold stolen from the government.

FAMILY

Queen Bee

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Joan Crawford draws a thankless assignment in this case study of a destructive woman. As seen through the innocent eyes of Lucy Marlow, a guest in a Southern household, Joan's wickedness slowly unfolds. She has driven husband Barry Sullivan to drink. She wants to thwart the romance of sister-in-law Betsy Palmer and John Ireland, once Joan's lover. She is even careless of the welfare of her own small children. The situations should be dramatically explosive, but the people involved never seem real.

ADULT



Moments of suppressed emotion put Dewey Martin and Mary Murphy to the test in their finest roles so far

the DESPERATE HOURS



Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott set high standards for the young pair

It takes courage to wait, to hang on when there seems to be no hope. Both Dewey Martin and Mary Murphy have had to go through periods of near-despair, when it looked as if their careers had hit a dead end. But when executive producer Don Hartman of Paramount gave them their chance in "The Desperate Hours," their waiting was over.

Dewey's the husky youth who got off to a flying start in "The Big Sky"—and didn't make another picture for two years. Mary's the soft-eyed brunette who was named officially as one of her studio's most promising newcomers—and then faded from view, the promise unkept. After their anxious interlude, both Dewey and Mary did go on working:

lead roles in minor pictures, subordinate roles in big pictures. He signed with another studio; she tried turning blond. Now "The Desperate Hours" brings a just reward for their long persistence. And their story carries a message of encouragement.

In this suspense epic, they're bucking a big-name cast, loaded with such well-established talents as Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy. Producer-director William Wyler knew the talent he had in Mary and Dewey; his work with them shows true imagination. The breaks that come to young players keep movies fresh and vital—and keep would-be stars, opportunity still to come, from losing heart in the desperate hours.



Must the beauty of an "in love" complexion be just a fleeting thing?

They say you can tell by a girl's complexion when she's in love...

A girl may not even know how attractive love makes her. But just watch men's eyes as she comes into a room. For there's a special enchanted glow in the complexion of a girl in love—a luminous look too precious to lose.

"If only it could last..." people say. The wonderful truth is—you can *make* it last. With just a little loving encouragement you can bring out that sweet happy glow, reveal it newly each day. And there is only one way to do that.

**ONLY cream can really
DEEP-CLEANSE your skin**

At the end of each day your face is dulled by stale make-up and oily grime. *Only cream* is able to dissolve and completely clean out this greasy dirt embedded deep in the pore openings.

The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond's Cold Cream has made it today's *most successful deep-cleansing cream*.

After your Pond's Cold Creaming each night, every tiny pore seems to be taking deep cool breaths of fresh air. You're joyfully aware that *nothing* has ever left your skin so radiantly clean. Because Pond's fluffy texture does not skim over your skin. It melts into it... reaches *deep* into pore openings, leaves them unclogged, completely *free*!

That's why—among great beauties of society, among all women who value a lovely complexion—more women use Pond's than any face cream ever made.

Today—get a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream. See it give you the glow of a girl who loves, and is loved!



Remember—only cream can really deep-cleanse your skin. So if you want your complexion to "rest" completely at night, to grow prettier as you sleep, *never* skip your Pond's Cold Creaming each night.

To the girl who wants to be loved— You can see immediate results from luxurious *deep* Pond's cleansings each night... and—even more dramatic results—when you "re-protect" your skin with Pond's after each daytime face washing. Each time you wash your face, dermatologists say, you remove natural protectors that Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore. Meantime your skin roughens, coarsens, *dries out*. Pond's Cold Cream replaces the washed-away protectors instantly. That dry feeling disappears... your skin feels "right" again, dewy, soft, happy!



"Never again to be apart," said a radiant Debbie and a beaming Eddie as they happily cut into a 5-foot wedding cake after their surprise marriage

Cal York's

INSIDE STUFF

Congratulations: To Debbie and Eddie, who held onto their love and took it to a happy ending in a surprise ceremony in Liberty, New York. For their story, read page 42 of this issue of PHOTPLAY.

Marriage à la Hollywood: Determined to have his marital freedom, John Derek filed a divorce suit despite the pleas of advisers to "take time and think it over." Equally insistent is Pati Behrs Derek, who plans to fight the charges. (See page 45 for full story of why Derek filed his suit.) . . . The surprise shocker was Aldo Ray walking out on Jeff Donnell, who loves the guy—and how! She says he doesn't want to be married, but he says he isn't sure. Some time back Jeff lost their expected baby. Then she lost out as George Gobel's wife on his

TV show. Now she may lose Aldo in real life, but Hollywood sincerely hopes she won't . . . On the other hand, no one expected the marriage of moody-broody Gloria Grahame and egocentric Cy Howard, to last as long as it did. They were battling and beefing—before the honeymoon was over!

Cal Salutes: Audie Murphy! He doesn't resort to beefcake art, cheap publicity stunts or night-club brawls to get his name in print. He doesn't pop off about his studio and "what they're doing to me." He loves his work, his family, and he's grateful for his success. He toured the country recently, selling "To Hell and Back" and broke boxoffice records. "It's part of my job," Audie told Cal, "and only one thing bothers me today. The traffic in the Valley is

Continued

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

2. Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET
SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE
CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER,
WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

INSIDE STUFF

continued

getting so heavy where we live, but I can't find another place. I worry about the kids!"

Uninvited Guests: Robert Wagner had a little surprise awaiting him when he returned from Chamonix, France. While he was away emoting in "The Mountain," souvenir hunters invaded his apartment back in Beverly Hills and took monogrammed handkerchiefs, personal stationery and, of all things—an old toothbrush! Incidentally, Bob met a Swiss miss named Heidi while abroad and was so impressed with her and her beauty, he turned talent scout. His agent is showing the young lady's photographs to Hollywood casting directors. If she comes over for a screen test, for obvious reasons Bob plans to make it with her!

Rugged Individualists: It can happen here! Sheree North took the body beautiful into boss-man Zanuck's office and begged him to take her out of "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts." With typical honesty, "I'm a dancer, not an actress," she pleaded. But wise Mr. Z. talked her out of it and Sheree's rushes are now the talk of the lot! . . . John Kerr (he screen-debuted in "The Cobweb") has the courage of his convictions. Now playing opposite Leslie Caron in "Gaby," he is the perfect type and age for "The Spirit of St. Louis." Director Billy Wilder tried in vain to get him, and John, who has twin daughters, could have used the job. He turned it down because Lindbergh was never his idol! When practical-thinking James

Stewart took over the wheel, Warners flipped. Jimmy's name on a picture always means mucho moola at the box-office!

For Your Information: Unless there's a last-minute switcheroo, by the time you read this, Marilyn Monroe will be back in Hollywood playing the shopworn night-club singer in "Bus Stop." And her number-one choice for the naive, lovesick cowboy is—Guy Madison! He's under contract to 20th, and he'd only be perfect—so what are they waiting for!

Delightful Dates: High time, too, that lovely Anne Francis snapped out of her divorce blues. Now she has a Jeff to the right of her and a Jeff to the left of her—Hunter and Richards that is. The boys take turns dating one of the nicest gals in town . . . Both Piper Laurie and Tab Hunter are furnishing apartments and that's what brought 'em together. They started bidding on the same desk at a public auction! Piper is still evasive about David Schine (now managing the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel) and Tab's interest in cute Natalie Wood is purely platonic. So the coast is clear for everyone.

New Look: According to the preview cards, the fans didn't like Jane Russell's role, or her close-cropped hairdo in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." It won't be long now—until it grows out again! . . . His intentional loss of weight gave Jeff Chandler a terrific torso, but studio cameramen are unhappy because Jeff's

Continued



Wonder why Janie Powell isn't smiling so often? Well, Janie has her reasons, for here's a gal who's got to keep busy in order to stay happy



Something new on arrival: Bill Holden, with co-star Deborah Kerr returns from San Juan filming of "The Proud and Profane" mustachioe

There will be lots more sighing now. Italian romantic idol, Rossano Brazzi of "Summertime" fame, has just signed a new U-I contract

JAMES DEAN

*The overnight sensation
of 'East of Eden'*



A portrayal
of surpassing
impact --
the story of
a teenage kid
caught in
the undertow
of today's
juvenile
violence...

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also starring **NATALIE WOOD** with SAL MINEO • JIM BACKUS • ANN DORAN • COREY ALLEN • WILLIAM HOPPER • Screen Play by STEWART STERN
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watch, watch, watch for **LIBERACE** IN HIS FIRST STARRING PICTURE 'SINCERELY YOURS'

Vote for Audience Awards at your favorite theatre November 17-27

INSIDE STUFF

continued



Mitzi Gaynor and George Göbel take time off from "The Birds and the Bees"—it was Mitzi's birthday



Grace Kelly greets her new leading man—British actor Alec Guinness. What Kelly asks for these days, Kelly gets



Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter have good reason to be smiling. It's no rumor—they're going places

handsome face now looks too small on the screen . . . They used to fret and fume about Leslie Caron's "natural" looks. Now that she's a redhead with a stunning wardrobe, the little French girl would like a crack at a chic and sophisticated role. So the studio's still fumin' and frettin'!

Baby Talk: These new mothers are amazing! Despite all her suffering, Pier Angeli, like Ann Blyth, is anxious to have another baby! Vic Damone's teaching pretty Pier how to make home movies. When he's out on the road singing for his supper, she can keep up their film library on Perry Rocco Luigi Damone! . . . And don't be surprised if the Rory Calhouns sign those adoption papers. Rory is so at peace with the world these days, it shines right through his performance in "Treasure of Pancho Villa." Now he and Lita are anxious to share all they have to offer with their own little family.

Only in Hollywood: Kim Novak's costumes in "Music by Duchin" won't be

100% authentic. Columbia calls it "artistic license"—but that ain't the reason! Women wore that flat-chested look in 1927, and, after several futile attempts, designer Jean Louis compromised . . . When Gary Cooper turned down the role of *Daniel Boone*, the studio proceeded to test Tab Hunter who is 29 years younger than Gary!

True Blue: Alan Ladd never forgets a friend, which is why he remembers Robert Higgins. They were buddy-buddys back in their North Hollywood high-school days, both had schemes and dreams, but Alan's materialized first. When Bob wanted to open a hardware store in Palm Springs recently, he needed a partner. The sign on the door reads—Higgins-Ladd. You can find Alan behind the counter any weekend!

Man at Work: After four pictures in a row, William Holden "retires" for six months—it says here! In the meantime, Bill believes he's been spoiled by such super-charmers as Audrey Hepburn, Grace Kelly and Deborah Kerr (no,

he didn't mention Jennifer Jones). "They are real professionals and give everything in every scene," says Bill. When he was in the Virgin Islands making "The Proud and Profane," Bill bought his wife an 80-piece grey and yellow Wedgwood dinner set. It arrived on her birthday—in 160 pieces!

Growing Pains: Sometimes it takes a good jolt to bring an actor to his senses. It happened to Tab Hunter and now he's really going places and accomplishing things. He didn't work for a year and, although he got paid, his salary is small and his pride and confidence got smaller by the moment. When all the good gusty parts went to such stars as Brando, Tab took mental inventory. Result, he buckled down, hired himself a dramatic coach, stayed home nights and studied. Tab recently appeared on "Climax," his first live dramatic show for tv. He was so superior, both "Studio One" and Perry Como offered him \$3500 for one guest appearance. If Warners can't come up with that good role they're frantically search-

Continued

Liberace!!!

fabulously
yours
in his
first
starring
picture!



"SINCERELY YOURS"

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The wonderful story of a pianist
who brings a crescendo of romance and
joy and faith into a number of empty
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Liberace plays everything from Chopin to 'Chopsticks'—
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CO-STARRING **JOANNE DRU • DOROTHY MALONE • ALEX NICOL**
WITH **WILLIAM DEMAREST • LORI NELSON • LURENE TUTTLE** • Screen Play by **IRVING WALLACE**
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VOTE FOR AUDIENCE AWARDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE NOVEMBER 17-27



No longer singing the blues is lovely Anne Francis, with Jeff Hunter and John Lupton. Her social and career lives are soaring



For Audie Murphy, "To Hell and Back" has turned into a personal triumph



Things are MMMing again around Hollywood, for Marilyn, it's said, is home to stay

INSIDE STUFF

continued

ing for, Tab gets to go to New York. As a well-earned reward, he also gets to keep all that money the studio might collect, legally speaking, from his TV work.

One Man's Meat: In Hollywood they refer to him as "Lucky" Gordon MacRae. When a younger man was wanted for "Oklahoma!" Howard Keel (under contract to M-G-M) lost out and Gordon (who is great) got the role. Now he succeeds Frank Sinatra who walked out on "Carousel" after prerecording his songs, which go to waste. 20th Century-Fox threatens to sue Frankie, but he'll probably "give" them another picture. In the meantime, Warners is wearing a grim smile. They discovered Gordon (ditto Doris Day) and put up with his shenanigans while building him to today's startling success—for someone else to share!

Hollywood Dines Out: Some actresses complain about working too hard, but Jane Powell's miserable over her long inactivity. To help kill time, she gave a dinner party and, instead of using the usual place cards, Janie embroidered individual napkins with each guest's name . . . And Doris Day had to say it after staring at Joan Crawford in wide-eyed wonder. "Why do you keep those long gold kid gloves on while your eating hors d'oeuvres?" Joan burst out laughing. "I'll show you *why*," she said. Then she peeled off a glove and displayed the nails she'd broken while scrubbing the kitchen floor!

New Year's News: December 30th will be a big day for Russ Tamblyn. He'll be 21, so he'll be eligible to collect \$19,000 in bonds, accumulated by law from his juvenile earnings. Then, says Russ, "I'll feel free to announce my engagement to Venetia Stevenson and make plans for a June wedding!" . . . Unless the stork detours, Ann Blyth

welcomes the new baby and the new year simultaneously. Do you know she shopped for and wrapped Christmas presents during California's hottest September in 57 years!

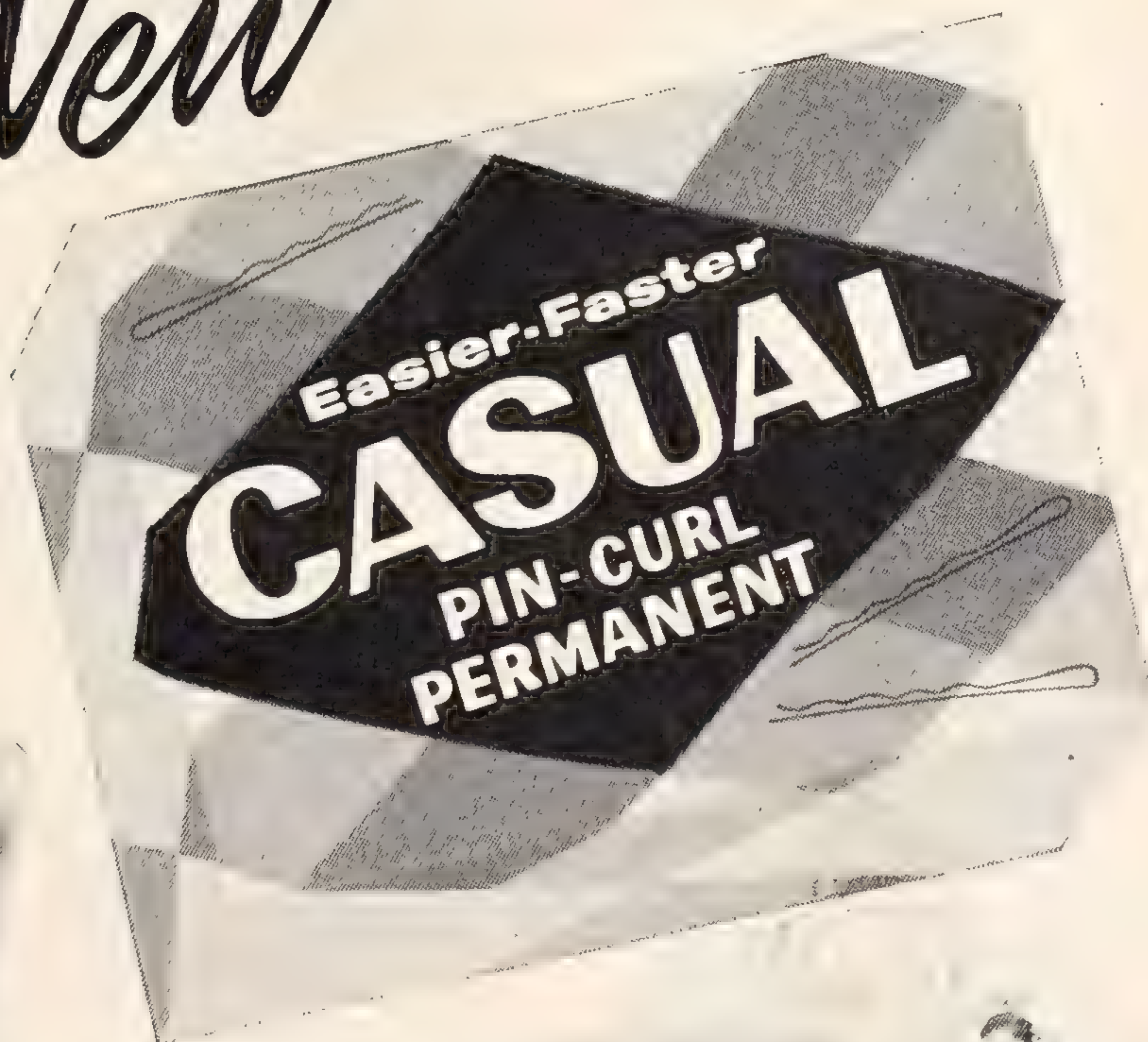
New Deal: Spiking those rampant rumors, Michael Wilding got up daily at dawn and drove Elizabeth Taylor to Warners until she finished "Giant." He even returned later with Michael, jr., and the day they filmed the swimming pool sequence, all three Wildings took a dip. They looked might happy to us!

Hollywood After Dark: Jeff Richards who's getting around these days, finally got around to tall, blond, super-stacked Anita Ekberg. Serious about his promising career, Jeff takes the Swedish siren home at nine when he's working. . . . Sammy Davis, jr.'s recent opening night was a bang-up, sell-out sensation. When Frank Sinatra flippantly announced free drinks for anyone who was a veteran of the Spanish-American war—incomparable Humphrey Bogart stood up! Baby Bacall yanked him back to his seat again . . . Rival hostesses bent on pepping up their parties, haven't succeeded in snaring the man of the moment—Fess Parker. "An early movie and sippin' a soda is speedy enough for me," he says.

With Sympathy: Hollywood reeled at the sudden death of Jimmy Dean in an automobile crash. At 24, he was already known as one of the finest actors of his generation. He had talent, drive, conviction, idealism. He forever struggled within himself to find truth in his personal and professional life. Jimmy's death cut short a highly promising career and robbed every one of us of the many important contributions he had to make. He leaves behind two great monuments to his acting ability: "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant."

**For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .**

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once. •
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!



That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX



We're waiting. Hollywood's waiting.
For you to choose your favorite stars and movie.
Put your ballot in the mail today!

P HOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL

We're listening—for the voice of American moviegoers. Because it's that time of the year again when you, the readers, will tell us who, in your opinion, will be the outstanding male and female performers of the current year. And which of the films you have seen in 1955 is outstanding in your movie memory.

You proved you knew your players and pictures last year. So let's hear from you again.

The ballot below is your chance to register your opinion. Don't forget, your votes will decide the final awards.

To help you select your favorite stars and movies, we are listing, on these two pages, the top movies released in 1955 and the names of the players featured in them.

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1955

BEST MALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FILM OF 1955 _____

*Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL
AWARDS, Box 1424, Grand Central Station, New York
17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than January
7, 1956. You need not sign your name—but do mail your
vote today!*

MOVIES

African Lion, The
Ain't Misbehavin'
Americano, The
Animal World, The
Bad Day at Black Rock
Bar Sinister, The
Battle Cry
Bengazi
Blackboard Jungle
Blood Alley
Bridges at Toko-Ri, The
Captain Lightfoot
Carmen Jones
Chief Crazy Horse
Cobweb, The
Conquest of Space
Count Three and Pray
Court Jester, The
Daddy Long Legs
Davy Crockett
Deep Blue Sea, The
Desperate Hours, The
Divided Heart, The
East of Eden
End of the Affair, The
Far Country, The
Female on the Beach

STARS

Adams, Julie
Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Astaire, Fred
Bacall, Lauren
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Blaine, Vivian
Blair, Betsy
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Borchers, Cornell
Borgnine, Ernest
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Brazzi, Rossano
Burton, Richard
Cagney, James
Calhoun, Rory
Campbell, William
Caron, Leslie
Champion, Gower
Champion, Marge
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Collins, Joan
Cooper, Ben
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Curtis, Tony
Dailey, Dan
Damone, Vic

Footsteps in the Fog
 Gentlemen Marry Brunettes
 Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, The
 Girl Rush, The
 Glass Slipper, The
 Glory
 Good Morning, Miss Dove
 Guys and Dolls
 Hell's Island
 Hit the Deck
 House of Bamboo
 How to Be Very, Very Popular
 I Died a Thousand Times
 I'll Cry Tomorrow
 Interrupted Melody
 It's Always Fair Weather
 Kentuckian, The
 King's Thief, The
 Kismet
 Lady and the Tramp
 Lady Godiva
 Land of the Pharaohs
 Last Command, The
 Lawless Street, A
 Left Hand of God, The
 Life in the Balance, A
 Long Gray Line, The

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing
 Love Me or Leave Me
 Lucy Gallant
 Magnificent Matador, The
 Mambo
 Man Called Peter, A
 Man from Laramie, The
 Man Without a Star
 Marty
 McConnell Story, The
 Miracle in the Rain
 Mister Roberts
 Moonfleet
 My Sister Eileen
 Night Holds Terror, The
 Night of the Hunter, The
 Not as a Stranger
 Oklahoma!
 One Desire
 Pearl of the South Pacific
 Pete Kelly's Blues
 Phffft
 Prince of Players
 Private War of Major Benson, The
 Prize of Gold
 Prodigal, The
 Purple Mask, The

Purple Plain, The
 Queen Bee
 Quentin Durward
 Quest for the Lost City
 Racers, The
 Rage at Dawn
 Rains of Ranchipur, The
 Rebel Without a Cause
 Rose Tattoo, The
 Run for Cover
 Scarlet Coat, The
 Sea Chase, The
 Second Greatest Sex, The
 Seven Cities of Gold
 Seven Little Foys, The
 Seven Year Itch, The
 Shrike, The
 Silver Chalice, The
 Sincerely Yours
 Six Bridges to Cross
 So This Is Paris
 Soldier of Fortune
 Son of Sinbad
 Strange Lady in Town
 Strategic Air Command
 Summertime
 Tall Men, The

Tender Trap, The
 Tennessee's Partner
 Texas Lady
 That Lady
 There's No Business like
 Show Business
 Three for the Show
 Three Ring Circus
 Three Stripes in the Sun
 Tight Spot
 To Catch a Thief
 To Hell and Back
 Treasure of Pancho Villa
 Trial
 Trouble with Harry, The
 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
 Ulysses
 Unchained
 Underwater!
 Untamed
 View from Pompey's Head, The
 Violent Men, The
 Violent Saturday
 Virgin Queen, The
 We're No Angels
 White Feather
 You're Never Too Young

AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1955-56

Dandridge, Dorothy
 Davis, Bette
 Day, Doris
 DeHaven, Gloria
 de Havilland, Olivia
 Derek, John
 Douglas, Kirk
 Egan, Richard
 Ellen, Vera-
 Ewell, Tom
 Ferrer, Jose
 Fleming, Rhonda
 Fonda, Henry
 Ford, Glenn
 Forsythe, John
 Fosse, Bob
 Francis, Anne
 Gable, Clark
 Garrett, Betty
 Garson, Greer
 Gaynor, Mitzi
 Grable, Betty
 Grahame, Gloria
 Granger, Farley
 Granger, Stewart
 Grant, Cary
 Harris, Julie
 Hayden, Sterling
 Hayward, Susan
 Heflin, Van
 Hepburn, Katharine
 Heston, Charlton
 Holden, William

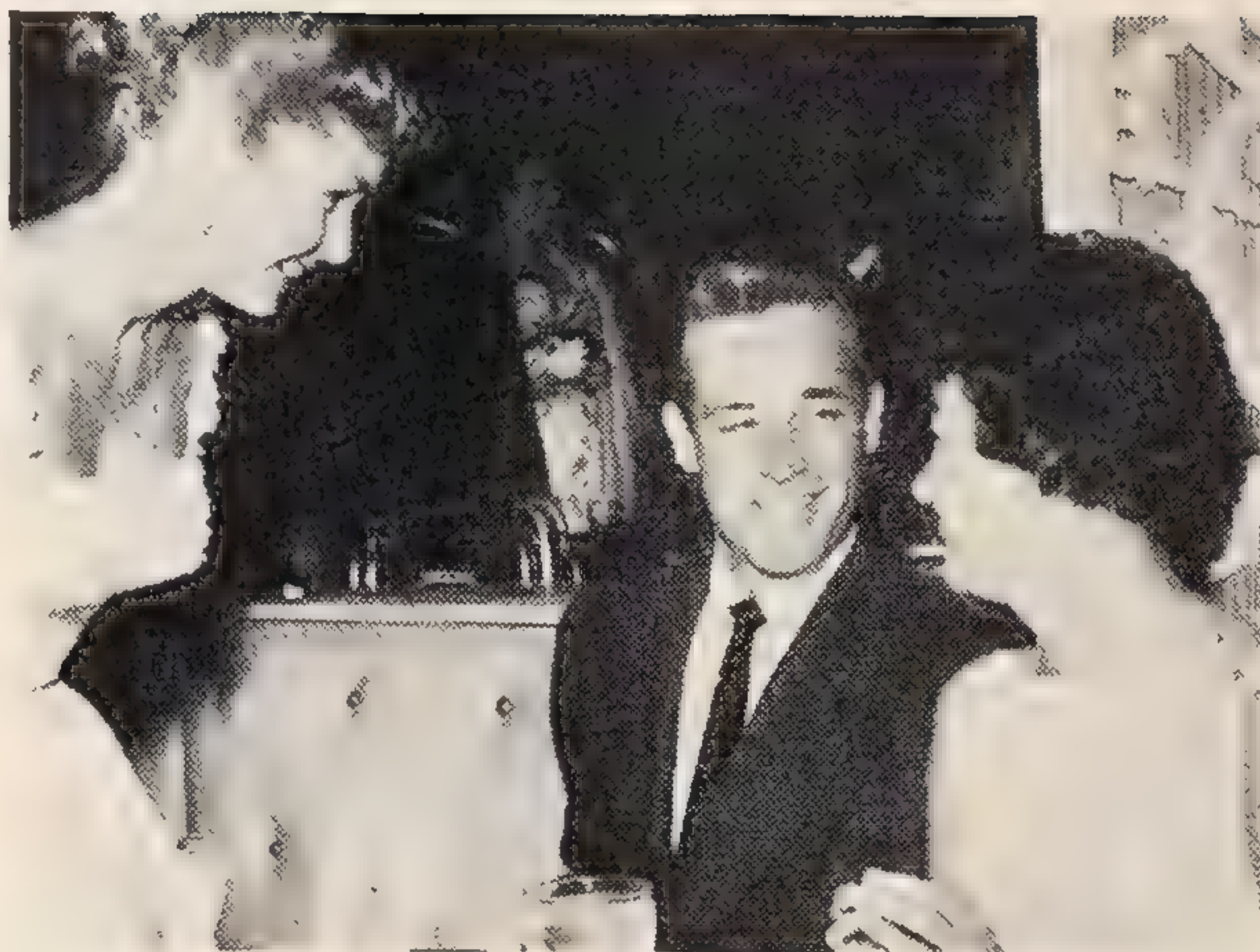
Holliday, Judy
 Hope, Bob
 Hudson, Rock
 Hunter, Jeff
 Hunter, Tab
 Johnson, Van
 Jones, Jennifer
 Jones, Shirley
 Kaye, Danny
 Keel, Howard
 Kelly, Gene
 Kelly, Grace
 Kennedy, Arthur
 Kerr, John
 Ladd, Alan
 Lamas, Fernando
 Lancaster, Burt
 Laurie, Piper
 Lee, Peggy
 Leigh, Janet
 Leigh, Vivien
 Lemmon, Jack
 Lewis, Jerry
 Liberace
 MacLaine, Shirley
 MacMurray, Fred
 MacRae, Gordon
 Madison, Guy
 March, Fredric
 Martin, Dean
 Martin, Dewey
 Mason, James
 Mature, Victor

Mayo, Virginia
 McGuire, Dorothy
 Merman, Ethel
 Milland, Ray
 Mitchell, Cameron
 Mitchum, Robert
 Monroe, Marilyn
 Murphy, Audie
 Nader, George
 Nelson, Gene
 Nelson, Lori
 Newman, Paul
 North, Sheree
 Novak, Kim
 O'Brien, Margaret
 O'Connor, Donald
 O'Hara, Maureen
 Olson, Nancy
 Paget, Debra
 Palance, Jack
 Parker, Eleanor
 Parker, Fess
 Pavan, Marisa
 Payne, John
 Peck, Gregory
 Peters, Jean
 Powell, Jane
 Power, Tyrone
 Purdom, Edmund
 Quinn, Anthony
 Ray, Aldo
 Reagan, Ronald
 Reed, Donna

Reynolds, Debbie
 Richards, Jeff
 Rogers, Ginger
 Roland, Gilbert
 Rush, Barbara
 Russell, Jane
 Russell, Rosalind
 Ryan, Robert
 Scott, Martha
 Simmons, Jean
 Sinatra, Frank
 Smith, Lois
 Stack, Robert
 Stanwyck, Barbara
 Stewart, James
 Strasberg, Susan
 Tamblyn, Russ
 Taylor, Robert
 Tierney, Gene
 Todd, Richard
 Tracy, Spencer
 Turner, Lana
 Wagner, Robert
 Wayne, John
 Webb, Jack
 Widmark, Richard
 Wilde, Cornel
 Wilding, Michael
 Williams, Esther
 Winters, Shelley
 Wood, Natalie
 Wyman, Jane
 Young, Alan



Rita Moreno's dreamy dress raised many Ahs! at Thalian fund-raiser



Debbie Reynolds, with the Guy Madisons, wasn't too busy with wedding plans to help plan Thalian do!



No wonder Chuck's mad about the girl! Lydia Heston's costume was a stopper



Liberace, with Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim, shine at Ice Follies preem!

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

THE THALIANS is a new social group comprising about two hundred members of movietown's younger set, both sexes. But plenty older celebs are joining up or lending a hand to this bunch of "dogooders." Aside from talking shop at their meetings, they also stage charity events and parties—mostly to raise money for their pet cause, mental health. At their dinner dance, plus an hilarious show at Ciro's, they raised more than \$10,000 for mental health centers. The "they" consisted of such as Debbie Reynolds, Hugh O'Brian, Gary Crosby, Maureen O'Hara, Frank Sinatra, Danny Thomas, who are among the club's officers. For their first big bash, ringsiders included Rita Moreno, Anne Francis with John Lupton, Carol Ohmart with Tom Tryon, Jack Benny, the Guy Madisons, the Dean Martins, Cleo Moore, Lori Nelson with Tab Hunter, the Danny Kayes, Rhonda Fleming with Dr. Lew Morrill (freshly reconciled), Natalie Wood with Perry Lopez, May Wynn—and everyone enjoying Don McGuire's funny satire of "Love Me or Leave Me."

Two big preems this month. One was the glittery opening of "The Tall Men" at Grauman's Chinese. Indoors—natch. The other, the bow of the Ice Follies at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. The Clark

Gable, Jane Russell, Bob Ryan starrer had an appropriately Western flavor for its glittery debut, what with L. A. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz handing Gable a deputy sheriff's badge, after a parade by a posse down Hollywood Boulevard. Jane wore rhinestone earrings a mile long and a long black fox stole. It was first "night out" for Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Kay Gable so far as a premiere is concerned and the bleacher crowd went mad for 'em. Kim Novak, in black lace, with Mac Krim (she could be Kim Krim any minute!) sat in front of me and I noted her hair, which she had to dye darker for "Picnic," is back to its original light, light blond.

At the Ice Follies the Clark Gables were the center of attention, though Liberace, Doris Day with Marty Melcher, Joan Crawford with dotter, Christina and John Payne's dotter, Sally, Charlton and Lydia Heston got their share of stares. Ann Miller was with Conrad Hilton, the hotel "typhoon." This time out, Natalie Wood was Tab Hunter's date. Ann Blyth was here with her doc looking lovely in an emerald green street dress. Liberace was "dressed to the teeth." A red polka-dotted evening shirt fulla ruffles, a white bolero jacket, black trousers (the conservative touch!), a black tie made of bugle beads, a cummerbund of black

bugle beads, and cuff links, shirt studs and ring of diamonds—all in the shape of pianos!

Grace Kelly wore a simple, dark suit to the welcome-to-Hollywood cocktail party M-G-M bosses tossed for Alec Guinness, the swelegant Britisher who'd just arrived to play opposite Grace in "The Swan." Grace wouldn't tell where she got the new gold and pearl cherub brooch she had on, but you could well guess there's an inscription from Jean Pierre Aumont on the back of it! Alec Guinness was telling how his bed collapsed under him as his plane was over the North Pole en route here. He added amusingly, "I just stayed on the floor a bit, gawking at the northern lights and such things. Very pleasant." Later that evening, the Kelly gal gave a *hamburger* barbecue for Guinness at her house. Her guests were mostly of filmville's British colony and included Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding—and, of course, a lot of English accents!

John Ireland and Joanne Dru tossed a soiree at The Captain's Table to celebrate opening of the new resort club they've opened at Phoenix, Arizona. Anna Maria Alberghetti took over a new Italian café, Abruzzi, tossed a dinner to celebrate the whole family's recent tv success and engagement at Las Vegas.



Your dream can
WIN \$10,000!
**maidenform*
dream contest

That dream you've been waiting to see in a Maidenform advertisement...
it may win you \$10,000 in cash!—or any one of 239 other cash prizes!
So send in your dream ideas immediately—you may be one of the lucky winners!
NOTHING TO BUY! EVERYONE CAN TRY! SEND IN AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH!

Win \$10,000! Pick the dream in which Chansonette, America's favorite bra (as shown), will be featured. It rounds as it accentuates... makes the most of every curve you own. 2.00, 2.50

Put on your thinking cap. Dream up a dream like "I dreamed I played Cleopatra in my Maidenform bra". Remember? Or—"I dreamed I was a foreador"—"I dreamed I was a social butterfly". What's your prize-winning dream?

FIRST PRIZE \$10,000 cash! SECOND PRIZE \$3,000 cash! THIRD PRIZE \$1,000 cash!
4 prizes of \$250 each; 10 prizes of \$100 each; 25 prizes of \$50 each and 200 prizes of \$20 each!
Over \$20,000 in cash prizes!

Rules for the Maidenform Dream Contest

1. Nothing to buy — no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
4. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.
5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P.O. Box 57A, Dept. 132B
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

"I dreamed I _____
_____ in my Maidenform bra"

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because _____



SOAP BOX:

I have just seen "Not As A Stranger," and it left me absolutely spellbound, for I discovered a great new actor who starred in the role of *Lucas Marsh*. That actor was Robert Mitchum. To me and many others he was new, for this was a Robert Mitchum I have never seen before. He completely captured my heart and the hearts of millions. I want to thank Stanley Kramer and all the others who were responsible for having cast Robert Mitchum in his first *real* movie. I sincerely hope that they will see to it that from now on he isn't just a movie star but an enormously gifted actor!

ANDREA DALE
Raleigh, North Carolina



Mitchum—perfect in any part

I am a great Marlon Brando fan. The other day while I was listening to the song Davy Crockett, I made a jingle called the "Ballad of Marlon Brando."

Born in Nebraska on April 3rd,
Kindest voice you have ever heard,
He is a doll and we love him,
He is the king of the movie star men.
(chorus)

Marlon, Marlon Brando, king of the movie stars.

He's the greatest, he's the best.
North and South and East and West.
He's so nice and handsome, too,
There is nothing he can't do.
(chorus)

Streetcar, Waterfront, and The Men.
He made a hit of all of them.
Caesar, Wild One and Désirée,
Were just as good for you to see.
(chorus)

He likes to travel far and near,
He won best actor of the year.
For many long years he'll be having a ball,
With this career he never will fall.
(chorus)

Marlon might not be famous for fighting at the Alamo, but he is a wonderful guy in the entertainment field.

NANCY ROSEN
Dallas, Texas

After reading in July's edition of PHOTOPLAY the article written by Tony Curtis, I have a few things to say about that baby-faced boy.

He seems to think that a girl should "Be a Doll for a Guy." A doll is defined as "pretty but empty-headed." That may be the type girl he goes for, but the nice fellows like girls intelligent enough to carry on an interested conversation and know something about what she is saying. Is he afraid an intelligent woman would show a guy up? In his case, she would.

He thinks a woman should be so grateful to the guy that pays attention to her. She should be frank and honest with every guy, even though he's shooting her a fat line a mile long. What's the matter with Tony Curtis? Women are individuals, not something with dual controls. Women aren't sitting around waiting to trap some guy and be molded into a "doll" for him.

As for women writing him and saying that their husbands pay little attention to them—they made a mistake writing to him in the first place—but then he says that they probably didn't bother to keep him interested. In addition to washing, ironing, shopping for groceries, cleaning the house, cooking three meals a day, taking care of the kids, she should have on a very good-looking dress for her husband when he comes home for dinner. Besides having all his favorite dishes prepared by candlelight, a wife should try to keep him interested. Horsefeathers! He should take her out to dinner, dancing, and to a show once in a while to keep her interested. A woman could do all the things I mentioned above and get paid for it if she wanted to be a maid.

Someone should tell Tony Curtis that women aren't to be taken for granted or taken advantage of. I, for one, certainly don't appreciate his ideas. I'm eighteen, single, and I think that the worst thing that could happen to a girl is to be married to Tony Curtis or be the kind of girl he thinks every girl should be. No man is going to run me like a machine and a lot of other girls feel the same way. A man is not superior to a woman.

LYNN CHANDLER
Stillwater, Oklahoma

We are a couple of girls from Bay Springs, Mississippi, and would like it very much if you would print this in your next magazine.

What would happen if: Gregory were a bushel instead of a Peck, Terry were a less instead of a Moore, Glenn were a Chevrolet instead of a Ford, Kay were a moon instead of a Starr, Jack were a spider instead of a Webb, Dinah were a beach instead of a Shore, Tab were a fisher instead of a Hunter, Ava were a butler instead of a Gardner, Dick were a short instead of a Long, Eleanor were a driver instead of a Parker, Rock were the Nile instead of the Hudson, Doris were the night instead of the Day, Frankie were a path instead of a Laine, Ruth were a Greek instead of a Roman, Alan were a man instead of a Ladd, Jeanne were a stork instead of a Crain, Johnnie were a beam instead of a Ray, Loretta were an old instead of a Young?

CAROLYN RAPU & PAT WILLIAMS
Bay Springs, Mississippi

We have seen Marlon Brando several times in each of his terrific performances, and we believe that he is the greatest actor living today. Therefore, we would like to offer our sincere praise and deep admiration.

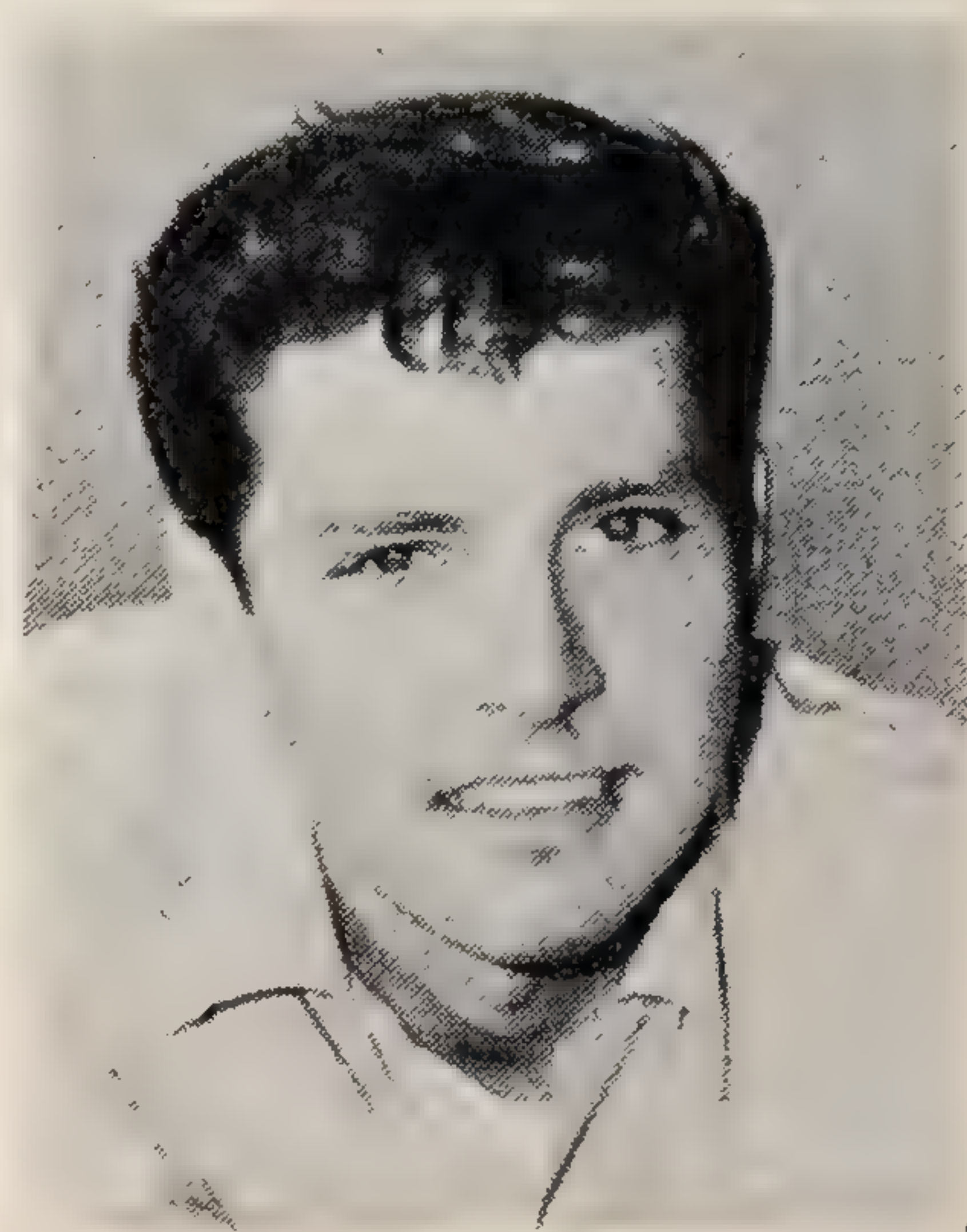
To possess a talent such as his;
To perform roles that never miss;
To thrill an audience with fascination;
Then receive the Oscar nomination.
We believe that from "T" to "Tux,"
With or without links on his cuffs,
The greatest star to come our way,
Is Marlon Brando . . . hip, hip, hooray!
He's exciting in pictures, terrific,
sensational,
Even though imitated, he's the original.
The one and only, cream of the crop,
To his fans he'll always remain on top.
Marlon is the guy for us all,
May we also add, "This Guy's a Doll!"

PRISCILLA POMOTHY
VERA GALAY
Montreal, Canada

My reason for writing PHOTOPLAY is to boost a new actor named Todd Markham. He appeared in "Jubilee Trail." I think he'll become the rave of the bobby soxers.

GEORGIA SARGENT
Muncie, Indiana

PHOTOPLAY has had many requests in the past few months for information about Todd Markham. For all his fans, Todd was born Raymond Johnson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on September 21, 1929. He stands 6'1", weighs 180 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes.



Todd Markham—request granted

CASTING:

I have just finished reading "Step to the Music," by Phyllis A. Whitney, and I think it would be a good story for movie adaptation.

In the leading roles I would like to see Jean Simmons as *Abbie Garrett*; Race Gentry as *Stuart McIntyre*; Leigh Snowden as *Lorena Benten* and John Ericson as *Douglas McIntyre*.

DAVID CLARK
Wellington, Ohio

New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle *...can't dry hair!*

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!



What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . luscious deep waves . . . softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!



You'll *enjoy* the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and *is* twice as rich. *Busy* lather that actually *polishes* your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!



When your hair sparkles, *you* do! Make your hair your *loveliest* feature . . . soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and \$1, everywhere!



continued

So Creamy So Lasting



**you'll hardly believe
your own lips!**

You'll hardly believe a lipstick could be so creamy-smooth—but your own lips will tell you it's true! Cutex Lipstick with pure, Sheer Lanolin is creamiest, smoothest! Keeps lips soft as satin . . . glowing with that lovely dewy look.

So lasting. Color stays on all day, all evening . . . actually stays on till YOU decide to wash or cream it off. Cutex Lipstick doesn't smear off on cups, napkins, or people . . . keeps lips *always* rosy-bright.

So radiant at night . . . because Cutex is based on a "night and day" formula that doesn't fade or go flat after dark. Choose a lovely Cutex color today for your lips—for more lipstick quality . . . *more lipstick value* . . . your very best buy is Cutex!



NEW! Luxurious! Cutex "Gold Mesh" Case
Cutex brings you a new size, bigger than other dollar lipsticks, plated with 24 carat gold, \$1.00. Regular size 59¢. For matching fingertips, Chip-pruf Diamond Cutex, 25¢. At your favorite toiletries counter. Prices plus tax.

CUTEX
SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK

Will any studio ever make a movie of John Cosgrove's "Cedars of Lebanon"?

CinemaScope and color could be at their best, and stars such as Michael Rennie in the role of Christ; Tony Curtis as Vitus Curtius; Janet Leigh and Constance Smith would make it better than "The Robe"!

ROBERT DOESBURG
Granby, Quebec, Canada

I read recently that a movie of Lloyd C. Douglas' novel "The Big Fisherman" is being planned. After seeing "The Robe" and "Demetrius and the Gladiators," I believe that only Michael Rennie is capable of playing the title role. I hope he is chosen. It would be an outstanding picture.

J. LIPPELS
Winston Salem, North Carolina

My sister and I, having just read "Roanoke Hundred," by Inglis Fletcher, agree that the following actors and actresses would be good in these parts: Stewart Granger as *Sir Richard Grenville*; Angela Lansbury as *Philipa*; Jean Simmons as *Thomasine*; Robert Wagner as *Colin*; and Nina Foch as *Lady Mary Grenville*.

MARILEE DURNAN
Ossian, Iowa

Daphne DuMaurier's "The King's General" would make a fine movie with Ann Blyth as *Honor* and Charlton Heston as *Richard Grenville*.

WILLIAM NEVILLE
Ogden, Utah



On McNamara's band wagon!

I have recently read "Bloom of the Cactus," by Robert Ames Bennet. It is a marvelous book and would make an excellent motion picture, in my opinion. The scenery would be colorful and beautiful. If filmed in picturesque Arizona, a truer Western story could never be filmed. As a movie, my idea of casting would be as follows: Tony Curtis as *Jack Lennon*; Maggie McNamara as *Carmena Farley*; Anne Francis as *Elsie*. I hope some studio thinks I'm right.

NAN KILTON
Hanover, Pennsylvania

I have just finished reading "The Distant Shore," by Jan de Hartog. I enjoyed it very much and I think it would make an excellent picture, starring Gregory Peck or Robert Mitchum as *Skipper*; Russ Tamblyn as *Goatskin* and Jan Sterling as *Stella*.

ROSE ANN FRUCIANO
Brooklyn, New York

Continued

This is
Living[®] Bra



You're Free! Lithe! And Beautiful... with Heavenly Comfort.

PLAYTEX

Living[®] BRA

Nylon and living elastic! You'll love the feel of it... the fit of it... the way it adjusts to your every movement. And its shape is forever... no matter how often laundered. Now in black *guaranteed not to run*... or in wonderfully washable white! All sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, \$3.95. D-Cup (white only), \$4.95. In the blue package at your favorite store. See the High Style Bra, too, in white "party pretty" cotton, \$2.95.



NOW! Bewitching Black for Dark Fashions

Heavenly comfort in a bra designed for living. No other bra has these fabulous fitting features.



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low... divides divinely.

*Exclusive bias-cut elastic side panels breathe with you, move with you.

Elastic back sets lower... won't ride up.

There's a Playtex[®] Girdle too... for every figure.



Light-Weight for wonderful control . \$4.95
High Style for more control \$5.95
Magic-Controller for most control . \$7.95

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New 100% Non-Alkaline
PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

**Removes ALKALINE FILM
that clouds hair beauty!**

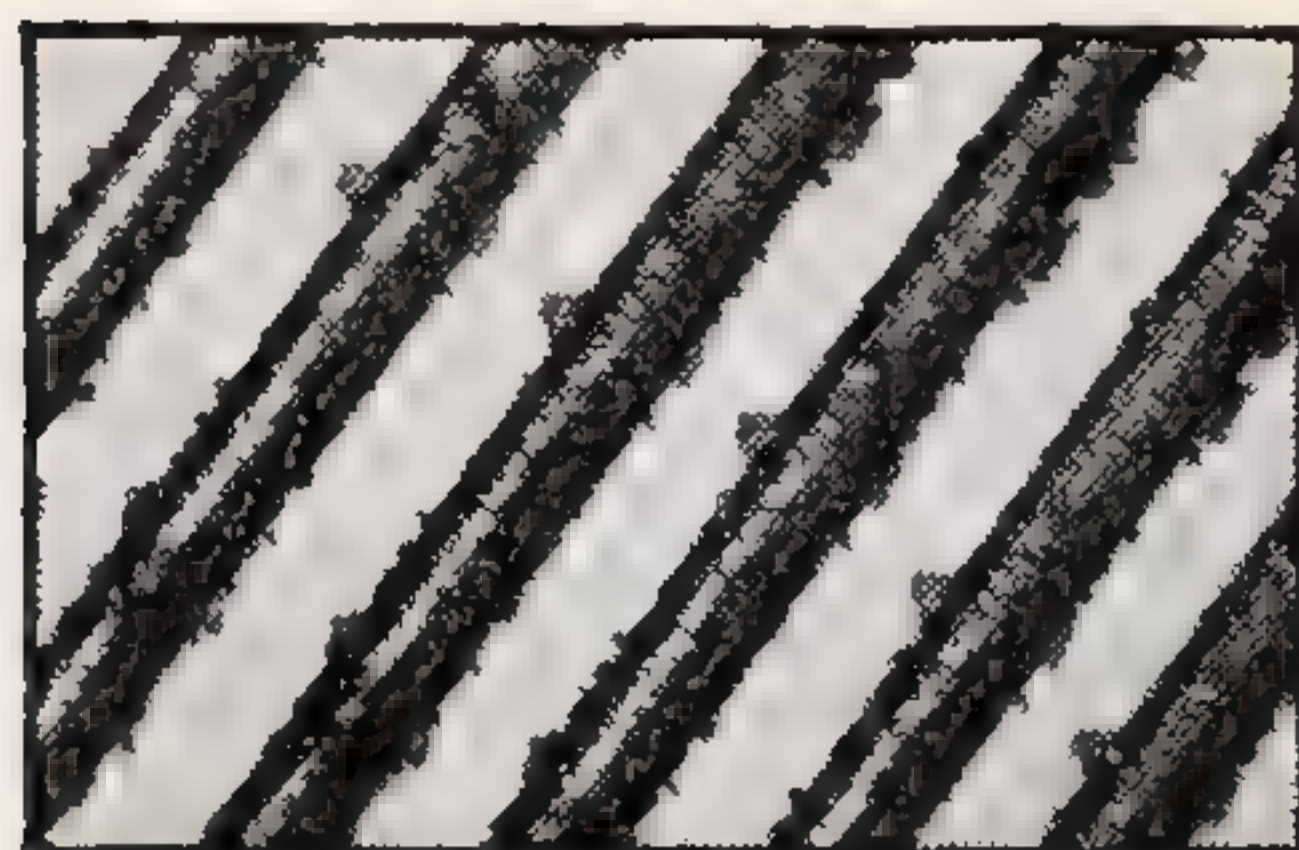


**Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!**

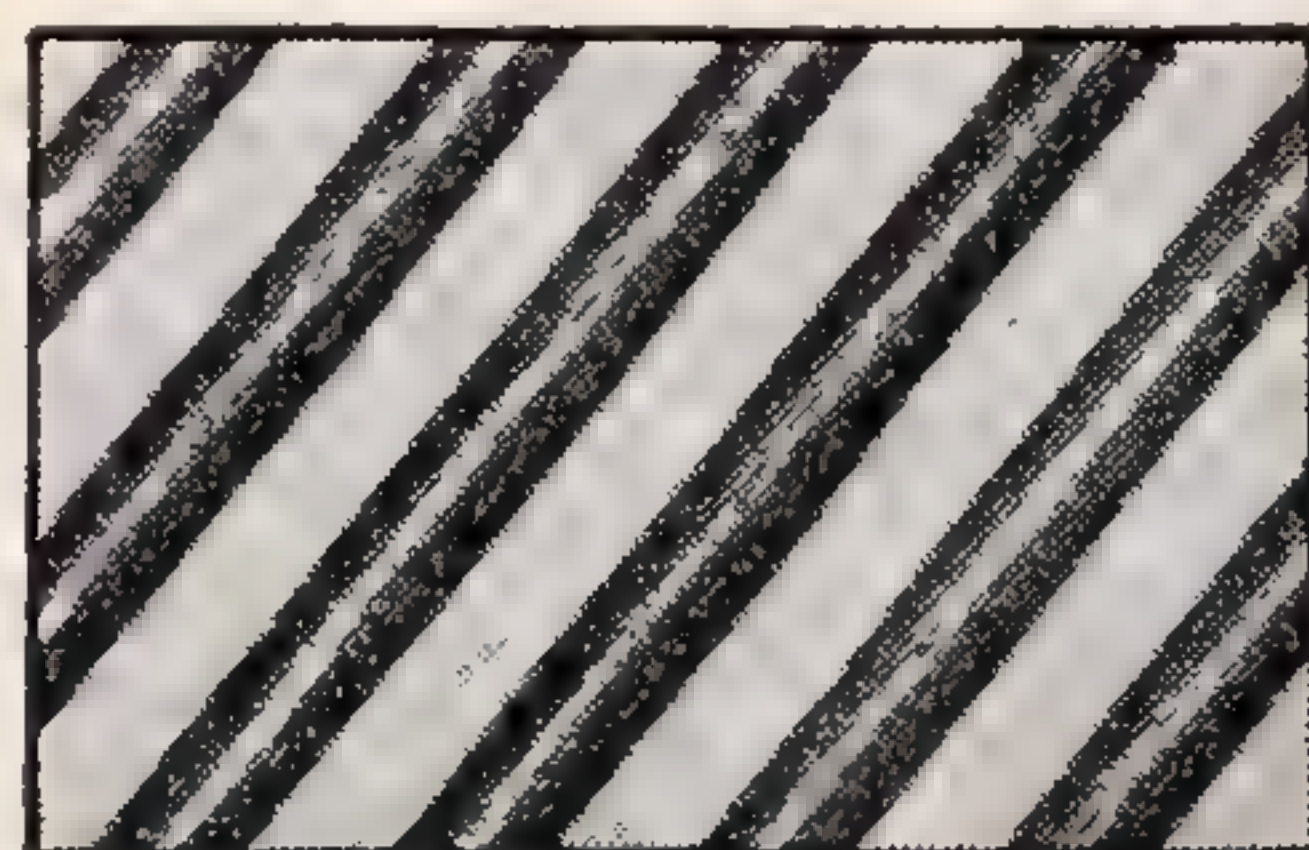
You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



See how the exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula of Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo removes alkaline film. Leaves more luster, natural color! Curls set easier, last longer.



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Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

READERS INC...

QUESTION BOX:

In a recent issue of *PHOTOPLAY*, I noticed that Rock Hudson's real name is Roy Fitzgerald and that he was born November 17, 1925. In another magazine his name was Roy Sherer and he was born November 17, 1924. Which is correct?

BRENDA MITCHELL
Birmingham, Alabama

Born Roy Sherer, November 17, 1925, Rock became Roy Fitzgerald when adopted by his mother's second husband.—ED.

Would you please tell me what has become of Ralph Meeker? Is he in California or New York? Where may a fan write him?

JOAN FETTERS,
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

Ralph Meeker's in three films for U.A.: "Big House, U.S.A.," "Kiss Me Deadly," "Desert Sands."—ED.

To settle a long, bitter dispute between quite a few fellows here: Who sang the title song in the picture "Three Coins in the Fountain"? Some of the fellows say the Four Aces, and I and some others say Frank Sinatra. Who is correct?

SAL F. FATI, JR.
Keesler A.F.B., Mississippi

You are right. It was Frank Sinatra.—ED.

Could you please settle an argument? My girl friend says that Gene Tierney, Lawrence Tierney and Scott Brady are brothers and sister. I say only Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers and Gene Tierney is no relation. Who is right?

MARILYN SCHACHTER
Plainview, New York

You're right—Scott and Lawrence are brothers. Gene is not their sister.—ED.

Would you please tell me who played the parts of *Spurs* and *David* in "Strange Lady in Town?"

JESSE J. JONES
Augusta, Kansas

Lois Smith played Spurs, Cameron Mitchell, David.—ED.



Lois Smith—Spurs she was!

Could you please tell me if they're making any more motion pictures out of Mickey Spillane's mystery novels? And if so, who will play the role of Mike Hammer?

JOYCE HALRO
Hartford, Connecticut

Yes, in '56, but no cast set as yet.—ED.

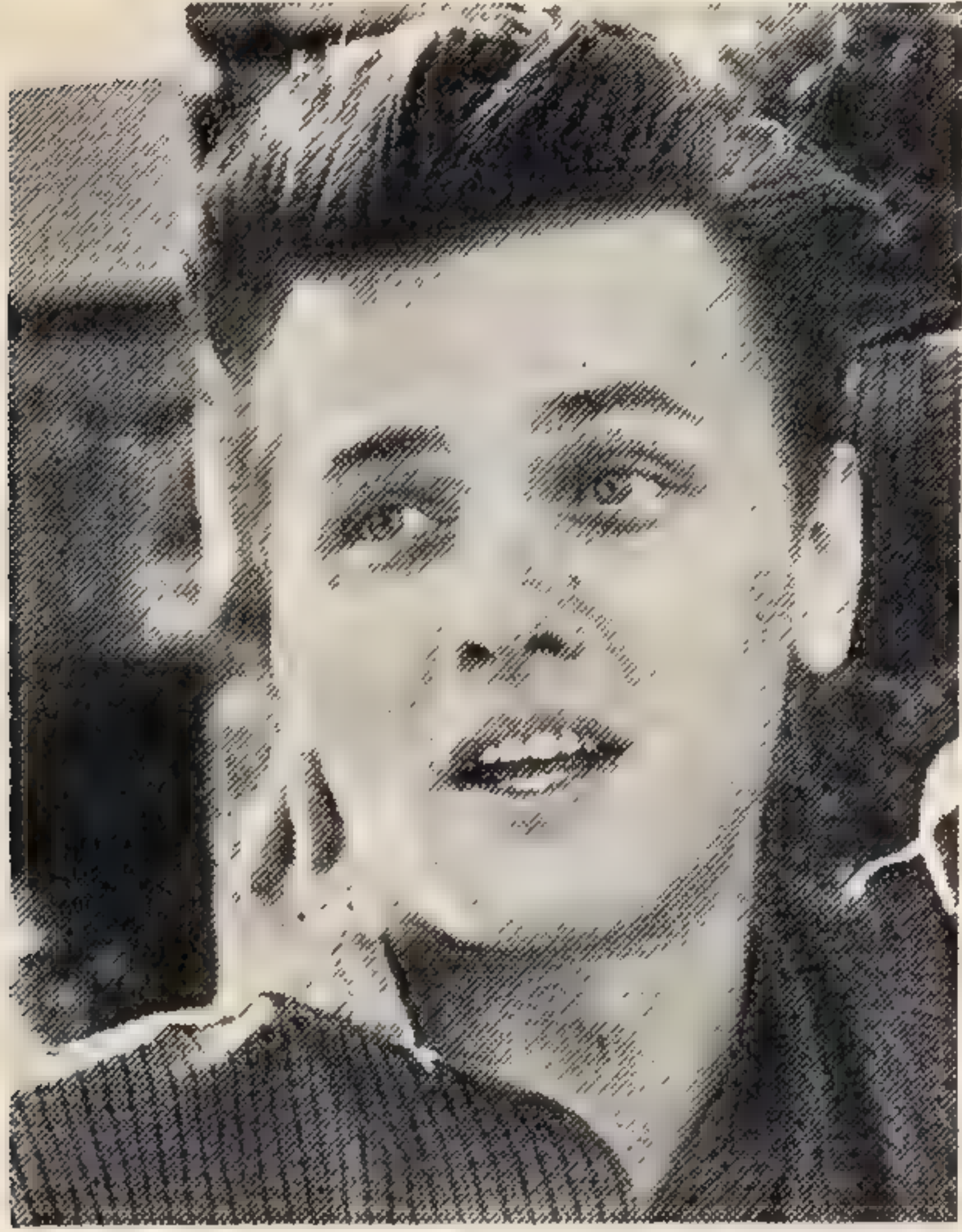
My sister says that Victor Mature is forty and Don Taylor is forty-one. I can't believe they are that old. They certainly don't look it. We can't believe they're over forty.

Could you settle this disagreement?

SHARON JONES

White Plains, New York

Victor Mature is 39; Don Taylor, 35.—
ED.



Davalos—you've got your man

I have just seen "The Sea Chase," a Republic picture, and last week I saw "East of Eden."

I would appreciate it if you could tell me who played the part of Aron in "East of Eden." I believe that the person who played Aron in "East of Eden" also played the part of cadet seaman Stemme in "The Sea Chase." Am I right?

I believe this boy has talent, and his acting in both pictures was superb!

MR. TOM GURTNER
Wabash, Indiana

Yes, you're right—Richard Davalos.—ED.

Among the usual news I received from my brother way back from Malta, G.C., was a press photo of a Maltese guy named Oreste Kirkop.

It seems that Mr. Kirkop is playing the leading male role, opposite Kathryn Grayson, in the "Vagabond King," which is being filmed by Paramount in VistaVision.

When will the film "Vagabond King" be released, and who are the other stars in the film?

J. KUERE
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

The film will be released in early 1956—
with Rita Moreno.—ED.

■ We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. ED.

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*"Do you
think I
go walking
on the beach
for the
exercise?"*

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BEST-SELLER
ABOUT THE
MODERN
SOUTH!**

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presents

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View
from
Pompey's
Head***

Actually photographed in America's Southland

in
CINEMASCOPE[®]

COLOR by DE LUXE

*Accidentally
she
stumbled
on the
truth...
her husband
was a Negro!*

*A
new
star is
born...
DANA
WYNTER!*

starring
**RICHARD EGAN • DANA WYNTER
CAMERON MITCHELL**

with Sidney Blackmer • Marjorie Rambeau • Dorothy Patrick Davis
Rosemarie Bowe • Jerry Paris • Ruby Goodwin

Produced, Directed and
Written for the Screen by
PHILIP DUNNE

In the Wonder of
**STEREOPHONIC
SOUND**

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BIG KNIFE, THE—U.A. Directed by Robert Aldrich: *Charles Castle*, Jack Palance; *Marion Castle*, Ida Lupino; *Smiley Coy*, Wendell Corey; *Connie Bliss*, Jean Hagen; *Stanley Hoff*, Rod Steiger; *Patty Benedict*, Ilka Chase; *Nat Danziger*, Everett Sloane; *Dixie Evans*, Shelley Winters; *Hank Teagle*, Wesley Addy; *Buddy Bliss*, Paul Langton.

BLOOD ALLEY—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman: *Wilder*, John Wayne; *Cathy*, Lauren Bacall; *Mr. Tso*, Paul Fix; *Susu*, Joy Kim; *Old Feng*, Berry Kroger; *Big Han*, Mike Mazurki; *Wei Long*, Anita Ekberg; *Tack*, Henry Nakamura.

DEEP BLUE SEA, THE—20th. Directed by Anatole Litvak: *Hester*, Vivien Leigh; *Freddie Page*, Kenneth More; *Sir William Collyer*, Emyln Williams; *Miller*, Eric Portman; *Dawn Maxwell*, Moira Lister; *Mrs. Elton*, Dandy Nichols.

DESPERATE HOURS, THE—Paramount. Directed by William Wyler: *Glenn*, Humphrey Bogart; *Dan Hilliard*, Frederic March; *Jesse Bard*, Arthur Kennedy; *Eleanor Hilliard*, Martha Scott; *Hal*, Dewey Martin; *Chuck*, Gig Young; *Cindy*, Mary Murphy; *Ralphie*, Richard Eyer; *Kobish*, Robert Middleton.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES—U.A. Directed by Richard Sale: *Bonnie Jones*, Mimi Jones (1926); *Jane Russell*; *Connie Jones*, Mitzi Jones (1926); *Jeanne Crain*; *Charlie Biddle*, Mrs. Biddle; *Mr. Biddle*, Senior, Alan Young; *David Action*, Scott Brady; *Rudy Vallee*, Rudy Vallee; *Earle of Wickentware*, Guy Middleton.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES—Warners. Directed by Stuart Heisler: *Roy Earl*, Jack Palance; *Marie*, Shelley Winters; *Velma*, Lori Nelson; *Babe*, Lee Marvin; *Chico*, Gonzalez Gonzalez; *Big Mac*, Lon Chaney; *Red*, Earl Holliman; *Mendoza*, Perry Lopez; *Lon Preisser*, Richard Davalos; *Ma*, Olive Carey; *Pa*, Ralph Moody; *Jack Kranmer*, James Millican.

LADY GODIVA—U.I. Directed by Arthur Lubin: *Lady Godiva*, Maureen O'Hara; *Lord Leofric*, George Nader; *King Edward*, Edward Franz; *Count Eustace*, Leslie Bradley; *Grimald*, Victor McLaglen; *Lord Godwin*, Torin Thatcher; *Harold*, Rex Reason.

MAGIC FIRE—Republic. Directed by William Dieterle: *Minna*, Yvonne DeCarlo; *Franz Liszt*, Carlos Thompson; *Cosima*, Rita Gam; *Mathilde*, Valentina Cortese; *Richard Wagner*, Alan Badel; *Otto Wesendonk*, Peter Cushing; *Minister von Moll*, Frederick Valk; *King Ludwig II*, Gerhard Riedmann.

MAN WITH THE GUN—U.A. Directed by Richard Wilson: *Clint Tollinger*, Robert Mitchum; *Nelly Bain*, Jan Sterling; *Stella Atkins*, Karen Sharpe; *Marshal Sims*, Henry Hull; *Saul Atkins*, Emile Meyer; *Jeff Castle*, John Lupton; *Ann Wakefield*, Barbara Lawrence; *Rex Stang*, Ted De Corsia.

NAKED SEA, THE—RKO. Documentary directed by Allen Miner.

QUEEN BEE—Columbia. Directed by Randal MacDougall: *Eva Phillips*, Joan Crawford; *Avery Phillips*, Barry Sullivan; *Carol Lee Phillips*, Betsy Palmer; *Judson Prentiss*, John Ireland; *Jennifer Stewart*, Lucy Marlow; *Ty McKinnon*, William Leslie; *Sue McKinnon*, Fay Wray; *Miss Breen*, Katherine Anderson; *Ted*, Tim Hovey.

SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb: *Jose*, Richard Egan; *Captain Portola*, Anthony Quinn; *Father Junipero Serra*, Michael Rennie; *Matuwir*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Ula*, Rita Moreno.

TALL MEN, THE—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Ben Allison*, Clark Gable; *Nella Turner*, Jane Russell; *Nathan Stark*, Robert Ryan; *Clint Allison*, Cameron Mitchell; *Luis*, Juan Garcia.

TENDER TRAP, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Charles Y. Reader*, Frank Sinatra; *Julie Gillis*, Debbie Reynolds; *Joe McCall*, David Wayne; *Sylvia Crewes*, Celeste Holm; *Jessica Collins*, Jarma Lewis; *Poppy Matson*, Lola Albright; *Helen*, Carolyn Jones; *Bob Loughran*, Tom Helmore.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: *Tennessee*, John Payne; *Cowpoke*, Ronald Reagan; *The Duchess*, Rhonda Fleming; *Goldie*, Coleen Gray; *Turner*, Anthony Caruso; *The Judge*, Morris Ankrum; *Grubstake*, Chubby Johnson.

THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN—Columbia. Directed by Richard Murphy: *Hugh O'Reilly*, Aldo Ray; *Colonel*, Phil Carey; *Cpl. Neely Muhlenberg*, Dick York; *Yuko*, Mitsuko Kimura; *Idaho*, Chuck Connors; *Sister Genevieve*, Camille Janclaire; *Father Yoshida*, Henry Okawa; *Konoya*, Tatsuo Saito.

TREASURE OF PANTO VILLA, THE—RKO. Directed by George Sherman: *Tom Bryan*, Rory Calhoun; *Ruth Harris*, Shelley Winters; *Juan Castro*, Gilbert Roland; *Pablo Morales*, Joseph Calleia.

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No breeze can worry the hair that's softly set in place by SPRAY NET.

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69¢
SIZE**



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*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

The Rory Calhouns' happy marriage is a perfect blend of wit, wisdom and working together!

"WHAT ABOUT the double life you lead?" I asked Rory Calhoun. "Does your wife approve?"

"Approve? She helps me lead it! Matter of fact, we've been leading a double life together ever since we were married seven years ago.

"When Lita and I were married on August 29, 1948, we faced the same problem all actors face: How to combine a career with marriage. Except that ours was even tougher. Lita, you see, was a night-club singer and dancer. I was a movie actor—mostly in Westerns. Our hours were completely different: I would be getting up when she was retiring and when it was time for her to go to work I was ready to hit the hay."

I asked Rory how they worked out the big problem—separation.

"Most of the credit must go to Lita," he said. "This girl is terrific. Show business is in her blood just as it is in mine, but she made up her mind when we were married that being Mrs. Rory Calhoun was to her much more important than being the famous Lita Baron, night-club star. So she decided that unless I am busy making a movie or unless I can accompany her, out-of-town engagements are out. And if I'm working, this gal of mine won't accept a booking for longer than two weeks at a stretch. When we are apart, we spend most of our free time talking to each other over the long-distance telephone!"

I recalled Lita's successful Las Vegas and New York singing engagements while Rory was on location in Wyoming, and all the good-natured banter of friends about how she and her handsome husband chattered away their earnings. It was immediately after the completion of this film Rory flew East to meet his wife and took her up to Canada for a fishing trip.

Lita knew nothing about sports when she first met Rory. But she did know if their marriage was to be happy she would have to develop an interest in the fishing, skiing, archery and golf which play such an important part in Rory's off-screen life.

"Lita didn't enjoy any of it at first," Rory recalled, "but she was game and kept trying. Now she has a whale of a time—and she's good, too! I remember that at David Selznick's Arrowhead lodge I gave Lita a gun and taught her how to aim at a sycamore leaf. I told her not to shoot till she sighted the middle of the leaf. It was simple for her. She has the wonderful coordination of a dancer. She took six shots and hit it dead center.

"My pal Guy Madison and I took her fishing on the Colorado River and she caught her first fish. In fact, it got to the point where Guy manned the boat, Lita caught all the fish and I did nothing but take the fish off her line!"

Seven happy years of married life—in Hollywood! Rory and Lita Calhoun's double life together is paying off.

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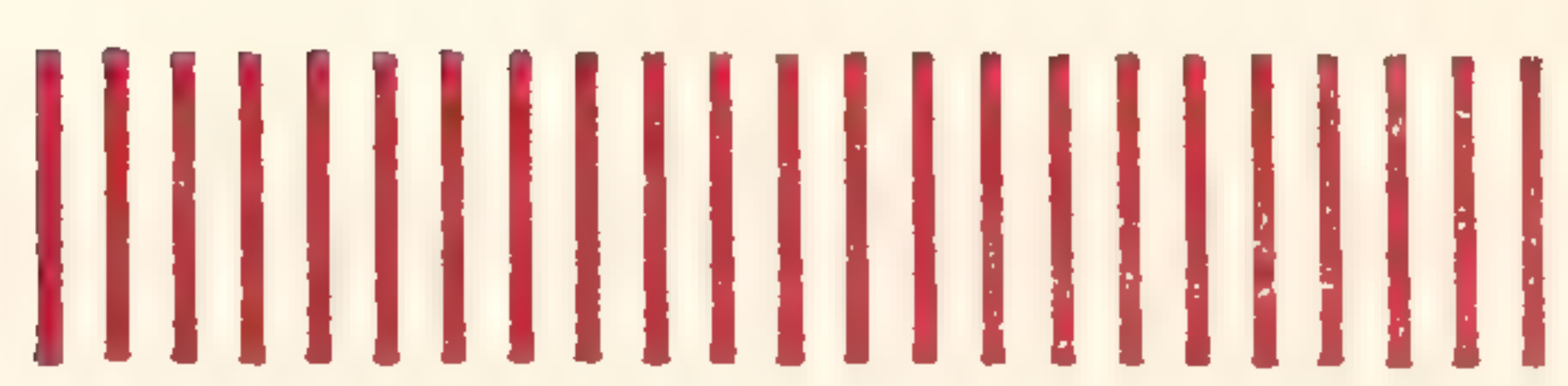
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Sentimentally yours...

● Ten years ago, twelve-year-olds like Pat Crowley didn't spend their movie allowances to see stars like Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Bill Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson. They were *old*—only people like parents went to see them!

But ten years make a difference to a twelve-year-old. They bring changes on the screen, too. Gable, the others, appeared less and less on the screen. Some disappeared altogether—Henry Fonda, to the stage, Robinson, Bill Powell, Cagney, into semi-retirement. Katie Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Ty Power, Cary Grant traveled, found other interests. And the screen lost something for their going. Young faces replaced them—Pat, Rock Hudson, Debbie Reynolds, Dewey Martin, Russ Tamblyn, others. They had talent, ambition and the world—and Hollywood—was their oyster.

Then gradually the "old" actresses, the "old" actors came back. King Gable resumed the throne no one had filled, with "Mogambo." Jimmy Cagney exploded back into movies with "Run for Cover," "Love Me or Leave Me," and "Mister Roberts." That master of underplaying, Spencer Tracy, quietly took command with "Broken Lance" and "Bad Day at Black Rock." Grant's sophisticated comedy in "To Catch a Thief," Bill Powell's suave assurance in "Mister Roberts," once more filled the screen with wit and charm. Inimitable Katie, in "Summertime," Henry Fonda in "Mister Roberts," Ginger Rogers, in "Tight Spot," stimulated the boxoffice with their spice, drama and grace.

And with them came others—younger veterans like Gordon MacRae, too long absent from the screen. Now he's adding zest to the movie scene with his exuberant singing, fresh personality in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel."

And the youngsters felt the impact. The once-twelve-year-olds were grown-up now. Old enough to appreciate the acting know-how, experience, sure technique that had kept these magic names from fading from movie memories.

And the world has room for both—the older actors to teach the young, the young who must some day replace them as "older" stars. Movies have never looked brighter—or more exciting.



SPENCER TRACY



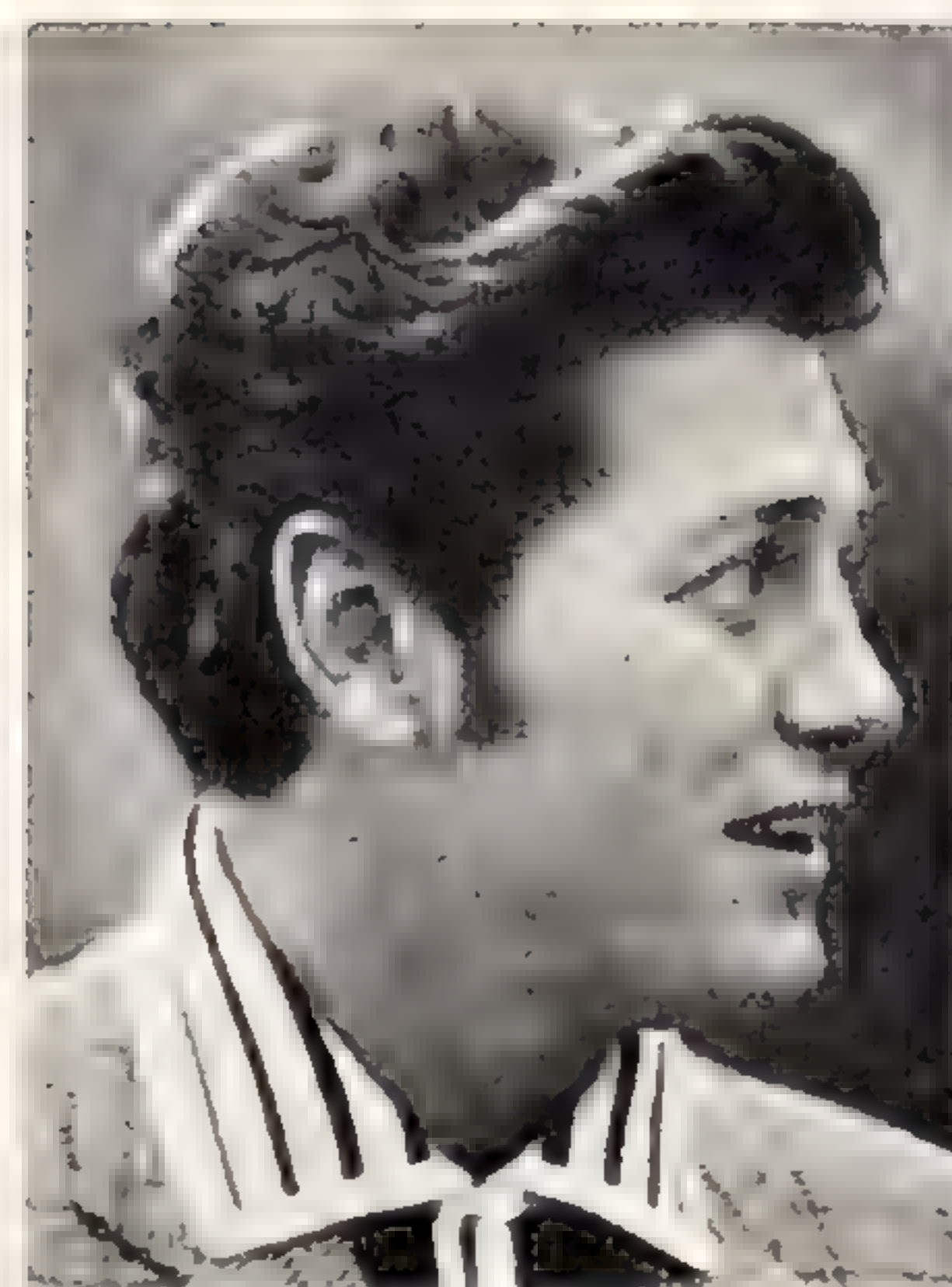
ROCK HUDSON



KATHARINE HEPBURN



DEBBIE REYNOLDS



GORDON MACRAE



RUSS TAMBLYN



GINGER ROGERS



PAT CROWLEY



EDWARD G. ROBINSON



DEWEY MARTIN

★ The Christmas I'll Never

*Ghosts of a Christmas past
still haunt these stars.*

*But they're jolly ghosts
with a gift—for recalling
treasured times!*

BY GLADYS HALL

● The air was bristling with Christmas spirit and the shops down Wilshire Boulevard were decked with holly and filled with carols. The lights in the windows, having just been turned on, added even a warmer glow to the holiday shopping. Jack Lemmon, struggling behind an awkward package, tried to maneuver the revolving door, finally gave up. In despair he put his packages down on the floor in an effort to reorganize. PHOTOPLAY's reporter nabbed him with his packages down; it was the only way to

see him in this busy holiday season.

"What was your most unforgettable Christmas?" we asked.

"Last one," flipped Jack without a minute's hesitation. "It was our first Christmas in our first home with our first baby. (He didn't need to add—his first career was booming.) I remember we had mums from my garden on the table as the Christmas centerpiece. I gave Cynthia a new shining Ford station wagon—a pretty fabulous gift," emphasized Mr. Lemmon. "And it was Chris' first Christ-

Jack Lemmon is in "My Sister Elleen"



Last Christmas was unforgettable for the Jack Lemmons because of mums on a table, a very young man named Chris—and a tree that wouldn't stay up!

Forget

mas. He was six months old and what a delight. He pulled the tree off its base, chewed on the colored ribbon and tinsel, messed up the presents under the tree. He gurgled and laughed in appreciation—completely delighting his proud parents and grandparents. What's more, he was nice enough to show that he enjoyed our gift of an oversized Teddy bear. Every time we took it away from him he'd bawl. I've been listening to 'Christmas is for children' all my life, but not until (Continued on page 99)



Tab's next is "The Girl He Left Behind"

He was in the Coast Guard far out to sea, but Mom knew he'd be home for Xmas. Tab Hunter will never forget how he got there!



Debbie Reynolds is in "The Tender Trap"

The GI's were far from home and the children were homeless, but they made that Xmas in Korea one Debbie won't forget

Jane's next in "Robin Hood"



Piper was last in "Ain't Misbehavin' "



All he did was touch her hair, but Piper Laurie will never forget the GI—or the reason he gave that Christmas, 1951

Piper's negligee by Juel Park •
Feather Wreath by Jasper House Ltd.

Someday Sissy, here with Santa and brother Ga, will own the toy Jane Powell has treasured since that Xmas she was five



Debbie Reynolds is
in "The Tender Trap"

Sweater by Catalina

*With the courage of the young
in heart and the strength
of their love, Debbie and Eddie
took their future into their
own hands and made*

There were times when Debbie and Eddie were close to giving up—when their problems seemed too much to overcome

A Dream Come True

● Today a girl who no longer laughed is laughing again. Today a boy for whom all music had stopped is singing from his heart again. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher are making beautiful music together once more. This in spite of the miles and misunderstandings which once divided them, in spite of the vicious rumors, the phony speculations, the many untruths of fickle members of the press who exploited their romance and then jilted them. With the courage of the young in heart, with wisdom beyond their years and with the strength of their own love, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher took their future into their own hands and began putting all the broken pieces back together again.

In late September, in a simple private marriage ceremony, Debbie and Eddie wrote their own chapter to the love story that captured the imagination of the whole world and once seemed almost destined not to be. Not, that is, until a few weeks ago when a kid from the poor side of the tracks in Philadelphia and a spunky little girl from El Paso, Texas who'd found their way to fame, stiffened their backs, examined their own hearts and sifted through the maze of hurtful rumors and half-truths and untruths (Continued on page 105)

BY
MAXINE
ARNOLD



The truth behind John Derek's BUST-UP

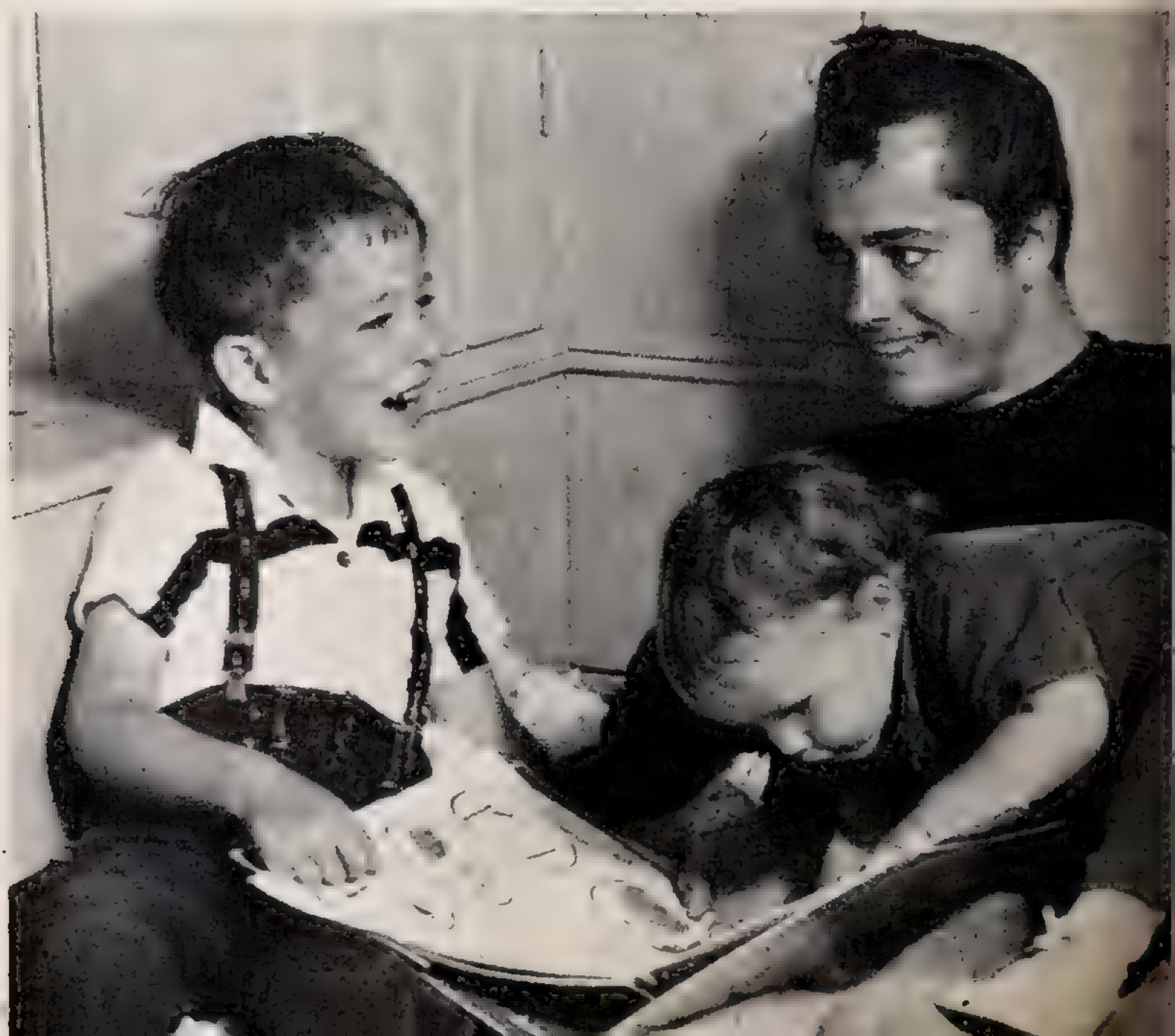
*This is the tragedy
of John
and Pati Derek.
Two people
whose marriage
was always haunted
by the shadows
of the past*

BY DIANE SCOTT



John and Pati have had problems in the past, but they have had happiness, too—something neither can forget

John used to say, "Marriage is mostly companionship and children." Openly adores 5-year-old Russ, 2-year-old Sean





John's next is "The Ten Commandments"

● Tonight as this is written, John Derek is sitting in a small apartment on Sunset Boulevard trying to find the words to tell a five-year-old boy and two-year-old girl why their world is dividing and why Father isn't coming home.

John went home to see both of his children, Russ, and his daughter, Sean, to tell them why he and Pati were no longer together. But the answers wouldn't come.

"Daddy, you're home," Russ had said, running to meet him.

"Got any arguments?" said John, cuffing him playfully.

A little embarrassed, Russ said, "No—now we won't get to sleep in the big bedroom with Mommy anymore."

Russ had no arguments until his Dad started to leave again.

John had been gone for two weeks then. Any future for Pati and himself still looked pretty hopeless to him. He was convinced their marriage was at an end. He'd gone back to pick up a few clothes and to see his children and talk to them. But the words still would

not come. And Russel, watching his Dad, kept at John's heels. And questioned him.

"Why do you have to go, Daddy?"

"I have to go to work," John said.

"I'll go with you," he offered eagerly.

"No, you can't go, lover. It's a big studio and there are so many people working there—and . . ."

"But I wouldn't be in the way, Daddy. Why would I be in the way?"

"Because I'll be busy working in front of the cameras for Mr. DeMille."

"I'll work, (Continued on page 88)"



Santa never filled any stockings like these! Leigh Snowden chose them to match the glitter on her gown—flashes a pretty ankle to reveal the gay clocks of sparkling rhinestones



Guys will flip when Pat Crowley flips her skirts dancing! But you can't blame her for wanting to show these sassy stockings. Knee-high, they're topped with eyelet lace and ribbons

The Christmas Stocking Story

● It was the night before Christmas when Santa appeared—for a preview of what the ladies would wear. What he saw sent him chuckling back to the North Pole—"We want stockings in our stockings!" they declared. Lacy stockings, colored stockings, stockings twinkling with rhinestones bright. For it's glamour gams that star in this stocking story—and walk away with the holiday spotlight!

Leigh Snowden is in "All That Heaven Allows," Crowley, in "The Square Jungle," Lucy Marlow "My Sister Eileen," Taina Elg, in "Diane," No Wood, in "Rebel Without a Cause," Martha Hye "Kiss of Fire" • Leigh's jeweled stockings by turesque; Pat's Frill Top stockings by Aberle, s by Catalano; Lucy's Liberté stockings by Beat Bryans, peignoir by Juel Park; Taina's American Be sheers by Phoenix, dress by Estelle Allardale, shoe Catalano; Natalie's medallion stockings by Beat Bryans, shoes by Catalano; Elaine's velvet bow-stockings by Picturesque, dress by Amelia Gray; tha's lace-trimmed sheers by Beautiful Bryans. F form by Juel Park



Here's a pretty conceit—hand-painted roses on long, sheer black stockings. Gives a gal that long-stemmed beauty look. No wonder Lucy Marlow sends Santa—the way she fills them!



A symphony in pink, right down to her pretty toes, Taina Elg matches her dancing legs to her gown with sheer stockings in a hot pink called American Beauty



Natalie Wood likes sophisticated stockings with jeweled, hand-painted lace medallions on the instep

But Elaine Stewart is a girl who goes for the saucy-back view—black velvet bow-knots at her heels!



← What a pretty way to end a stocking story! Martha Hyer's would make any lass feel luxurious, for these elegant stocking tops are real black Chantilly lace



American boys used to puzzle her. "Instead of compliments they ask questions!"



Marisa might have been a ballerina, but father put his foot down—no daughter of his would be on stage!



Working with Marisa in "The Rose Tattoo," Anna Magnani said, "She'll be one of tomorrow's top actresses"

Marisa Pavan is also in "Diane"



She wanted her own apartment but now spends most of time with her family!

Marisa Pavan suggests sparkling wines, exotic food, romance in Rome. But she'd rather have a soda—served with hamburger—any day!

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

IMPORTED GLAMOUR

Italian Style

● Marisa Pavan (pronounced Mah-REE-sah Pah-VAHN) was born Marisa Pierangeli, twenty minutes after her twin sister, Anna, on the island of Sardinia on June 19, 1932. She has a haunting dark beauty, large round brown eyes, brown-black hair and an elfin, mobile face. She is five feet two, weighs 108 pounds and, besides talent, has a mysterious excitement of spirit that fascinates people. Totaled together, Hollywood predicts these statistics add up to sure stardom.

While Marisa's career tumbled off to a slower start than her twin Pier's, it's not exactly news in Hollywood that Marisa is catching up. Maybe, say some—sticking their necks out—she will even surpass Pier. For Marisa, as she has grown older, shows signs of depth and maturity that can take her on to important, serious, character roles.

"The Rose Tattoo" should be her big movie break. Playing the daughter of Italy's great actress, Anna Magnani, offers her a chance to really act. To give you an idea what to expect, when the picture was completed, Magnani had only one thing to say about Marisa: "She'll be one of the top actresses of tomorrow." Paramount saw her potential, too. They nabbed her for the role of the beautiful Catherine de Médicis in "Diane."

Serious, hard-working and dedicated to her work, Marisa confesses, "I really wanted to be, since five, a ballerina."

This was a secret yearning, shared for a long time only with her twin Pier. In their childhood days in Italy, lying together in their great bed at night, they exchanged confi- (Continued on page 100)





IN TEN YEARS OF MARRIAGE, JUNE AND DICK HAVE SHARED MANY A LAUGH. AND ARE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THEY'VE HAD

RUMOR'S TARGETS

BY BEVERLY OTT

Everyone's given reasons why June and Dick are on the verge of divorce. But no one, apparently, has discovered the one reason why they're still together!

● Rumors of an impending separation in the Powell household persist. To read the papers, you'd think that divorce is a simple matter, that love's too uncertain to be believed, that marital vows may be recalled as a casual conversation that happened to take place one day.

You can't crowd ten years of memories into a sentence. You can't know the meanings of those memories unless they belong to you. You can't cut the roots of a marriage with sharp, insinuating words. When a couple has worked day by day, year after year, to build and strengthen their marriage, it's unlikely that they'll suddenly turn their



THEIR BAD TIMES, TOO. THEY'VE KNOWN BEFORE WHAT IT IS LIKE TO COME CLOSE TO LOSING ONE ANOTHER

backs upon it and call it worthless. A marriage doesn't end so easily. A real marriage doesn't end at all. And though no one seems to have thought of it as yet, this may be the very reason that June and Richard Powell are still together.

On August 19 they celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Richard had warned June even before their first year was over, "I never remember birthdays or anniversaries, so don't be angry. You'll just have to forgive me."

"Oh, Richard," she'd cried. "Try to remember. They're such sweet ideas."

Along about the first of last August, due to the force of a nine-year habit,

Mr. Powell inquired as to what Mrs. Powell might like for a gift. "A Thunderbird," she said. "That's what I'd like. With a Continental kit on the back."

"A Continental kit is too much added expense. You can't have it," replied her husband who, on a hunch, had already placed an order for a Thunderbird in her favorite color, pink . . . with a Continental kit on the back.

"I drove it home a couple of days before our anniversary," he smiles. "June ran out and danced around it and you'd have thought she was Pam's age."

After ten years, he still delights in delighting her. (Continued on page 90)

PAM AND RICKY MEAN SO MUCH—CAN THEY TURN THEIR BACKS ON THEM?



Dick Powell directed "The Conqueror," is directing June Allyson in "It Happened One Night." June's also in "The McConnell Story" and "The Shrike"



George Nader is in "Lady Godiva"
and "The Second Greatest Sex"

*If you fall flat
on your face,
at least you're trying.
It's murder to just
sit back and dream.
You may wake up with
a blank future,
says George Nader*

Don't Kid Yourself !

BY RUTH WATERBURY

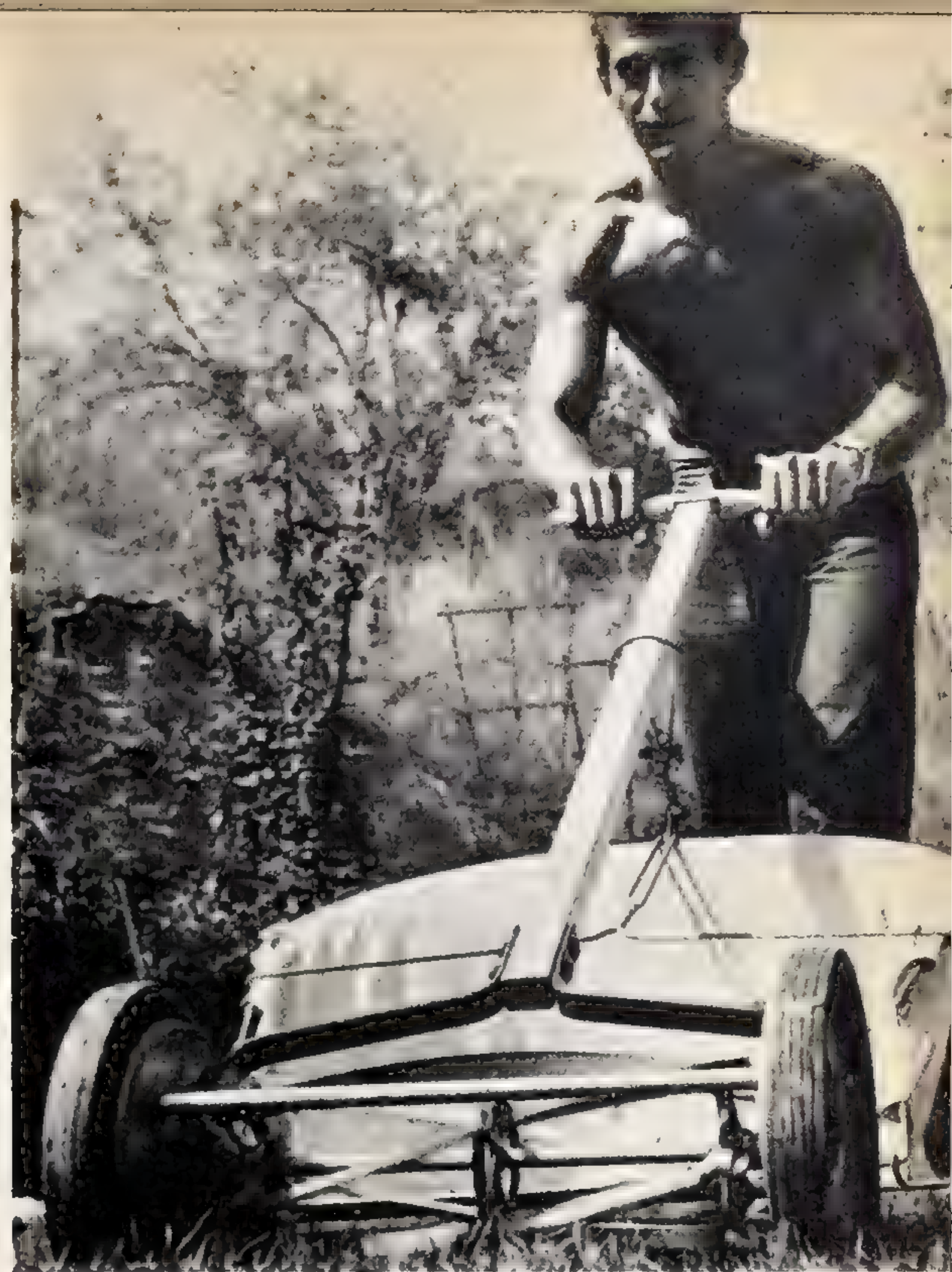
● George Nader squirmed in his seat and shuffled his position. Feeling his way around the darkened floor for the moccasin he'd kicked off in exasperation, he kept one eye on the screen in front of him. "Oh, awful," he groaned half-aloud as he watched himself on film and got an annoyed grunt from the man sitting next to him. He got up, pulled down his sweater and went for a drink of water. Returning to his seat, he checked his watch—only twenty more minutes of agony to go. When the lights went on and the audience emptied the preview room, he slouched out inconspicuously.

"There's something shocking about seeing yourself on the screen for the first time," George still insists. "I really never knew myself until I got a glimpse in 'Monsoon,' my first movie. I was shocked by my voice, hated my appearance—literally crept home in despair. I never really knew what I was like till then.

"It's funny. I never went for that know-yourself business. You know the kind of advice people hand out to you when you're in your teens. It takes a lifetime to do this—and then you can't be sure. The only thing you can try for is to play it straight. Don't kid yourself."

At this point, the tall, charming and very intelligent Mr. Nader sat back and gave the relaxed grin which won moviegoers by the thousands in "Six Bridges to Cross" and won George the coveted Henrietta from the Foreign Press Association as a "newcomer with most promise of becoming a star in 1955."

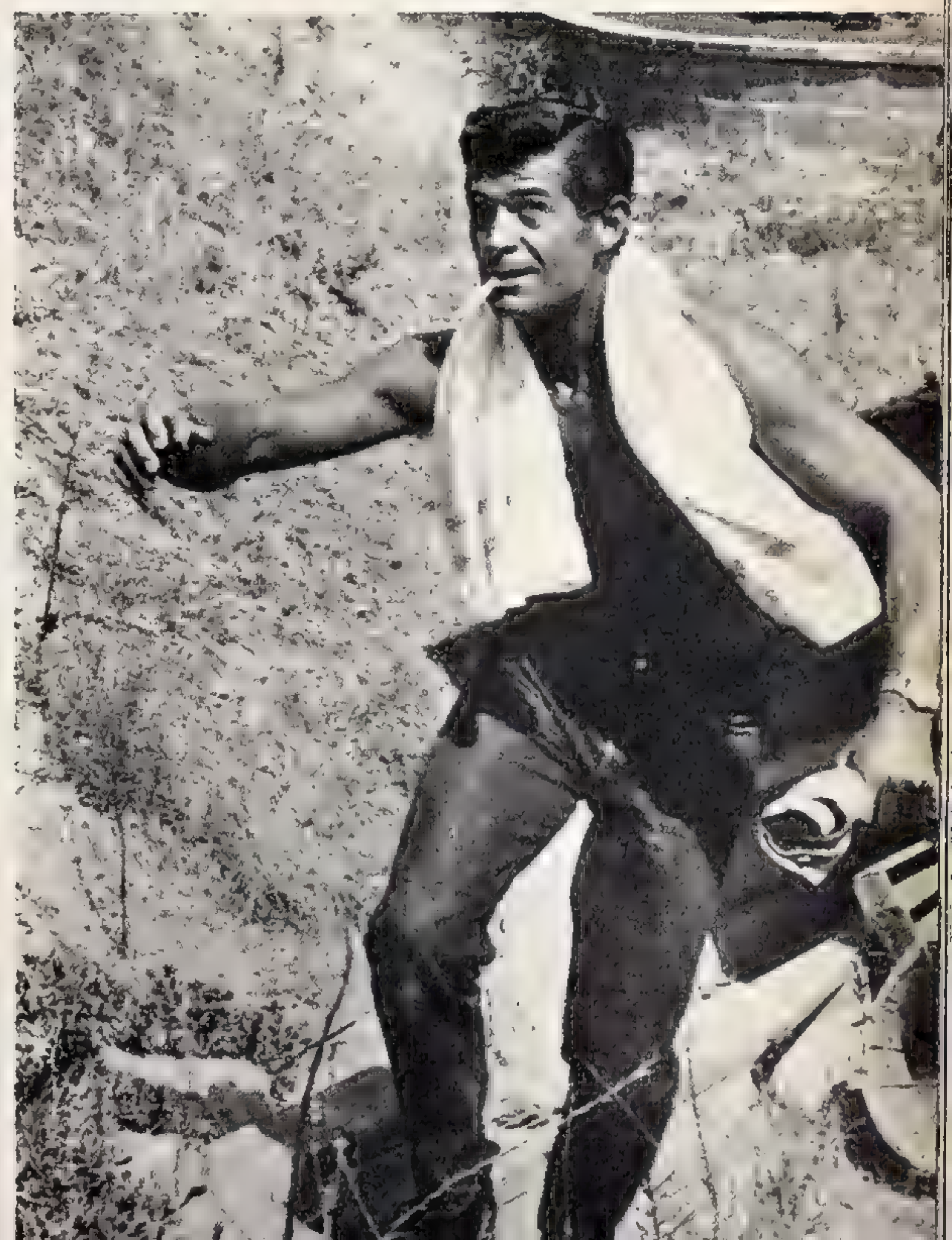
(Continued on page 94)



"Ordinary chores can irritate you,



or you can think of them as goals"





*Singer Sinatra is back, playing a lovable sharpie
Out to save souls, Jean Simmons wins hearts, too*



"GUYS"

Here's Broadway set to music,



Have a double helping of romance. Love story No. 1 in the Goldwyn-M-G-M version of the smash Broadway musical begins as gambler Marlon Brando hears Jean's street sermon

Love story No. 2 teams Frankie with Vivian Blaine, from the original stage cast. She's the doll in the mink stole 'way up on the right, doing the hilarious "Take Back Your Mink"

AND DOLLS"

with all the laughs and loves of the liveliest street in the world



On a fling in Cuba, Marlon finds his mission doll isn't so prim after all. Jean snares him; Vivian gets her man (after a fourteen-year engagement!) in a Times Square wedding

Eighteen musical numbers keep the rhythm going. When you hear Marlon begging, "Luck, Be a Lady Tonight," that's the real Brando baritone. Jean also makes her own song debut





*Shirley MacLaine danced in
when the star of "The Paja-
ma Game" was ill—whirled
away with a movie contract!*

SWEET, HOT AND

Meet Hollywood's newest find — a sprite with steel springs in her legs, who

BY JOHN MUNDY



Shirley MacLaine is in "Artists and Models," "The Trouble with Harry"

● The turning point in the career of Shirley MacLaine, new Wallis-Paramount star, came at the most unexpected moment. She was on a Seventh Avenue subway in New York when the motor suddenly conked out, and the train stalled in the tunnel.

With only seconds to spare this meant catastrophe. She would be late for the evening performance of "The Pajama Game," where she was a specialty dancer and understudy to Miss Carol Haney. "There goes my job," she fretted frantically, looking with revulsion at the peanut butter sandwich she was munching on. For the past two years she had practically existed on them and the mere thought of more dreary months of such fare seemed more than she could bear. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she sat huddled in a corner of the subway car.

Twenty precious minutes later and all but the last hope gone, she was tearing (Continued on page 86)

SASSY

sings, dances and acts like a house afire!



Husband Steve met Shirley at a soda bar. "She seemed to be trying to swallow the glass, not the drink!"





*Tony Curtis is in "The Square Jungle"
and "Trapeze"*

Having Wonderful Time

BY MARY WORTHINGTON JONES

"L'Amour" sighed the

● A cool breeze was blowing along the observation tower as Tony paced back and forth, one eye on the airport clock, the other on the sky, on the lookout for the twinkling red lights of Janet's plane. Suddenly a messenger boy came running toward him. "Monsieur Curteeess?" he asked shyly. Tony nodded and smiled at the youngster. "Zee arrangements are made for you to go on

Janet Leigh is in "My Sister Eileen,"
"Pete Kelly's Blues" and "Safari"



French. And "It's forevermore," said Tony and Janet after that reunion in Paris

zee field," the boy told Tony. "The plane, it will be here any minute. We must hurry." As the two of them dashed along to the gate, the boy pulled out a pad from his pocket and breathlessly asked Tony for his signature. Tony wrote as he ran.

There had been no need for the rush. The plane still hadn't arrived, so Tony sat down in the lounge and took out a

cigarette. Before he could reach for his lighter, a match was struck and his cigarette lit. He glanced up at the smiling GI behind the match, and, before he knew it, was signing autographs and posing alongside of, and for, a bunch of homesick soldiers.

"Air France Flight 279 from London, now landing," the speakerine's voice broke through the noisy over-

tones of the airport lounge. A friendly arm took his, and an airport official rushed Tony through the door out to the landing strip.

What a spectrum of color the night was! The moon was a luminous red, like fire against the electric blue of the star-specked sky, as the graceful silver bird came to rest on its home grounds. Tony, standing (*Continued on page 96*)

THIS I BELIEVE!

As a Marine, Glenn Ford wasn't fighting just for laughs. As an actor, he's still in combat—against a problem that touches all of us!

Opposite, Glenn Ford and wife Eleanor Powell. Glenn's in "Jubal Troop"



It is through son Peter, and his loving care for him, that Glenn realized he wants everything right for the youngsters of today, makes him take his fighting stand

"Society's got to take the rap for a lot of conditions like the ones in 'Blackboard Jungle,' not the kids!"

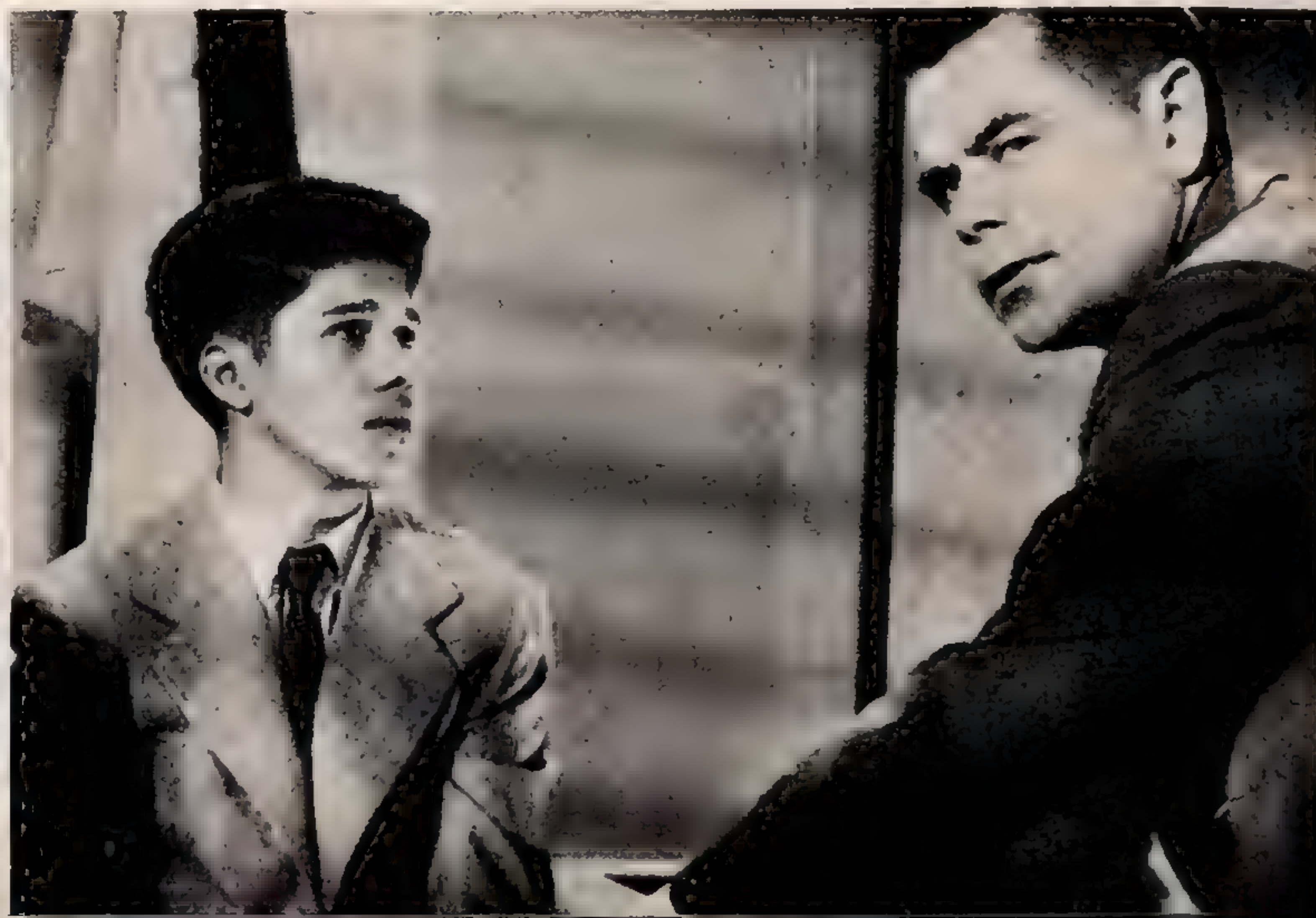
● Several years ago, a magazine published the story of an actor whose soul had been shattered by playing a part in the war-is-hell picture "All Quiet on the Western Front." The more sophisticated among the readers tended to snicker, and a few even wrote testy letters. But they were wrong. As a consequence of the feeling the role had generated, Lew Ayres, famed screen figure, became an avowed pacifist, stood gamely by his principles in the draft for World War II and finally went to battle without changing his mind. He served well—but unarmed, with a medic unit.

It wasn't funny—never was. Any working man and actor must in time feel a close identification with his work and begin to absorb in his personal life the coloration of his film material. Often external circumstances bring pressure on him.

With Glenn Ford, most certainly a sensitive and intelligent person, it has been a case of both. But the external circumstances would not have been necessary. Well before "Blackboard Jungle" had been completed, Ford's normal concern with the problems of juvenile delinquency had developed. And by the time "Trial" was finished, he was deeply concerned with the problems of racial bias, both actual (Continued on page 98)

BY JOHN MAYNARD

"Trial" deals with racial problems. "All of us are guilty of throwing loose words around," says Glenn







The only sister of four brothers, Jane Russell learned valuable lessons in getting along with men! Two brothers, Wally, Jamie (top right) are with her in "Tambourine." With zooming career (right with Gable in "The Tall Men"), a husband who adores her, two healthy children (left, husband Bob, son Tommy), slangy, bighearted Jane's thankful for her good luck

Everything about

● Jane Russell, the focal point of more inane chatter than any other Hollywood personality—with the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe—has spent fifteen years in building a career. But twelve of those years were even more intensely devoted to the building of a marriage.

Recently Jane signed a new contract with Howard Hughes, which will pay her \$1000 per week for the next twenty years. In addition to this she has with her husband, Bob Waterfield, formed her own company—the Russ-Field—which promises to be even more lucrative. Dunn and Bradstreet conservatively consider this achievement remarkable. Hollywood, in turn, looks upon her success in marriage as colossal. Ask Jane which, in her opinion, is the more important and you'll get an answer as definite as a dropped option. She is grateful that her career has turned out so well. But she thanks God daily for her marriage.

"I have had wonderful breaks in Hollywood," she says. "I also have a fair amount of brains and, let's face it, a publicity build-up the like of which no one else ever had. Pure unadulterated luck has been an important element in my career.

"As regards my successful marriage, I possess a secret. I got it from my mother, and she, I feel certain, got it straight from Eve. It is this: never forget to let the guy you're in love with know that he's the big wheel in your wagon. And if, being in love with you, he shows signs of disregarding it, put him back on the right track. Men are funny. Since the days when they dragged their women into some bachelor cave by the hair, they've been thinking of themselves as the ones who bring home the bacon and, as such, entitled to a little hero worship. And they're absolutely right. It is only in the last (Continued on page 103)

HAPPY-

GO-

LUCKY

FIREBRAND

By Hyatt Downing

Jane is fabulous—her life, her love, her luck!

Jane Russell is also in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"





1½—Dad's stage director Lee Strasberg



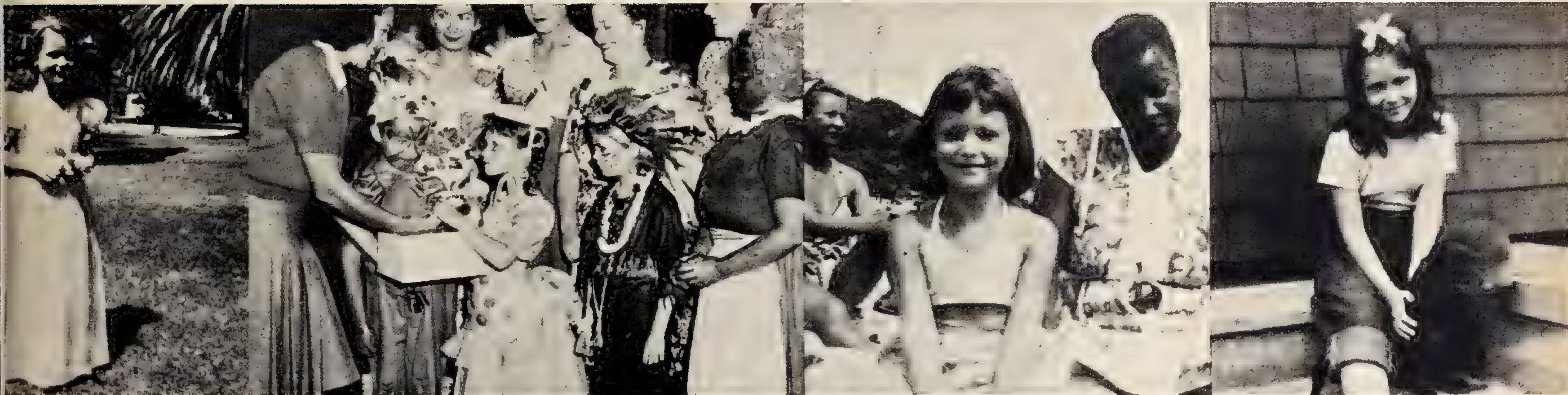
Stars played with 4½ Susie and brother

Susan Strasberg as she appears in "Picnic"



IF YOU KNEW

It makes a girl stop and think. All her life Susan Strasberg's been living in another world—and now it's caught up with her!



Tallu Bankhead gave her dress

At 6, won school costume prize

Age 7—a Malibu beach belle!

10—Sunny Hill farmerette!

BY RADIE HARRIS

● She shares her bedroom with Marilyn Monroe. Marlon Brando drops in to call whenever he's in the neighborhood. Tallulah Bankhead gave her her first party dress. Clifford Odets bought her her first painting—an original Marie Laurencin. In the short span of her seventeen years, she has known the great and near-great of show business. No wonder that, to Susan Strasberg, Hollywood is not the wonderland it would have been to any other awe-struck youngster arriving here to make her screen debut with such an all-star cast as Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Richard Widmark, Lillian Gish, Gloria Grahame and Oscar Levant. To Hollywood, accustomed to starry-eyed, well-stacked starlets, five-foot one-inch, 95 lb. Susie, with her natural brown, long hair, which she has steadfastly refused to cut, uncapped teeth, fresh, young beauty, is so completely normal that she's considered abnormal.

When she first checked in on the Metro lot for "Cobweb," she was asked if Strasberg was her real name. Since Strasberg is hardly a name you would choose for electric lights, Susie knew that this was a tactful prelude to the suggestion that she change it.



12—with parents. Mother was stage actress

A seasoned traveler at 13. Susie in Venice



SUSIE

Continued

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE



Continued



Lessons on the set. Susie has flair for drawing, wanted to be commercial artist

Susie grew up knowing writers like Radie Harris, great names of the theatre



But Susie is very proud of her father, Lee Strasberg, well-known stage director who is now devoting all his time to the famous Actors Studio, and she wears his name like a badge of honor. "Besides," as she explained to the name-changing department, "a plain name like Bergman never hurt Ingrid when she came to Hollywood, so I'll take my chances on Strasberg!" If this sounds like an inflated ego, coming from a seventeen-year-old newcomer, it isn't meant to be. It's just that Susie knows, from her ringside seat in show business, that *talent* makes the name, and without it, all the fancy, manufactured handles are useless.

Susie was literally carried on the stage before she was born! Her actress-mother, Paula Miller, an old friend of mine, was in a play called "Many Mansions." I found Paula in her dressing room one day in pent-up fury. The management had just informed her she'd have to hand in her notice because her costume could no longer hide Susie's obvious presence!

Did this prenatal experience influence Susie to follow in her mother's footsteps? No, amazingly enough, she never wanted to be an actress. With a natural flair for drawing, her aspirations were to be a commercial artist. At all the schools—public and private—she attended in Hollywood (when her father was dramatic coach at 20th) and New York, she never won a leading role. When she was in the seventh grade she tried out for the part of *Dorothy* in "The Wizard of Oz," and wound up playing *Dorothy's* mother! In the graduation play, she was ignominiously placed in the chorus. But brought up, as she was, in the atmosphere where theatre is the breath of life to her mother and father, where their apartment was always filled with young students from the Actors Studio—Marlon Brando, Julie Harris, Jimmy Dean, Jo Van Fleet, Pat Neal, Kim Stanley, Johnny Kerr—where such established writers and directors as Tennessee Williams, Elia Kazan, Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets and Truman Capote are the stimulating conversationalists, it was inevitable that Susie couldn't escape her predestined fate.

She made her professional debut at

the age of twelve. Her mother was appearing in a play called "Me and Mollie," starring Mollie Goldberg, and one night, as a lark, Paula pinned her into a costume and let her go on with one line. Susie remembered her father's advice to all his new students, "Even if you have a poor script, you must rise above the dialogue and make every line your own." Susie delivered her *one* line as if she were *Juliet* saying farewell to *Romeo*! Three years later she *did* play *Juliet* in her tv debut, thereby seeing a dream come true. Her first stage appearance was also in a highly dramatic role in an off-Broadway production of "Maya" at the Theatre de Lys. Playing the lead was one of Lee Strasberg's prize pupils, Jo Van Fleet, whose screen performance of Susan Hayward's mother in "I'll Cry Tomorrow" is already bruited to be of Academy Award dimension.

Susie herself has never been a pupil of her father in the classroom. During her excursions into the theatre and tv, she studied at Music and Art. When she was in Hollywood filming "Cobweb" and "Picnic," she had a teacher on the set, and, now that she's back in New York making her Broadway debut in the title role of "Diary of Anne Frank," she attends Professional School at 61st Street and Broadway. To all her teachers, she is far beyond the average student. The advantages she's had in the intellectual stimulus of her surroundings, in traveling abroad at an impressionable age, in her keen interest in people of all ages and social brackets, in her passionate devotion to everything connected with acting (her bookshelves include every contemporary and classic book about the theatre)—all these things have made her an exception.

"You can discuss anything with Susie," director Josh Logan told me, when I visited the "Picnic" set. "She's pored the wisdom of the ages in her seventeen young years. And she doesn't just play a part—she *lives* it. As *Millie*, the rebellious tomboy who is always being compared to her beautiful older sister (played by Kim Novak), Susie understood every facet of *Millie's* complex personality. One day just before we were to (Continued on page 84)

LIVING WITH

YOUNG

IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



for a starry-eyed
christmas...

SEE MARGARET O'BRIEN STARRING IN RKO'S "GLORY"

With stars lighting up her eyes, Margaret O'Brien selects Christmas gifts for you to wrap or *unwrap* with delight. Here and following—fashion presents with a future. Margaret wears velvetlike, black elbow-length gloves with a decorative streak of rhinestones. Marcel Wagner. \$7.95. Sparkle at the throat—Coro's single strand of square-cut rhinestones. \$1.* Her blouse, black velveteen and sleeveless, softly bowed under the V'd neckline. Dorothy Korby. \$7.95

ON THE TABLE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT FRONT:

Gilt compact, newly octagonal in shape, topped with clustered colored stones and entwined with golden rope. By Volupté. \$10*

Glitter for the waistline you admire most—a belt of well-set rhinestones that stretch to fit, set any dress ablaze. Criterion. \$10.95

Well-bred sweater in cuddly wool, short-sleeved and banded with white grosgrain at winged collar. Palette colors. By Catalina. \$5.95

Sterling Nordic bowl, open to centerpiece ideas, vegetables, fruit—or just handsomely decorative by itself. By Towle. \$30 incl. tax

*plus tax

Gleaming satin slipper for a modern Cinderella in ice-cream pastels with a fluffy nylon net pouf, pancake heel. By Daniel Green. \$6

Subtle wisps of stockings for a most impeccable female. Here, a new fashionable brown tint, Mink. Mysterie sheers by Gotham. \$1.65

The large jewel (on cage), a new vogue. To glitter strategically at collar, cuff or waist, a bursting star of rhinestones. By Coro. \$4*

A bird in a gilded cage—what's more logical for the pet lover on your list? This one, a pretty, conversational parakeet. Trefflich's

Two-strand necklaces of pearls strung with diamonds—pseudo of course—new look for evening, worn massed. By Marvella. Each \$10*

Evening foldover clutch purse in almost any shade of gleaming satin, bordered with gilt and large fake jewels. By Ingber. \$12.95*

Embroidered pettiskirt for the undercover fashion-conscious. Nylon tricot, its scalloped flounce bedecked with roses. By Eye-ful. \$7.95

For shops in cities near you, see page 93

PHOTOPLAY

STAR

FASHIONS



Pretty Christmas package, Jeanne Crain in an Italian collared shirt of silken cotton. Ship 'n Shore. \$3.98. Her scarf, a large silk crepe striped square. Glentex. \$3.98. Etched gilt bracelet with mock sapphires, \$12.50*; oval earrings, \$5.00.* Castlecliff

READING CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:

Minute-sized watch set with two honest-to-goodness diamonds. 23 jewels and the jewel of all your gifts. La Petite by Bulova. \$59.50*

Reed-slim umbrella, smartly topped with a black whangee bracelet handle. Uncle Sam. \$6

Saucy pantaloons in black nylon tricot peek beneath a dripping-with-lace, beribboned camisole top. By Munsingwear. \$16.95

Trim train case (*just what she needed*) — with mirrored top and divided inner tray, all very fit for fittings. Samsonite. \$17.50*

Clear plastic rainboots, bringing style to a rainy day. They slide on, off easily, never slip, tie neatly. Rain Dears. About \$2

Sleek pants in yellow corduroy, Mexican embroidered side stripe. By Fliegelman. \$9

White glacé kid gloves touched with avocado at cuff and button trim, and newly sudsable via LaunderLeather. By Fownes. \$6

Treasury of metallic coins gleam on a velveteen ground in flat, square satchel bag that sports buckled straps. Ronay. \$12.95*

The leopard spots before your eyes are printed on a one-shouldered shortie sleeper, black cotton knit pants. Tommies. \$5.95

Welcome gift, the comfy slipper—here a beaded mocassin-type, trimmed with rabbit fur and soft as a cloud. Huskies. \$3.99

The turtle-neck pull-over, center, turned classic. It's buttoned-up high, raglan-sleeved, comes in rainbow colors. By Garland. \$6.95

Hobnailed gilt jewelry, shiny knobs set on textured background. The necklace, \$16*; bracelet, \$10*; earrings, \$5.* By Castlecliff

*plus tax

JEANNE CRAIN IS IN "THE SECOND GREATEST SEX."

JANE RUSSELL IS IN "THE TALL MEN" AND "TAMBOURINE."

JEANNE AND JANE CO-STAR IN "GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES."

CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS BY DISPLAY SERVICE

Looking very like Christmas, Jane Russell in a cardigan of snowy white Orlon with petaled collar of sequins and gilt, a "pearl" dotted front. By Rosanna. \$14.95. Jane's jewelry, glistening filigree, mock pearls, rhinestones in a double circlet bracelet. \$10*; handcuff band, \$10*; fanlike earrings, \$6.* By Duchess. Below, eleven ways to a man's thanks.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:

Six foot wool muffler in bold striped tubular knit (and meant to be stolen back from him). School colors. By Handcraft. \$5

A floating dial wrist compass—to help a man find his way (to you). In a polished metal case, luminous points. By Taylor. \$3.50

Handsome desk lighting this. Walnut lighter, gold-finished base. Ronson. \$13.50

Argyle socks for a stylish male. These will be welcome in triplicate—all stretch nylon in one size to fit anyone. Interwoven. \$1.50

Continental slippers—these plus a fireplace make a happy lounge. Wool knit top with soft leather soles. By Interwoven. \$2.95

Straightforward masculine gift, the zippered travel kit, new in charcoal, white trim, red waterproof lining. By Hickok. \$5.95*

Tattersall thirsty terry robe, well-cut and smart for junior to Gramp. Generous pockets. Sizes S, M, L, XL. By Rabhor Robes. \$12.95

A Big Present, for a special male—Brownie movie camera, 8 mm., and a special lens (the better to see you with, my dear). \$37.50

Pair of sterling silver military brushes—shiny gift reminder that you think nothing's too good. By Gorham. \$30 pair, incl. tax

Tartan vest for the sportsman you know to wear with his flannels. Cotton-lined, pearl-buttoned and very dashing. McGregor. \$6.95

A narrow sports belt in imported pigskin, for ending a list in extra-good shape. This has brass billet buckle. By Hickok. \$3.50

For stores near you, turn to page 93

for a starry-eyed christmas

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

for a starry-eyed christmas

continued

For giving and receiving, with love—Elizabeth Montgomery stars gifts that make a merry Christmas even merrier. For a holiday *you*—the season's fur look. Her looped leopard ascot, \$25.* Barrel muff, under \$40.* By Fleisher. News: fur bracelets in sham leopard rimmed with gilt. The wide cuff, \$8.* Linked handcuffs, \$5.* Oval button earrings, \$2.* By Bergère. Black, fur-blend cardigan. Tish-U-Knit. \$10.95

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:

Poppy red slip to underscore the fashion for red, here in nylon tricot lavishly black embroidered at entire bodice and deep flounce. Sizes 32-40. Luxite. \$10.95

The knit look gone straight to the hand in a knitted glove blended of fur, wool and nylon, spiked with leather buttons. Nothing smarter, newsier. By Hansen. \$3.50

Handsome portable radio encased in natural cowhide—important gift for a VIP. Plays three ways—battery-powered, AC or DC. The Sportster by Philco. \$39.95

Sleep-pretty pajamas (they lounge, too) with Val lace-edged pleated yoke on a flared top that drifts over slim tapered trousers. Sizes 34-40. By Mojud. \$6.95

Mink, lending its stripes and lustre to an almost-fur pouch bag, mock tortoise shell-handled and all news. It's a fur accessories year, no question. This by MM. \$12.95*

Stripes strike it rich in a startling length of scarf to flash at your throat (or as a lovely gift). Black and white rayon satin from France. By Baar & Beards. \$2

Simple choker of the loveliest uniform pseudo-pearls you'll find, jewel-clasped and adjustable—in a carryall of gilt and black. By Deltah. \$12.50 including tax

Textured country stockings in ribbed cotton lisle—a brand-new fashion becoming quite citified. In hot pink here, and all smart, brisk colors. by Phoenix. \$1.65

Pierced vegetable server in silverplate for a hostess with the mostest. Delicately wrought, deep-bowled Danish Princess pattern. By Holmes & Edwards. \$3.50

Leopard-look lounge slippers—news at your feet. With a smart low wedge and sweater band, it brings real fashion to your leisure hours. By Honeybugs. \$3.99

Wedgwood blue enameled purse lighter with three white cherubs cavorting on its surface. It's the perfect gift for a girl who lights her own. By Ronson. \$9.95

*plus tax

For shops nearest you, turn to page 93



ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY'S
IN "THE COURT MARTIAL OF
BILLY MITCHELL," WARNERS



while Santa still sleeps...

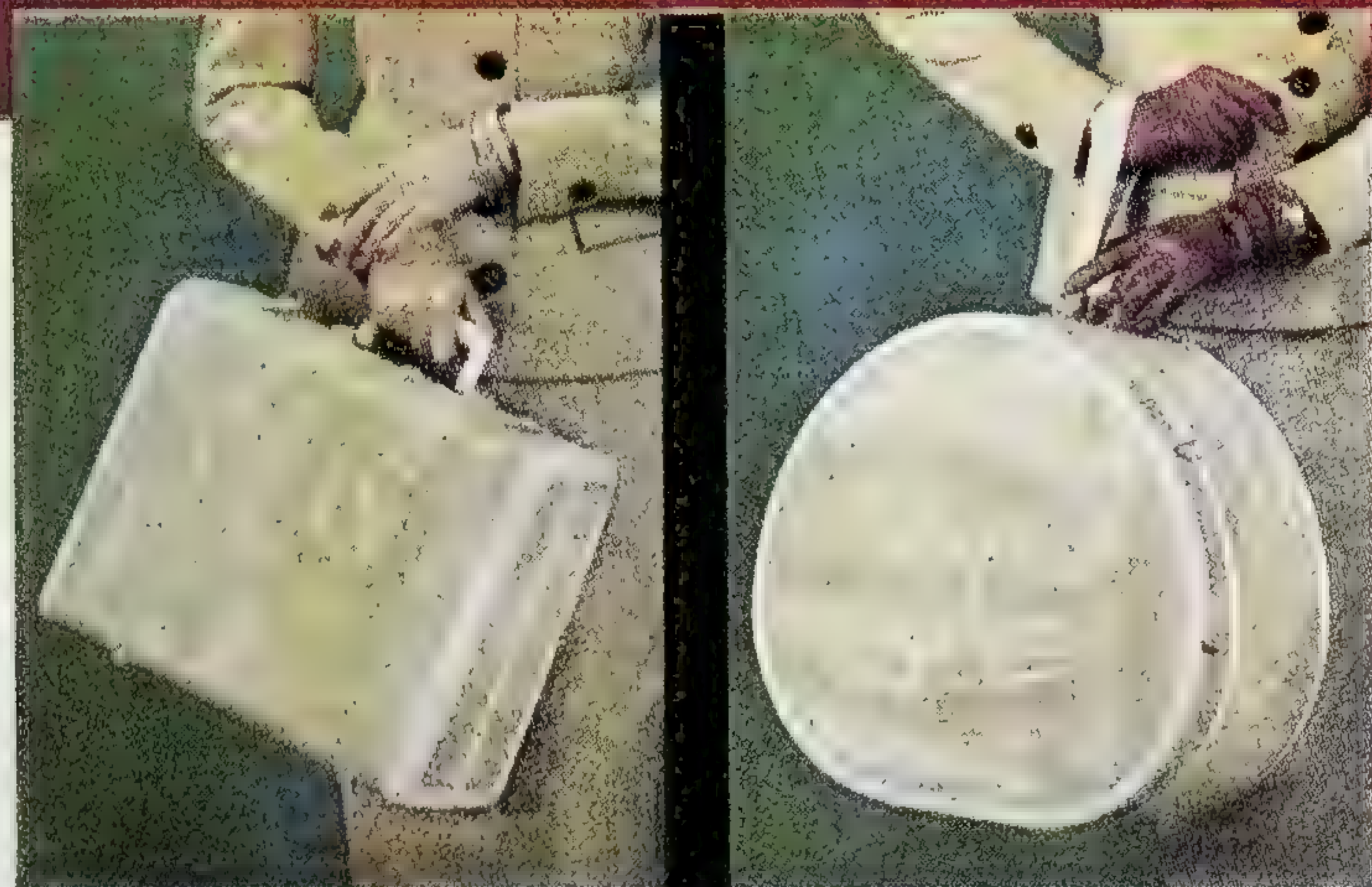
wide awake folks are gift-buying at

Samsonite's

PRE-CHRISTMAS JUBILEE



TRAIN CASE, \$17.50*



PERSONAL O'NITE, \$17.50*

HAT BOX, \$15*

Small wonder women adore the famous Samsonite Train Case. Holds 52 travel needs; has waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry. Other grand gifts are the new Personal O'Nite and Hat Box, left. All have tight tongue-in-groove closures and come in six "better-than-leather" finishes that resist scuffing and wipe clean as new with a damp cloth. (Shown here in Rawhide Finish.) All are *big* values for small prices.

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ALSO ULTRALITE SAMSONITE LUGGAGE FROM \$22.50*

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Now Every Woman wants



Lady Sunbeam®

with the exclusive **MICRO-TWIN** Head



← This side for shaving under arms

The other side
for shaving legs
close, clean and
oh, so smooth



Small as a compact
—and fast, sure,
convenient.

*The modern way to
feminine daintiness*

Only \$14.95

**Enjoy new freedom from
nicks, cuts and razor burns this
safe, gentle, quick way**

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has a shaving head with one edge especially ground to shave the legs, and the other edge especially ground for underarm use. It is small as a compact. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh and dainty. Wonderful at home, or for travelling.



Model LS in smart case \$14.95.
Rich deluxe gift case, slightly higher.



TURQUOISE



IVORY



PINK



BLUE



PEACH



BLACK

See Sunbeam appliances on these great NBC-TV shows:
Sunday Night Color Spectaculars,
Milton Berle and Martha Raye Tuesday Night Shows.

By makers of **Sunbeam** Shavemaster, Toaster, Mixmaster, Frypan, Coffeemaster

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1955



BARBARA RUSH IS IN "KISS OF FIRE"

headed for the holidays

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

Nicest thing about a party is the way it goes to your head! At this year's holiday doings, Hollywood hairdos will be simply styled, topped with decorations that are simply—delirious! The hairdos on this page were created by Joan St. Oegger, head hair stylist of Universal-International studios, with decorations by Andy of Hollywood. They're easy to copy or adapt for the girl who can roll her own. Barbara Rush's heart-shaped face is softly framed by a medium-length page-boy with top lock rolled smoothly back from the forehead, sides brushed forward. The glittering shower of stars is made of cardboard and mounted on wires. A sleeky backswept hairdo dramatizes Mara Corday's long, oval face with classically chiseled features and high cheekbones. Her chignon is circled by a spray of snowy heather wired to silvered pine cones. For Colleen Miller's round pixie face, a fluffy halo of short curls is topped by a shiny coronet made of Christmas package decorations wired to a plain headband

COLLEEN MILLER IS IN "THE RAWHIDE YEARS"



MARA CORDAY IS IN "TARANTULA"

*Hollywood's young crowd trim their
topknots with Christmas ornaments. Slightly mad
but very fetching, anything goes—
as long as it sparkles!*

YOUNG IDEAS:

SOCIAL PROBLEM



Maggie's mad about costume jewelry—has no money sense at all. Mom faints when bill comes in!

"It's important that each one of us, who are teens, try to combat some of the bad publicity we get"



Maggie O'Brien has been acting all her life—and she'd rather face a raging lion than a packed auditorium. But when people start talking about those "awful" teens, Maggie really speaks her piece!

all teenagers aren't delinquent!

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● Talking before a youth forum in Hollywood recently, Margaret O'Brien took the microphone in hand and announced to the packed hall: "All teenagers aren't delinquents. Most teenagers, in fact, are pretty wonderful. The trouble is the only ones you ever hear about are the small percentage that get into trouble. Kids are the same everywhere. They have similar interests. They ask the same questions, do the same things. They're good, intelligent and healthy-minded. Considering that the teenagers today will be the leaders of the world tomorrow, it might help if adults took a good honest look at us. They'd truly be proud—and perhaps give us a little more encouragement."

Then—as is typical of all the speeches Margaret makes for teenage causes, she ended with the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Prayer for Peace. Her teenage audience understood and responded with deep feeling.

"It's important that each one of us, who are teens, try to combat some of the bad publicity we receive," Margaret said later. Naturally shy and retiring, Margaret would just as soon face a raging lion as stand up to a packed auditorium of unknown faces. "But we have to face up to our respon-

Continued



She didn't start dating until last year—too absorbed in her acting. In "Glory," John Lupton gets Maggie's first screen kiss



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

1. She plays Eileen
6. Cinema-----
11. Movies' Mrs. McConnell (initials)
13. Pity the ----rants on Oscar night
14. Star of "The View from Pompey's Head"
16. Yvonne -- Carlo
17. Most ---- go for Monroe
18. Mrs. Ronald Reagan (initials)
19. Only a top star can afford a-----
22. "The Long, Long -----"
26. Walk, don't run, to the ----- exit
27. Brides, Brothers or Foes
28. In her new film, she does history's most famous strip act (initials)
29. "Lucky --"
30. He recently scored in a psychiatrist role (initials)
31. It's ---, but is it boxoffice?
33. Fine character actress in "The Left Hand of God"
35. "-- Hell and Back"
36. New male heartthrob, currently in a costume role
38. Stars --- a lot to their discoverers
40. Heroine of "Trial" (initials)
41. Aldo's real name is Da--
42. Dancer in "Oklahoma!" (initials)
43. One of the "Guys" (initials)
45. Aly Khan is Rita's --
46. Heroine of "The Far Horizons"
48. "-- Happened One Night"
49. "The Desperate -----"

53. Bob Hope's latest role
54. Rita Hayworth's real surname
57. "----- and Day"
59. Lovable old fellow in "The Bar Sinister" (initials)
60. What hams do
61. Dancer who didn't dance in "The Prodigal"
62. Janie Powell and Pat
64. Hero of "The Girl Rush"
67. "A Star -- Born"
68. tv's (and soon movies') favorite schoolmarm
69. Gable began his movie career as an -----

Down

1. "---- Godiva"
2. Her opera-star role may put her in the Oscar race
3. "So This -- Love"
4. Nickname for the locale of "Guys and Dolls"
5. "Adam's ---," 1949 hit
6. Terry Moore isn't exactly the --- type
7. Big pictures often have all-star -----
8. "All -- Nothing at All" (song)
9. Jan Sterling's husband (initials)
10. Films like "Forbidden Planet" have an ----- atmosphere
11. Star of "Miracle in the Rain"
12. Hero of "Strange Lady in Town"
15. Super-spectacles ----- plenty
20. Singer nicknamed Ukulele Ike, who was Jiminy Cricket's voice in "Pinocchio" (initials)
21. Oscar-winner now in "Lucy Gallant"
23. Star of tv's "This Is Your Life" (initials)
24. Jimmy Stewart's role in "Strategic Air Command"
25. Pretty blond currently in "I Died a Thousand Times" (initials)
28. "----- Obsession"
30. In "Trial," Arthur Kennedy plays a ---
32. Movies' Peter Marshall and Sir Walter Raleigh
34. Marge's husband-partner
37. tv's Faye
39. Gravel-voiced cop in "Pete Kelly's Blues"
42. Locale of "Gone with the Wind"
44. Most stars have ----- experience
47. Very famous bridegroom (initials)
49. A cowboy actor couldn't get anywhere without his -----
50. ----- Sam takes a big bite out of Hollywood salaries
51. Pert brunette in "Seven Cities of Gold"
52. He recently co-starred with his wife (initials)
55. "--- Never Been in Love Before" (song)
56. Ex-husband of Greer Garson
58. Newcomers must make a ---- for a big role
63. Crooner making a comeback in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" (initials)
65. "-- and My Gal"
66. Temperamental stars often get the --

all teenagers aren't

sibilities if we expect to be handed more important ones as we get older," she explains.

She tries always to remember this. Last year when she went to Japan for the filming of "Girls Hand in Hand," forty thousand people stood at the airport to bid her welcome. With dignity, she humbly thanked them for the opportunity to visit their lovely land. Then, during her stay, with careful concentration, she followed their customs, absorbed the nature of their living. When the picture was completed, her Japanese host said, "You are gentle and tender—more Japanese almost than Japanese girls." This was a tribute to Margaret and her efforts to appreciate national differences.

It wasn't her ability to handle chopsticks, but rather her very nature that won the Japanese. Gentle, soft-spoken, humble and shy, Margaret captured the heart of the world as a child. If anything, since then, the wistful fey part of her personality has become stronger. At eighteen, she has developed a basic personality that will not change ever.

"Being the kind of person I am," Margaret reflects today, "has been both a help and a hindrance to my growing up. I am aware that I'm what most girls would consider emotionally immature because I didn't start dating till last year. But when they started dating at fourteen or fifteen, they were going to a coed school and it was a necessary social move. When I was that age, I was completely absorbed in my acting. My mother and friends were enough for the small amount of time I had left over. And I'm glad I waited to date. Because I'm having a wonderful time now when other girls my age are getting bored with dating. I have crushes and get excited about a boy, and yet I'm old enough to know it's puppy love!"

Margaret is delightfully typical of the feminine teenage logic. Admittedly lazy about household chores, she did acquire a sudden spurt of interest in the grocery shopping when the owner of the Royal Market put his ex-Navy son on the delivery route. Margaret discovered an overpowering fondness for the market.

She enjoys dating but prefers not to date just *one* boy all of the time. With no intention of marrying for several years, she is having for the first time the full social life of a teenager and loving it.

"She's a far cry from the little girl who scalped her dolls and lived in a teepee in the living room," flashed her vivacious mother, Gladys. "Frankly, I'm relieved that she's enjoying herself so much outside of her career. But I learned a long time ago that Margaret grows up in her own time. She will not be pushed. I thought for a while she'd never be interested in anything but act-

ing. It is still the passion and dedication of her life, but now she's having the happiness of other interests. Someone said once when she was a little girl that Margaret was like a poet—lost in her own little dreamworld peppered with little people and seasoned with the delicate imagery of fairy tales. In one way she still is in her own world, and that's because of me. Trying to be mother, manager, teacher and all things to one tiny person, I took all the responsibilities and decisions on my own shoulders. Now when I try to give some to Margaret, she finds she likes it the old way.

"The other day," she remembered, "a producer called about a script that was just right for Margaret. So I handed her the phone before she realized what it was all about. She stuttered and fumbled and finally said she'd think about it. When she hung up, she turned to me and wailed, 'Why did you do that? You know I can't talk about myself!' But she's learning.

"Margaret is learning to take the initiative, make decisions and stand on her own feet. Like any teenager, she is testing her own abilities. Sometimes successfully and other times falling flat, but at least she's trying. Under her quiet nature," Gladys said thoughtfully, "Margaret has a determination about her career that is as strong as any I've seen. She has never stopped acting. When she was released from M-G-M at that 'awkward age,' she immediately turned to the stage and television. Her inner drive has never let her contemplate for a moment the possibility of life without theatre.

"She learned a lot in that period. While everyone was advising her to relax and wait until she was old enough for ingénues, Margaret was reading scripts constantly. She learned the thrill of a live audience when she toured with 'The Intruder.' Then she found the perfect part in Clare Booth Luce's 'Child of the Morning.' The play didn't make it to New York, but Margaret's reviews put new strength and determination in her. She was consistently called a young Helen Hayes. And when she won a nomination for her performance in 'Jennie Kissed Me' from Chicago's Sarah Siddons Society, she was ecstatic. Not so much at the thought of winning the award, but rather that she was competing with Lillian Gish and Deborah Kerr."

Her performance in Chicago broke all records for four years. Margaret played winter stock, summer stock, television and did one motion picture during that period. Columbia starred her in "The First Kiss." However, the name had to be changed to "The Romantic Age" when all agreed that Margaret's little pixie face and long dark hair gave her the (Continued on page 82)



Coleen Gray, starring in Allied Artists' "Las Vegas Shakedown."

Handsome Carry-All in brown Steerhide with hand tooled design. About \$17.50*

Take a peek at the meekers

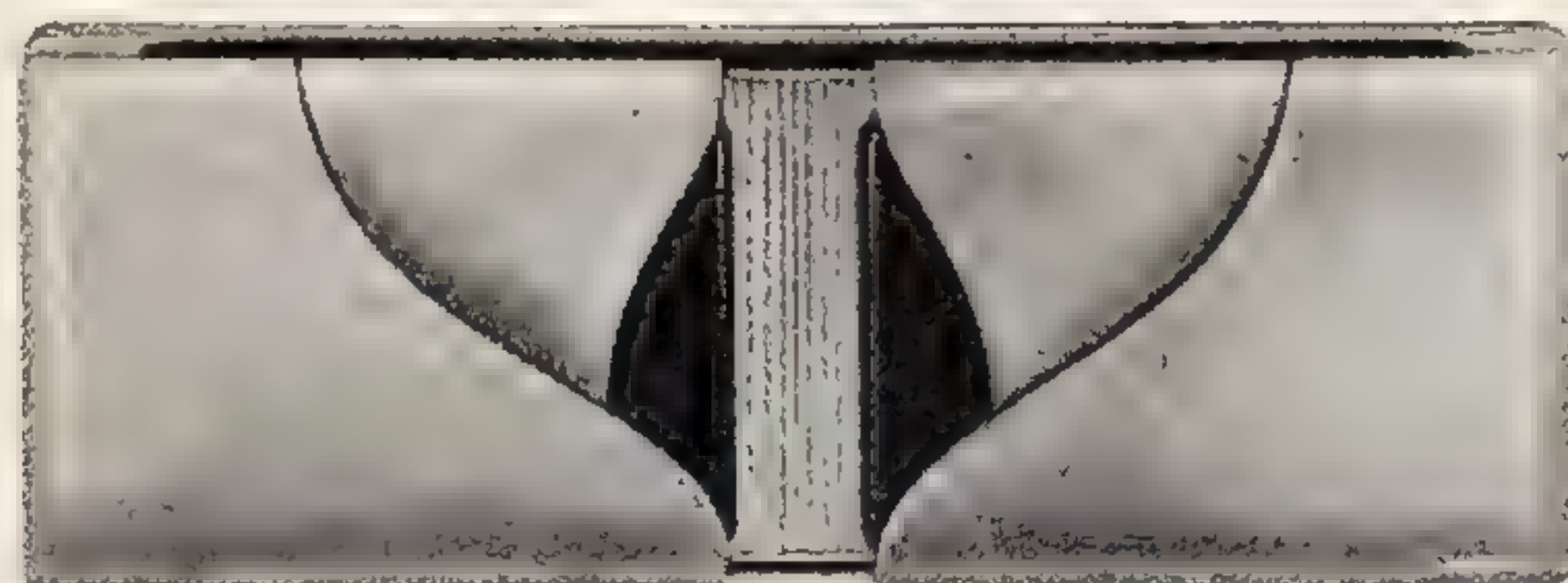
Coleen Gray wrapped for Christmas

Satin Cowhide emblazoned with jewel clasp. Variety of colors. \$6*

Practical and good-looking. In black, blue, red or tan Calf. About \$17.50*



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Traveling Man's delight! Has two pass cases! Cowhide. \$5*

Holds more because of patented expansion across bottom. In Calf. \$10*



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For all the "hims" and "hers" on your list . . . luxurious gifts of leather . . . at your nearest Meeker dealer.
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what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT



There is no time like holiday time for enjoying good music. Whether it's an old standard or a hot jazz piece, a record is an ideal gift to tell your hostess how much you enjoyed her party, or to let your relatives know that you have not forgotten their musical tastes at Christmas time.

Albums You Should Know About

For those of you who appreciate semi-classics or "opera for orchestra," Columbia has re-released a number of André Kostelanetz albums on its Masterworks series. On these colorful 12" LP's, there are such selections as "Romeo and Juliet," "Swan Lake," "Grand Canyon Suite," "La Bohème," "Invitation to the Dance," "Aida" and "The Sleeping Beauty Ballet."

For the jazz fans, an ideal gift is a Chris Connor album. Chris has three albums out for Bethlehem. The best of the three is "Lullabys of Birdland," her first. Chris has a way of presenting a song

that makes you stop and wonder why you haven't heard anything more like it. Give a listen to "I Hear Music," "What Is There to Say," "Why Shouldn't I," "Come Back to Sorrento," "Lullaby of Birdland," "Try a Little Tenderness," "All About Ronnie" and "Spring Is Here," all on this terrific 10" LP.

For those that enjoy folk music—and the magnificent voice of Harry Belafonte—we have just the thing. Belafonte's new album called "Mark Twain," on RCA Victor. Some of the wonderful old favorites sung to the hilt by Belafonte are "John Henry," "The Drummer and the Cook," "The Next Big River," "Tol' My Captain," "Soldier, Soldier," "Lord Randall" and "Kalenda Rock."

One of the most talked-about figures this year has been Jackie Gleason. Jackie, excelling in all fields of endeavor, has risen to the top in the field of music. We recommend his first release for Capitol, an excellent example of beautiful music played well. Contained in this album,

"Music for Lovers Only," are some of the most melodic and touching tunes available for sheer pleasure and listening, "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Love Is Here to Stay," "Love Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Body and Soul," "Alone Together," "But Not for Me" and "My Funny Valentine."

Mercury records have put out a new label for their jazz series called EmArcy. One of the best products to come out of this line has been an album called "Dinah Jams," featuring Dinah Washington. Dinah shows her inimitable style on such standards as "Lover Come Back to Me," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "I've Got You Under My Skin" and "You Go to My Head."

Crazy Otto is really one of Germany's best-loved and best-known composer-pianists—Fritz Schultz-Reichel. The unusual sound of his famous "Topsy Wire Box" is one of the secrets of the recording world. Without the use of metal or paper

Looking her holiday prettiest, Margaret O'Brien in a crisp silk and rayon long torso dress. Cape collar forms a jeweled bodice bow. 5-15. Teena Paige. \$14.95.

Christmas treasure: her compact, quick-play battery radio and 45 phonograph combination that boasts outside radio controls, rich tone system and a holiday-looking red and white case that stores records in its lid. The Skipper by RCA Victor. \$59.95

For Where to Buy dress, see page 93

slips, Otto creates the sound on his off-tune piano of a Beer Hall piano. And he won't tell how. Decca has released an album of Crazy Otto and his unusual piano, simply called "Crazy Otto." The album contains all the wonderful honky-tonk type music he's so famous for.

"Piano Music from Spain," featuring William Masselos, is one of the best albums to come out this year. On the MGM label, it contains such pieces as "España, a Suite of Six Dances," "Iberian Dance" and "Poema Fantastico."

Donald Shirley was born at Kingston, Jamaica in 1927. At the age of nine, he was extended an invitation to study theory at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music. He has to his credit four organ symphonies, a group of small pieces for piano, two string quartets and a piano concerto. He is presently working on a one-act opera. On the Cadence label, Don has made two wonderful albums, "Tonal Expressions" and "Piano Perspectives." Shirley's style mixes classical with jazz.



*Now Fran chooses
Skippies Pantie No. 846
... a shape-making
success in light, light
elastic net. Ribbon-sheer
front panel and elastic
back panel provide to and
fro flattery. The 2½"
waistband smooths and
slims midriff to hand-span
littleness. All achieved in
wonderful, action-free
comfort! No. 846, S, M, L,
\$6.50. Also available as
Skippies Girdle No. 946.

For further figure beauty
Fran is wearing the new
Life Romance Bra
No. 582, \$3.50.

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal... or *American Bombshell Makes Brazil Surrender*

Whee, what a flurry, my-o-me-o,
I caused in gay, romantic Rio!

I drove the natives near to frantic
In this jeweled spa by the Atlantic.

Who needs that coffee in Brazil?
I kept 'em sleepless longer still:

The Lobos named me "Top Banana"
As I tanned on the sand at Copacabana.

One said, "¡You're sweet, and pretty, too...
A 'Leetle Sugar Loaf'... that's you!"

And what a cheering, mad hubbub
My Samba started at the Club!

The Carnival took on new glamor:
'Twas all for me, the hue, the clamor!

What made my Rio holiday?
My Formfit outfit*. ¡Olé! ¡¡Olé!!

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skippies
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CREATION

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

RECORD

for you and yours

Something to sing about.

**If you want to make it the best Christmas
they ever heard - enter now!**

Say it with music! That's the Christmas theme at RCA Victor Records. Whether you want to win a prize gift for someone else or just want to add to your own record collection, you'll find this contest fun to try. All you do is fill in the last line of the jingle printed in the accompanying coupon. We've given you an example—it should be easy to go on from there. Try it! Because the prizes are really super. There are fifty of them, so you can't say you haven't a chance

ENTRY BLANK

RULES

Write a last line for this jingle:

If you want a yuletide with joy unconfined
Put that gift problem out of your mind
Make this Christmas gay
Give them records to play

.....
(Fill in line to rhyme with "mind")

Example:

'T will make a lasting impression, you'll find!

Your name

Street

City

Zone

State

1. Write or print in this coupon—or on a reasonable facsimile thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your last line must rhyme with "mind." Then fill in your name and address and mail your entry to: Photoplay's RCA Victor Records Contest, P.O. Box 1679, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. By filling out this coupon, each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight December 7, 1955.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, RCA Victor Records and the advertising agencies of both.
4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries not accepted.
5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of PHOTOPLAY magazine.
6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.
7. The winners will be notified by wire on December 19 and their names published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

CONTEST

Margaret O'Brien, young star of "Glory," with the album you'll be aiming for

PRIZES

For the first five best entries:

\$24.95 Gift Certificate for RCA Victor's special Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band album

(The album is handsomely bound in satin-finished lacquered cloth and contains more than sixty never-before-released big band arrangements—the music of the greatest of all the great Glenn Miller bands. Gift Certificate includes a "Where Is the Band Now?" folder with pictures, autographs and current biographies of all the Army Air Force Band members. With the album is a 16-page booklet of photos and the story of the band. In addition winners will receive a special record of four selections played by the Band, unavailable in records elsewhere, plus an historic BBC interview with Glenn Miller himself. Album in choice of five LP's or fifteen 45 EP's.)

For the next forty-five best entries:

\$12.00 Gift Certificate, which will entitle the winner to make his or her choice of three \$3.98 LP records or four \$2.98 45 EP albums from a 24-page Gift Selector (included with the certificate) listing the 132 most-wanted RCA Victor albums. In addition, winners will receive a special 45 EP record of four Christmas carols played and sung by famous RCA Victor Record artists

Read the rules in the coupon, put your wits to work—and let's see you come out a winner in this new, exciting contest!



PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH



ADVANCE PATTERN
NO. 7054—50¢

be a christmas belle

Looking for a quick-to-sew party dress? Here's one you can make in a jiffy for the holidays ahead. Its first two parts combine a full, floating skirt and a bared camisole bodice that's ruffled with half-inch lace. Make it in rich velveteen or rustling taffeta for real party flavor. A third part (included in the pattern) is the round-collared, cuffed shirt you can make in white satin to contrast with the skirt, or,

for everyday, in lightweight wool or rayon with matching skirt. An American Designer pattern by Anne Klein of Junior Sophisticates. Junior sizes 9-17. The camisole and skirt take $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric. The shirtwaist alone, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch fabric. The three separates all in one fabric take $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch fabric. All yardages here are figured for size 15. Remember to allow additional fabric for a self belt.

all teenagers aren't

appearance of a child much too young for a first kiss. She was fourteen at the time and she didn't get kissed. It was during this period that her mother and her aunt, Marissa, started the insidious campaign to whack off their protégé's long tresses. The answer was firm but gentle, "Nope." Margaret liked her hair long.

"Short hair will make you look older—more mature," argued her agent.

"If the script calls for long hair, you can wear a wig," wailed Gladys.

"Short hair will make you look sophisticated—smart," urged Marissa.

As producers in all entertainment media continued to look at her as a sweet, young twelve-year-old, she suddenly acquiesced. "At first," she said patting her swirling short hair, "I felt naked. But then I got to like it—temporarily that is. When I'm twenty or twenty-one, then I'll let it grow long again. But for now, it's effective."

She was sitting on the stage of RKO's studio 10 waiting to be called for a scene. She is back in pictures as an ingénue. She is ready now for the next lap in her career. David Butler, the producer-director of "Glory," is so pleased with Margaret you would think he'd conjured her up himself.

Margaret excused herself as she was called for a scene. After a brief conference with Mr. Butler, she went to her coach, Gladys O'Brien. They had a low, studied conversation. Margaret took her place in front of the camera. "Roll 'em," said David Butler softly. Margaret's eyes filled with tears, inner defeat fought its way to her sensitive features, her body slumped slightly in dejection. The tears flowed fully. "Cut," murmured David.

He walked up to Margaret, took her hand in his and said, "Thank you." Wiping her eyes, she smiled timorously. "Was it all right?"

"It was slightly wonderful," he responded, and Margaret dropped back on the folding chair with a bright smile and asked her mother, "What were we talking about?"

Her ability to create a mood and snap out of it over and over again has been the subject of much comment since she was a child. One memorable time as a tot, she climbed up on Edward Arnold's lap and gave a long speech with only an occasional answer from Arnold. Time after time she would go through the scene, even veteran actor Arnold would fluff one of his few lines. It was a heart-rending scene. But after each take little Margaret would go smiling back to her mother and talk the things that little girls talk until time to go back and do it again.

Here, on the set of "Glory," she was proving unconsciously that she hadn't lost her ability to become completely absorbed in her character and then flash back to normality at the sound of Cut. "Glory," incidentally, is the kind of a picture that has everyone in the cast and crew crowing. It is the answer to the 'awful teens.' It's a beautiful picture of a girl's love and faith in a horse. With Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Brennan backing her, the horse finally wins for her. To prove how grown up she is, Margaret also wins John Lupton, the hero!

Gus Schilling, who plays an important role in the picture, was really enthusiastic. "Psychologically, I think we're all tired of the downbeat pictures about kids—motorcycle maniacs, hot rodders, drug-addict dandies. 'Glory' is the turning of the tide. It's a clean picture, beautiful and exciting, and the kids are real. Everybody's excited about it. I've been in movies since Thirty Eight; I've never seen a cast so concerned with each other. No-

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P.O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York

body steps on anybody else's lines or upstages. I think Margaret's quiet dedication has a lot to do with the whole atmosphere."

Gus didn't mention that for the first time Margaret lets loose with her vocal chords in this picture. She sings three numbers. The title song, "Glory," has a chance of being a hit. She also does a blues number, "Gitting Nowhere Road," that will prove to many that she is not a kid anymore.

When Margaret fluffs, it is painful to watch her self-condemnation. While recording one of the songs with Byron Palmer and three other fellows, she fluffed a few times. "What a stupid jerk I am!" she would moan pounding her head.

"Honey, even Peggy Lee doesn't always get it perfect the first time," soothed David Butler.

But Margaret would not be soothed; she's the villain and she knows it. "I'm so sorry," she would apologize, her big eyes full of humiliation. "It's all my fault." Then she would settle into complete concentration and do the job. For Margaret is a perfectionist where her career is concerned. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she is not a perfectionist in her personal life.

Margaret is guilty of youth's number-one crime—laziness. When not working, she will not, except for cause of fire, move. She will sit all day. She will walk downstairs only under duress. She loves to be babied and is overjoyed when Gladys succumbs and brings her breakfast in bed. She is completely blind about household duties—seeing nothing that needs doing. And her clothes are exactly where she steps out of them.

Although she loves to design her own clothes and decorate her home, and particularly her own room, after the creative end of the job is done—so is Margaret. She decorated her own bedroom with green carpet and drapes. The drapes match the quilted bedspread of green with strawberries. Now she has a hankering to redo the whole room around a fancy canopied bed. She helped Gladys decorate the house in a green and white motif, but once her aesthetic sense is appeased, her interest wanes. Upkeep and tidying are unknown to her.

She is particularly addicted to skirts with contrasting blouses. These she dresses up with scarves and belts. With her deep brown eyes and lovely glowing complexion, she leans toward pinks, reds, navy blue and white. She has a passion for costume jewelry and, as Margaret has no money sense whatsoever, Gladys is continually speechless. It seems Margaret has learned that old American pastime, 'Charge it.'

"She must," admitted Gladys in despair, "have at least five-thousand dollars worth of costume jewelry. She doesn't think to ask the price and I've found out the hard way that costume jewelry can be very expensive. I caught her stuffing something under the sofa pillow when I came in the other day.

"What are you hiding, Margaret?" I asked.

"Just a cheap old string of pearls," Margaret explained pulling her treasure out in the open.

"When the bill came in, I almost fainted," Gladys continued. "That cheap old string of pearls cost three hundred dollars! She picked up another television set the other day—only three hundred fifty dollars. Now we have a set in every room in the house. She loves to buy clothes, but she usually wears the same small group of dresses all the time. Once she paid two-



649



7135

7135—A smart combination of filet crochet and regular crochet forms the decorative new grape design of this tv set! Crocheted tv square, 25 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton.

7210—She's a wonderful helper when company comes—a gay girl apron to keep you neat and pretty. Embroidery and appliqué transfers, directions for 16-inch apron.

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YOUNG IDEAS: NEEDLE NEWS

649—She's 44 inches tall—and she dances! See the elastic strap that holds doll's feet to your little girl's. Thrilling Christmas gift. Transfer of 44-inch doll, cutting chart for dress. Use straw yarn for hair.

574—Mom-to-be: Make these sew-easy tops in a variety of fabrics! Embroider flowers on dress-up jacket. Maternity Misses' sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery. State size.



574

SIZES 12-20



7210



7190

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hundred fifty dollars for an evening dress and after wearing it once gave it to a girl friend."

Because her mother is anxious for Margaret to make her own decisions, the sudden splees are accepted with as little show of apoplexy as possible. As money means nothing to Margaret, it is taking time to get across the intricacies of high finance. A few weeks ago, the spending subsided and it was felt that Margaret was beginning to get the point. Whereupon she returned home one day driving a beautiful white Victoria Ford. Proudly showing off her new possession, she explained judiciously, "I was almost sold on the Thunderbird, but I remembered what you said, Mother. I figured it would only seat two people—so that was two thousand dollars a seat. That was too expensive, so I bought the Victoria!"

Perhaps that unusual childhood explains a lot of the too-young, too-old complexities in Margaret's personality. As a child she met more dignitaries than Queen Elizabeth. She had lunch two and three times a week with Prime Minister Atlee at Ten Downing Street; she has been to Europe three times and around the world. At five and six she was an habitu  of the Stork Club, Twenty-One and the best hotels and restaurants of the world. It is little wonder that she found no desire to date just to go someplace when other girls were beginning to stir impatiently at their limited world.

"I know," she continued with a twinkle, "that I haven't grown up completely. I've never wanted to be older than I am. I don't think girls should try to hurry. We fool no one but ourselves. If we take our time and learn by our mistakes, we manage to get to adulthood pretty well rounded."

Margaret's ability to admit her mistakes readily and with a sense of humor comes partly from the good teaching of her mother and partly because of her steady devotion to her religion. She has always combined her spiritual life with everyday living as much as humanly possible. Her deep faith in God has given her a balance wheel of humility and gratitude to outweigh the onus of being a child star. She regularly attends services at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. Her dainty dressing table is covered with

religious statues. One beautiful one of Christ with the crown of thorns was given to her by Charles Laughton. As he handed it to her, he muttered, "Don't tell my wife, Elsa, I gave this to you. I stole it from her!"

Her religion has given her an outgoing interest in others. She does charity work in all denominations of churches. She never turns down a request to do a benefit. She received a citation from Washington, D. C., for Most Funds for Overseas Veterans. It was a total of seventeen million dollars and it took over a year to do. One of the projects closest to her heart is the youth program of Dr. Irving Ress. A leading Los Angeles gynecologist, he works with youth on the theory that "I bring more babies into the world than anyone else; I want to help them to grow up to be good citizens." Dr. Ress' theory captivated Margaret. She has made at least six speeches at youth forums of B'nai B'rith from Hollywood to Baltimore.

Margaret's confidence in God and people is heart-warming. To her everyone is creative. She loves plain people. Gladys has taught her that all the people connected with a picture are as important to the finished product as she is. She has also taught her not to be jealous of anybody. "If you can't be better than they are, then that's your fault," she told her daughter. And Margaret learned her lesson well. But her quiet determination to get what she wanted was inborn.

When she read the script of "The Life of Esther Costello," she knew the part was for her. A girl, deaf, dumb and blind, who eventually gets her faculties back in a dramatic climax—that is bread and butter to an actress.

"Mother," she cried, "you've got to get this for me." She promptly started saying a prayer each night for the part.

"You're the only one who can get it," her mother explained.

"Once Margaret makes up her mind, you can't change it," her mother added. She loved her role in "Journey for Margaret" when she was a tiny girl so much that she decided she was *Margaret*. So we went to court to legalize it. The judge looked at her and said, But what if your name is *Jennie* in your next picture? Will you want to change to *Jennie*? She looked at him steadily and said, 'My name is Mar-

garet.' He stared at her a moment and then legalized the change.

"And now," Gladys continues, "she's obsessed with this part. David Butler wants her to do two more pictures, but she honestly can't talk about them until the *Esther Costello* picture is settled."

The closing day of shooting on "Glory," Margaret decided to give a dinner party at her favorite Chinese restaurant, Kowloon's on Pico Boulevard. By seven-thirty the long table was filled with guests. David Butler sat at one end of the table and Margaret at the other.

It was hard to realize that the lovely and very proper young hostess was full of delightful idiosyncrasies. Delightful things like knowing exactly where everything is in her very cluttered bedroom or being terribly late or terribly early for every appointment because she doesn't know the meaning of time; or buying a white car because someone told her the color was easier to keep clean; or being horribly hurt because she got a parking ticket (she put three dimes in the one-hour-for-one-dime meter); or always being in a hurry; or working on nervous energy when she's acting and not moving a muscle when she's not. Who knew of her most precious possession—a Christmas gift given her by the late Lionel Barrymore when she was a small girl? His grandmother's pin of amethysts and seed pearls. To her they are the crown jewels of the Royal Family of the theatre. And she remembers what Lionel Barrymore said as he watched "Journey for Margaret." "She's the only actress besides my sister, Ethel, who has brought tears to my eyes in thirty years."

But that was a long time ago. The maturing, beautiful young lady at the head of the table was not resting on past laurels. She has never rested. She was still on fire to prove herself as an actress.

David Butler stood up and came the long way down to Margaret. He is a big man. He leaned down to speak to his hostess. "Honey," he said quietly, "I may have a chance to produce and direct 'The Life of Esther Costello.' If I do, no one but you will do the part."

Margaret's brown eyes glistened, then she said very simply, "Thank you. I'll continue to pray, Mr. Butler."

THE END

If You Knew Susie

(Continued from page 66)

go into a scene in her bedroom, she came to me and said, 'Mr. Logan, will you please change those books on my shelf? *Millie* wouldn't own popular fiction. She'd have a more classic library!' And it wasn't until I explained that the camera would never close-up to the titles that she was satisfied the books were in character!"

When Susie first arrived in the small town of Hutchinson, where movie stars "in person" are as novel as a smile from Garbo, a breathless fan rushed up to her and asked, "Are you Kim Novak?" Susie didn't know whether to be flattered that she was mistaken for this luscious blond or disappointed that she wasn't recognized as Susan Strasberg. She finally decided that she preferred to be mistaken for Kim—until after "Picnic" is released!

Although Susie may not, as yet, be a familiar face to movie fans, the Hollywood grapevine about her unusual dramatic talent has put her in studio demand.

Actually, it is Susie's fondest hope to divide her career between three mediums—stage, screen and television. She also hopes that one of them will offer her the opportunity to play two of her favorite roles: the young Joan of Arc and *Hedwig*

in "The Wild Duck." Although Susie can play comedy, too, as will be seen in "Picnic," she is essentially a dramatic actress. For her crying scene in "Cobweb," she astounded director Vincente Minnelli with the spontaneous flow of her tears. No glycerin needed to get her going! And once she started, she couldn't stop. Minnelli had to shoot around her until her reddened, swollen eyes were clear. Her own favorite actors are Laurence Olivier and Marlon Brando. Her favorite actresses—Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Judy Garland, Kate Hepburn and Ethel Barrymore. When Miss Barrymore was told that Susie had always longed to meet her, this great First Lady exclaimed, "Not that divine child whom I saw in 'Duchess and the Smugs' on tv! Tell her I want to meet her, too!"

Susie now has her own bank account, although she confided that she is so stingy that she pays cash for everything because she hates to go into her checking account! To date, her biggest extravagance was paying \$50 for a skirt. Shopping isn't easy for her as she is so tiny—even a size 5 must be taken in! She gets a small percentage of her four-figure salary and banks the rest, for the year she hopes to spend in Europe, the art collection she hopes to own

and for her hobby of collecting books, records and drawing paraphernalia.

In those rare, leisure moments when she isn't working or at school, Susan can be found sketching away madly at her easel. During the month of August while she was vacationing at her parents' summer home on Fire Island, before starting rehearsal for her first Broadway play, "Diary of Anne Frank," her art companion was Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn used to share Susie's bedroom. Her friendship with the entire Strasberg family began when she first became a student of Susan's dad at the Actors' Studio. She endeared herself to Susie immediately, when on meeting her, Marilyn said, "I don't know whether you remember me, but we met on the set of 'There's No Business Like Show Business!'"

Marilyn seems equally charmed by Susie. They gossip like two girls in a college dormitory. Marilyn is the sister that Susie never had, and it is their secret ambition to appear someday in a film together. They might even call it "The Sisters Karamazov!" In the meantime, though, Susie's busy keeping up with a rapidly growing career.

THE END



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And, of course, six-piece place settings from \$29.75. Other serving pieces from \$4.25.

The Towle Silversmiths
Newburyport, Massachusetts

(Continued from page 57)
through the Times Square crush, knocking startled pedestrians out of her path, running like a scared cat.

Arriving at the theatre, panting with near exhaustion, she was greeted by a half-demented stage manager who was tearing out handfuls of hair and screaming, "Where have you been? Haney sprained her ankle and you're on!"

"I got into something, not knowing whether it was a costume or a bathing suit," Shirley said, "and before I knew what had happened I was out there on the stage, staring into that sea of upturned faces, my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and my legs turned to jelly. In the wings were the other members of the cast, their eyes fixed on me imploringly. It was only the third night after the opening and I knew they had all kissed their jobs good-bye.

"When the curtain fell on the first act, I knew I was in. The burst of applause surging up from the audience was the sweetest music I ever heard. The cast knew it, too. They crowded round me and a couple of veterans touched my shoulder and said, 'Nice work, kid.' That was the highest!"

The next two acts for Shirley were a breeze, and when it was all over, she was soaring above that never-never land of dreams-come-true. "I was a little drunk with excitement," she said, "and I didn't want that wonderful moment to end. I wanted it to go on forever."

It was precisely at this instant that fate—or the kindly providence that cares for actors and children—intervened once more. Hal Wallis, famed producer on the Paramount lot who had journeyed East to look over Carol Haney, remained to watch Shirley. When the show was over, he strolled backstage, and Shirley, spotting him, asked with naïvete, "Were you looking for me?"

Wallis, who had discovered such luminaries as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Shirley Booth, Elizabeth Scott, Kirk Douglas and many others, signed her almost on the spot. Her subsequent screen test, directed by Daniel Mann, confirmed his quick judgment: She was a find!

For a month Miss MacLaine continued to dazzle the jaded eyes of Broadway. Then Carol Haney recovered and Shirley stepped back into the chorus.

One night in September, Miss Haney was forced to drop out of the cast again and once more Shirley's good fairy waved her wand. A New York representative of producer-director Alfred Hitchcock was in the audience to appraise Miss Haney. He was so bemused by the brash youngster substituting for her that afterward he wired his superior, somewhat ecstatically, that he had seen a sprite with steel springs in her long legs who could not only dance but sing and act like a house afire. Hitchcock, a skeptical realist who believes that sprites and elves are found only beneath thorn bushes in Ireland, hopped a plane for New York. There, to his dismay, he found that she was already signed by the ubiquitous Mr. Wallis. Telegrams crackled between Los Angeles and Bagdad-on-Hudson, and at last Miss MacLaine was secured for Hitchcock's new picture, "The Trouble with Harry."

Just prior to Hitchcock's advent upon the scene, Shirley had met a young actor-director named Steve Parker. "We bumped into each other in a soda bar," Steve said. "She seemed to be trying to swallow the glass. Shirley has the widest mouth in the business, this side of Martha Raye, and I watched her in fascination as she got the

entire end of the glass between her teeth. I went over and stood beside her, afraid to speak lest she'd bite down on it and cut her lip. She tired of the trick after a while and I said, 'Look, kid, don't you know that glass isn't good to eat?'

"She glanced up then and I got my first good look at her pixyish, slant-eyed face. I guess something happened to me at that moment. Anyway, I was in one of the front rows at 'The Pajama Game' every night from then on."

"My luck was still in," said Shirley. "Steve saved me from being just another flash-in-the-pan. He taught me to speak, literally, not chew words or spit them out like something I wanted to get rid of. After every performance, Steve went with me to my cheap little apartment and worked me like a slave. I improved so, eager chorines began coming to me after the show and asking who my dramatic coach was."

When Shirley went to Vermont to make "The Trouble with Harry," Steve followed her. They were married September 17, 1954. Since then Steve has been her personal director-manager, a function which he pursues simultaneously with efforts to start a little theatre in Malibu. There he and Shirley live in a little house. The place is tiny—you'd hardly dare to let your pants get baggy in it—but the view is magnificent. On bright days the great Pacific crinkles in millions of iridescent prisms of light. When there's a big roll coming in, the breakers bellow with an almost soothing cadence. "It's a little far from the studio," Shirley admits, "but it helps one to remember that Hollywood isn't so terribly important in the great scheme of things after all."

It is this cool objectivity of Miss MacLaine's which gives the high Pooh-Bahs of her studio pause. They watch her expressive face, mirroring every fleeting emotion and ask themselves apprehensively if this could mean temperament. "She has a little trick of 'going away' when you're talking to her," one of them said. "You don't know if she's listening or considering some crazy thing like selecting her own roles." Actually she is probably only thinking how nice it would be if she could just stay home and have babies. She readily admits she'd like to have three.

"My idea of real fun," Shirley said, hiking her long legs, encased in tight-fitting Capri pants, over the arm of her chair, "would be to go uranium hunting with Steve. I'd like to do all the time what most people accomplish only on vacations—fishing, camping or hiking in the mountains. We talk a lot about getting on a tramp

steamer and going to Asia—you know, the 'slow boat to China' routine. Maybe we'll do it sometime, too."

All this, to studio people, is highly revolutionary. What, they ask themselves with almost pathetic conviction, could be better than making pictures in Hollywood?

Those who believe that Shirley has a tremendous future before her in films—and they are many—attribute these longings to youth and the deluge of publicity which has recently descended upon her cropped head. After she co-starred with Martin and Lewis in "Artists and Models," a national magazine described her as one of the brightest new stars of the year. She has heard her figure (5'6", 34"-24"-34") hailed as the most perfect in Hollywood, her face a composite of Audrey Hepburn's, Claudette Colbert's and Diana Lynn's and her gamin personality so refreshing and appealing that she actually resembles no one unless it be the sprightly elves that are supposed to inhabit her forbears' native Scotland and Ireland. Frank Tashlin, director of "Artists and Models," became quite lyrical. "Find a large mushroom," he said, "put Shirley on it and you have the perfect pixie."

Such tall talk has unsettled many an older head but not Shirley's. She can still remember her two-year diet of peanut butter sandwiches with horror. "I spent every cent of my salary as a chorus girl," she says, "except the bare amount necessary to stay alive, on dancing, singing and dramatic lessons. So with only a dime for lunch I used to go to the Automat, buy a peanut butter sandwich, snitch one of those ice tea glasses that always have a segment of lemon stuck on the rim. This I filled half full of water, took to a table, put in three teaspoons of sugar and squeezed my lemon into it. In a jiffy I had myself a lemonade. That kind of scrimping paid off because when my break came, the lessons got me over the hill. You have to pay the price if you don't want to spend your youth in a chorus line."

Arriving in the cinema capital with no more wardrobe than a half-starved sparrow—you don't buy much frippery on a chorus girl's salary—she and her young husband sought and found their little dream house on Malibu Beach. There, for a time, she twiddled her thumbs, dreading the call to work which would start her swimming upstream in the biggest goldfish bowl in the world. Soon, however, she began to worry on quite another score—the call didn't come. Weeks passed without so much as a nod from the publicity department and she began to envision being shipped back to New York and the chorus line.

Then one day, two weeks before going into "Artists and Models," everybody, at once, seemed to discover her. A couple of newspaper writers saw her screen test—a charming informal dance step without music and small talk about herself—and left the test projection room beguiled. Soon cropping up in their columns was the name Shirley MacLaine. She made good copy. With a strong streak of individuality, she'd argue a point, insist upon the truth, let the press in on her idiosyncrasies—like taking off her wedding ring and handing it to her husband before going onto the set. Directors and producers needing new talent found her a tonic.

Suddenly, Shirley had more work than she could do. She was forced to turn down the lead in "Bus Stop" (her contract with Wallis permits her to make only one picture a year on the outside). She tested for "The Rainmaker," a role Shirley admits she'd give up her trip to China to get. At

*In the January Issue
of PHOTOPLAY*

Sheilah Graham reports on

**SEX AND SIN
IN HOLLYWOOD**

*At your Newsstand
December 6th*

the end of her first year under contract, she will have made four pictures, "The Trouble with Harry," "Artists and Models," and two more not, as yet, decided upon. The cost will be \$20,000,000.

How has all this affected Shirley? It hasn't touched her. She would still rather eat lunch in the Paramount commissary with an obscure but talented actor whom she knew in New York than at the big table where the high and mighty gather. She dodges big parties and abhors smart Hollywood chatter because, she says, it is insincere. "I don't know how to handle flip talk," she stated, "and off-color stories just make me mad. I don't drink because I think it's silly. So, you see, I'm a dud at big crushes."

Her disinclination to look or act like a typical Hollywood star sometimes results in amusing frustrations. One of these occurred at the recent Academy Awards blow-out. Shirley and her husband attempted to pass down the lane reserved for the screen elect when they were halted by a policeman. In all fairness, it must be stated, the cop was justified. Shirley, dressed in a simple frock, which she might have worn for a quiet dinner at home, in no way resembled the glittering personalities who shone in the bright glare of exploding flashlight bulbs. "Wrong pew, girlie," he growled, "get back where you belong."

"But I do belong here," she protested. "Look, kid," the officer said, "I know a star when I see one—and you ain't no star."

Shirley, who still gets most of her clothes from the studio wardrobe, smiled quietly and took her place with the ordinary mortals in the lobby of the Pantages Theatre.

Miss MacLaine, born Shirley Beaty, in Richmond, Virginia, April 24, 1934, is the daughter of Ira O. Beaty, a former musician and band leader now a real-estate agent in Arlington, Virginia. Her mother is the former Kathlyn MacLean, who once acted in little theatres at Toronto, Canada, and taught dramatics at Maryland College. She has a brother, Warren, 17, trying to decide between being a jazz musician or a lawyer.

When she was three years old her show-people parents started her in ballet lessons and she made her first professional appearance at four in the famous Mosque recitals at Richmond. She attended Washington and Lee High School, Arlington, and was cheer leader and avid participant in most school activities.

In 1950, and not yet out of high school, she went to New York and immediately got work in the chorus for a revival of "Oklahoma!" Later she was in the chorus of "Kiss Me Kate" at St. John Terrell's Music Circus at Lambertville, New Jersey.

Returning home she finished high school and set out for New York again. She auditioned and auditioned and finally got a job in an electrical appliance trade show, demonstrating refrigerators by dancing and prancing around them. One special routine had 55 consecutive ballet turns. "Enough," she said, "to whip cream in a box if I'd been geared."

She did guest shots on tv, modeled for stores and photographers, danced summers with the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington and got her first good job in New York in the chorus of "Me and Juliet." She stayed with it until Frederick Brisson accepted her for "The Pajama Game."

What the future holds for Shirley MacLaine is still in the lap of the theatrical gods. But one thing is certain. She'll never, never have to eat another peanut butter sandwich.

THE END

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The Truth Behind John Derek's Bust-up

(Continued from page 45)

too," said Russ. "I'll work—I'll tell Mr. DeMille I'm as big a ham as you."

"I don't think Mr. DeMille would go for that. And you wouldn't like it, lover, anyway. You'd have to sit very quiet."

"I'll be so quiet, Daddy."

"But you'd have to be so quiet for so long, for days," John went on, making conversation, and wondering how and where all this would end. Tough dialogue—fencing with words with this five-year-old—who was so much a part of him.

"I go where you go," he said. "I'm not going to stay here. Why should I stay here if you don't?"

"You'll stay here with Mommy. I'll be back in a few days. And I'll take you riding," John said.

Slowly John backed his car down the drive, eyes still on the little figure standing in the road. He blew him a kiss—and Russ turned his back on him. Then while John waited, Russ turned around.

"Bye, Daddy," he said.

"I threw him a kiss and he turned his back—and I almost broke up," John told PHOTOPLAY's reporter later, the picture still vivid in his mind.

As he talked he was turning back the clock to twenty-four years before, trying to feel what five-year-old Derek Harris had felt. Trying to understand how Russ might feel.

"I've been sitting here in this stupid little apartment, wondering what to tell Russ. What can you tell him that he will understand? I don't know how I felt at five now. I can't remember. And I've been sitting here trying to think—to remember.

"I came from a divided home. I knocked around from pillar to post. I haven't done too badly. And I don't feel insecure. Certainly being exposed to our constant arguments couldn't be healthy for him. That's not a healthy atmosphere to raise any child in. Pati and I argued about everything—even how to raise him. And our tension and bickering was reacting on him. It got to where—whenever we'd have an argument—Russ would start choosing sides and playing us against each other.

"No matter what happens Russ isn't going to be without his father. I love those kids, and I've been more a father than many fathers of two. As Pati's been more a mother—much more. We've been closer to them than many parents. We've been tested more.

"I left home—and that makes me the heavy. And that's okay. But my heart's in this thing, too. And I've got plenty of tears still inside of me—more than some people—because I've used them less.

"Unless we changed—and in seven years we haven't—Pati and I just don't belong under the same roof. It isn't a healthy situation for anybody. And I believe we'll all be a lot happier this way ultimately. If Pati fights me—and if this is going to drag on out for months and make Russ miserable—then I don't know what will happen. We could get back together, although what would be achieved by this I don't know. I don't want to see either of the kids hurt. But, of course, Sean's too young to know now."

To Hollywood rumors that a third party had broken them up John said decisively, "This just isn't true. And it isn't fair either, involving other people in our troubles. I didn't leave home because of another girl, and I'm not staying away now because of another girl. When Pati says 'Somebody's trying to break up our marriage,' she's right. But that somebody is Pati Derek—and that somebody's John Derek—and between us we've done a

pretty thorough job of destroying our home."

John filed for divorce, charging mental cruelty. As he talked, legal wheels were in motion writing what seemed to be the beginning of the end for the pretty dark-eyed French actress, Pati Behrs, and the handsome young actor and ex-paratrooper, who were married in Las Vegas when they both were just beginning their movieland careers seven years ago. They've been Hollywood's stormiest love story, two vivid spirited people who've fought and loved with equal enthusiasm.

As for the fundamental causes of their incompatibility, John says, "I just don't know. All I know is that after seven years together—I'm not there. It's not a game. I'm not playing a part in a picture. And I didn't leave for another girl. I don't know what's wrong with us basically. I've never told Pati—but I even went to a marriage counselor. But when you come right down to it—your problems are your problems and the answers have to come from you. Distrust and too much discord—constant discord—can be difficult to overcome. And let's face it, I'm not too great to live around. I'm selfish and I have a very bad temper. I'm impulsive and when I want to do something—when I want something—I want it now.

"I want Pati to have separate maintenance," John said. "And she'll get more money that way. I want her to have the house, the Cadillac, all the money we can manage. I just want to get it all squared away, get the visitation rights settled and be able to see our kids in a good atmosphere. I miss our kids.

"Pati's a wonderful mother, and she can be a living doll when she wants to be. She's a very attractive woman, too. We've been

very close—closer than many—because of our little boy. If we were to go back together ever, we could be on our best behavior for a while and everything could be fine. But that would just be a crutch. The basic difficulties, the arguments would still be there. And if we broke up again, it would be even worse for all concerned. The older Russ is, the harder it would be for him."

To friends of both, their separation has often seemed an eventuality. Theirs has been the constant friction that could weaken and wear away the strongest tie.

There's the clash of John's impulsive way of living and his artistry—versus Pati's more cautious practicality. John's fever for perfection—and Pati's feeling of rejection.

Ironically enough, this was to be their year to straighten out their differences. To have the time and freedom to make their marriage work. "It will be easier," John said, "when Russ is in school—when Pati isn't confined so much."

But life wouldn't wait, so now they fight with the same gusto they'd loved.

An alternately angry and tearful Pati is convinced there's a third person seriously involved in their difficulty, although she admits, "John is not a girl chaser."

"I'm not a girl chaser?" says John in turn. "Then why did she always tell me I was? Why was she always so jealous?"

"John says he isn't happy and I'm the reason. I've told him he has to give happiness to get happiness. All John can say is, 'We don't get along.' That we fight, fight, fight. Sure we fight. He doesn't realize he provoked them. I'm willing to get along, but he has to help me a little. And that's not enough after seven years anyway."

When it comes to provoking arguments, Pati's right. He doesn't realize it—nor would he agree with it. "I want Pati to fight for her convictions. When she really believes something. But not just for the sake of argument. I don't like to argue with her anyway. She's too clever for me. By the time we're through, I'm always wrong, and the law of averages won't allow anybody to be that wrong. Pati will argue when she doesn't even know what the subject is—until I finally say something that gives it away."

They've always had their own definitions of extravagance.

"He bought a swimming pool—and a hi-fidelity—and I didn't think that's right when we haven't finished furnishing our house. We still have no curtains in the bedroom—and the doctor bill for the children's shots still not paid."

"Ask Pati what she spends on shoes. How many pairs she has. And that French imported coffee—we could do without that—ask what she spends on 'just Pati' and what I spend on 'just John'—I like to have things everybody can enjoy.

"It wouldn't make any difference how many nurses we had—Pati's always done their job for them," John suddenly said. "We've never fired any of the help—we didn't have a chance. They all quit." He admits he's allergic to making plans. He likes to move on impulse. For him, planning, scheduling take all the adventure out of the whole thing.

In Pati's opinion, "I understand you shouldn't neglect your husband for your children, but you shouldn't neglect your children for a husband who doesn't know what he wants."

John, on the other hand, believes he's definite about what he wants. "I want to live. Not just exist. Not just talk about living. I like hobbies, too. Pati won't

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participate, won't share the fun with me."

"I like to read and watch television. I'm not taking up ceramics or something with him. Anything John takes up—he's sensational. But by the time I start getting interested, John's mastered it already and ready to go on to something else."

On Pati's birthday, John thought he had a great idea. "I'm going to take her to Apple Valley for swimming and for lunch."

"But I don't feel like going to Apple Valley, I'd rather go to some nice place to dinner here."

"I want to do something for you, and you don't want to go."

"You don't want to go to Apple Valley for me, you want to go for a drive—and get a tan."

They wound up going to a movie and having hamburgers in a drive-in. John said, "Pati can't do the physical things I live for. Horses are my life. I love them, but on the other hand, Pati loves to dance—and I don't like it. I do it badly, and I've made no effort to try."

"Pati's been under a great strain since Russ was born," John says now—and he's said it before. "She's nervous, and who wouldn't be, living for five and a half years within four walls, sticking so close, never once overnight away from the children—that's too much. When Russ was sick, that was the thing to do. That was different. But he hasn't been sick for a year now—and it hasn't changed."

About the filing of the divorce suit, John says honestly now, "I don't know why Pati would be shocked about this, we've talked about it too many times. She shouldn't be. Only in the way I left—but I have no guts when she starts to cry. It was the only way I could ever have gone."

Three months before this, they'd reached an impasse. Pati had suggested John go

away for a little while and John had gone.

He was gone one night. "The next night I went out to see my kids and pick up some clothes. I didn't go to stay, but Pati was so nice—I stayed." She was away from home when John got there, playing Scrabble with some friends. When she got home and found him there, she was starry-eyed. "It's so wonderful to have you home," she said. And he stayed.

"I couldn't tell her."

Some weeks later, convinced they were just prolonging a hopeless situation, John thought he might just see an attorney and find out what the legal approach would be. While he was there, a middle-aged man walked in. He looked beaten and unhappy. He wanted a divorce, he said. "When did you first decide to get a divorce?" the lawyer asked. "Twenty-two years ago," he said.

Twenty-two years. John thought of the years the man and his wife have lost. "Go ahead and send the letter," he told the lawyer.

On Saturday morning, he left the red-wood ranch house in Encino with its free-form swimming pool and all the dreams they'd had for it. "It could be a beautiful place—I had a lot of plans," John says now.

As he left, Pati felt intuitively he might not be coming back. "I wouldn't be surprised if I were served with papers," she said to him. John was stopped. As he says now, "I had no answer."

"I'm not kidding you," said Pati.

"You shouldn't be," he said.

When he got to the door, he looked back.

"John—"

"What is it?"

"Oh—never mind," Pati said.

As John says slowly now, "I looked at her and I almost went back, but if I had

I'd never have had the guts to go again and I knew we couldn't go on that way."

But with two like John and Pati Derek, it takes more than a piece of paper, however legal, to close the door. And the strength of their emotions may open it.

"We've just been through too much together," Pati says. "It would be easier to go home," says John, "than staying here in this lonely apartment. But I think we'll both be happier when we get this all squared away. Between us, we have brought two more people here on this earth, and we're responsible for them. We must do what's fair and what's best for them."

"I'm not going to tell Russ until I know what we're going to do. Whether it will be divorce or separate maintenance or what."

The challenge of still trying to make their marriage work could send Pati and John back together, or a little five-year-old boy could lead them back.

When he gets home from school now, he whirls his red bike back and forth on the patio.

"Daddy has to help me on the big bike, but I can sure ride this little beauty," he says pedaling away. "I'll be glad when I can switch from the school bus to my bike and ride it to school."

But when the sun goes down, his make-believe world stops, and a little five-year-old boy watches tirelessly through the window for the lights of a car and listens eagerly for every ring of the phone, wondering when his daddy is coming home. And beyond the valley on the other side of the hills, his father, John Derek, sits in a room and follows every move he makes from memory.

THE END

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Rumor's Targets

(Continued from page 51)

After ten years, she goes shopping for gowns and stands before the store mirror staring critically at her reflection. "Do you think my husband will like this one?" she asks anyone who happens to be standing nearby. She still adds softly, "I want to look glamorous. For Richard."

All might have been different if Richard had lacked his ever-present wisdom and patience and understanding, if June had failed to find the courage to grow up.

Even Richard had his doubts during their courtship. In fact, he refused to admit it was a courtship. The entire idea was pretty ridiculous to him. June Allyson was a cute kid whom he'd met casually when she was doing a show on Broadway. They'd met again when they made "Meet the People" at M-G-M. And again when June and Nancy Walker were sent to New York for theatre appearances.

Richard was in town at the time and he caught their show. The girls were good, but there wasn't a great deal they could do with sad material. Afterwards, he went backstage. "Bad, huh?" said Nancy.

"If I tell you I'll only depress you more," he said.

"Impossible," said June. So he sat down for a while and tried to cheer them up.

June Allyson was only a kid, of course, but she was such a sweet kid that once back in Hollywood, he thought he'd call her. June's housekeeper, who doubled as chaperone, told him that June was in bed with pneumonia. "Tell her to be a good girl and get well and I'll take her to dinner sometime," said Richard.

"Sometime," muttered June when she received the message. And the more she said it the more distant it became. How do you circle "sometime" on the calendar?

A few evenings later, Richard stopped by the apartment with an armful of roses. Several of June's friends were there and Richard spent the evening playing bridge with the housekeeper. "That's when June started flirting with me," he says.

"As I recall, you were the one who flirted with me," corrects his wife.

Eventually she recovered and he took her out to dinner. They liked being together and, as the weeks went by, they

found themselves together quite often. But it was no courtship. Anyone could have told you. Richard Powell, for instance.

However, confusion set in the night he delivered her to her doorstep and leaned down to kiss her good night. June drew away. "I have something to ask you," she said. And it took every ounce of her nerve.

"All right," said Richard.

"Just what are your intentions?"

He looked at her standing there so primly. "Had any other offers?" he inquired.

"Two," she said and stepped inside and closed the door.

He went home, but that night he couldn't sleep. He tried counting sheep, but they turned into proposals from two other guys. What if she were serious about accepting one of them? How could she when she was in love with him? "As it turned out I had to ask her to marry me several times," he says. "She became quite coy."

"I liked to hear you ask," she says.

The wedding was at the home of their friends Bunny and Johnny Green. They'd set the time for 7 P.M., but around noon June began to worry. Her maid of honor wasn't ready. Her housekeeper would surely never be dressed in time. To save their sanity, they shoved a book at her and commanded rather heartlessly, "Read. Don't talk."

When it was time to leave for the Greens', June insisted on taking the wheel. And talking. "Out of the way," she crowed to the evening traffic. "I'm on the way to my wedding!"

There were tears in her eyes and she walked down the stairs to stand beside Richard. "And those eyes were four times bigger than her face," he remembers.

When the ceremony began she hardly heard it. Then the judge's voice got through to her. "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"Do I . . . what?" said June coming out of the trance. The statement was corrected when the laughter stopped. "I do," said June. "Yes, I do."

After the honeymoon on Richard's boat, the Powells moved into an apartment to await the completion of their new home.

Mrs. Powell was on her own in house-keeping. She tried cooking. The first time,

they sat down to what the cookbook said was a well-balanced meal. Technically, it was true. However, the meat shriveled, the potatoes would have required identification by an expert, and the salad turned out terribly tired. "Who cares?" said Richard.

Richard was a man of many interests. She'd never had time for hobbies or sports. He loved planes. She didn't like them even when they were standing still, on the ground. So she'd grit her teeth, climb into his plane and they'd be in Palm Springs before she'd breathe again.

Richard was nuts about golf. She'd get up early and head for the golf course. About sundown she'd stagger home, having had such encouragement from the caddy as, "You're doing fine. In a couple of years you'll really have the game down."

The idea was to go around the course with Richard occasionally. "But you'd go out of your mind waiting around for me, wouldn't you?" she'd ask him.

"Uh huh," he'd say.

She'd never lived in a house before. There had always been apartments. "I set out to be a real, solid housewife," she recalls.

One day she went shopping for furniture for the den. The next day it was delivered and put into place. June took a good look at the results. "It's awful," wailed the solid housewife.

The room was Tudor and the furniture was Early American. And somehow the combination failed to turn out as she'd expected. "Say it, Richard," she requested. "It does look awful."

"Well, yes," he said. "It does." And the furniture went back the next day.

With each mistake, she felt more foolish, became more afraid to accept the responsibility that she already feared. She began to shy away from it again. How could she make a mistake if he did everything? "She was scared in the beginning," says Richard. "Her fear of responsibility magnified the mistakes. But after a while I began sort of shoving it off on her, by just leaving things undone. She'd call me and say something was wrong. I'd say, 'You take care of it.'"

"When we redid the house for the first time, I had to do it. She wanted the same next time. I said, 'No.'"

"It took her a month, but she did it," he grins. "And she did a good job of it."

His friends terrified her. "They were all well-established people who had achieved their goals," says June. "I had just come out and was starting a whole new life. Mentally I was a good deal younger. They all seemed so well-organized and put-together and I never thought I could be."

"But mostly I worried about the fact that they might not think I was right for Richard. I was surprised when they accepted me from the first. And I was grateful. I learned a lot from them."

There were the Justin Darts and the Leonard Firestones, among others. "I didn't know where to put a chair or what color it should be when I got it put," says June. "Polly Firestone never told me anything. She'd just say, 'Let's go sit in the house and see what would be pretty where.'"

"She steered me into doing things she knew Richard would like. I always thought I'd done them. Now I know I never really did!"

Her career had been the most important thing in her life, until her marriage. Yet she'd wake up and moan, "I don't feel like going to work today."

"Then you won't feel well enough to get your check," her husband would say.

"Richard taught me that the picture

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 76

Across

1. Leigh (Janet)
6. Scope
11. J A (June Allyson)
13. also
14. Richard Egan
16. De
17. boys
18. N D (Nancy Davis)
19. yacht
22. Trailer
26. nearest
27. Seven
28. M O (Maureen O'Hara)
29. Me
30. R W (Richard Widmark)
31. art
33. Agnes (Moorehead)
35. To
36. Nader (George)
38. owe
40. D M (Dorothy McGuire)
41. Re
42. G N (Gene Nelson)
43. F S (Frank Sinatra)
45. ex

46. Reed (Donna)
48. It
49. Hours
53. Foy (Eddie)
54. Cansino
57. Night
59. E G (Edmund Gwenn)
60. overact
61. Elg (Taina)
62. Nerneys
64. Lamas (Fernando)
67. Is
68. Eve (Arden)
69. extra

Down

1. Lady
2. Eleanor (Parker)
3. Is
4. Gotham (New York)
5. Rib
6. shy
7. casts
8. or
9. P D (Paul Douglas)
10. eerie
11. Jane (Wyman)
12. Andrews (Dana)
15. cost
20. C E (Cliff Edwards)
21. Trevor (Claire)
23. R E (Ralph Edwards)
24. aviator
25. L N (Lori Nelson)
28. Magnificent
30. Red
32. Todd (Richard)
34. Gower (Champion)
37. Emerson
39. Andy (Devine)
42. Georgia
44. stage
47. E F (Eddie Fisher)
49. horse
50. Uncle
51. Rita (Moreno)
52. S G (Stewart Granger)
55. I've
56. Ney (Richard)
58. test
63. R V (Rudy Vallee)
65. Me
66. ax

business is actually a business, not a thing you play with," says June. "And he'd remind me of a fact that would sometimes escape me—that you're only as good as your last picture."

"Richard taught me . . ." is a phrase June still often uses. Richard was gentle, but he never pulled punches. "His basic honesty was one of the things that attracted me to him," says June.

He understood her moods. He'd come home and find her in a black one. "You're not for me tonight," he'd tell her. "I'll go away."

The scowl would disappear. "Don't you dare," she'd grin.

The Powells had one another and they had their work. But after two years of marriage, there were still no children. "When the doctor told me I probably couldn't have a baby, I was so full of tears I could have flooded a battleship," says June.

The movie star June Allyson was a girl to be envied, career-wise. But Mrs. Richard Powell was filled with envy for others. Let anyone talk about babies and she'd get a wistful look. Let her overhear a woman complain about pregnancy and she'd explode, "How can any woman say such a thing?"

She wanted to adopt a baby. But Richard balked. "I can't for the life of me imagine June as a mother," he told a friend at the time. "Anything new frightens her. I don't think she realizes the responsibilities of motherhood."

Finally he gave in and they put their names on the waiting list at the Tennessee Children's home.

Then came the gossip. There had been rumors before, but the Powells had shrugged them off. Now they threatened to do real damage.

June had to go to New York for radio shows. Richard couldn't go with her. And the rumors flew. When they reached Richard he realized that they might cost them their baby. He knew that those in charge of the home might hear the irresponsible talk and postpone or cancel the adoption. He called Tennessee to reassure the officials that all was well. And he convinced them.

June returned with a bad cold and the doctor put her to bed. One evening the telephone rang. "Hello, Mrs. Powell?"

"Yes," said June.

"Hello, mother."

June was puzzled. "You hab the wrog number," she finally croaked.

"Mrs. Powell, your baby is here. You have a daughter," the voice went on.

"Richard," she said. "Our daudder's cumb."

He took the receiver from her hands, held a brief conversation with the party on the other end of the line and discovered he was going to be a father.

They had eight days to prepare for Pam's arrival. En route to and from the studio June would detour past the local stork shops. She'd come in with her arms loaded. "What now?" Richard would ask.

"More diapers," she'd say.

He'd grin. "I wasn't sure you'd remember such practical things. I got some, too."

But she remembered everything—sheets, blankets, bottles, the delicate little gowns, the booties.

She was at the studio when the nurse arrived with Pam. Richard called. "Hurry home," he said. "She's here."

June raced from the studio. She ran up to the nursery. She peered into the crib. "Oh," she said. "Oh."

Then suddenly, "Richard, she smiled at me!"

The nurse didn't have the heart to tell her it was just gas.

When Dick had to leave town on busi-

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ness, he'd call with advice. One time the phone rang in the middle of the night. It was Western Union. "I have a message for you, Mrs. Powell," said the operator in a bewildered voice.

"Go ahead," said June.

"The telegram reads, 'Darling, hold the bottle up straight when you feed her so she won't swallow air. Love, Richard.'"

"Thank you," June told the operator.

When Pam came along, life changed in strange little ways. "Before," says June, "it seemed I was always sick. I'd have a cold or an ache or pain and be certain I had some disease or other.

"When Pam arrived, I found I didn't catch as many colds. I felt fine. When you have a child, you forget about yourself. You put your energy into other things. It's a great, wonderful responsibility. A responsibility I wanted with all my heart."

There were the usual disagreements about discipline. More often than not, they didn't reach the papers.

Pam had a habit of picking up everything within her arm's length. And she didn't really care just where she put it down. One night she grabbed an ash tray. "No, Pam," June told her, "I'll find something else for you, but you may not have the ash tray."

"Don't be silly, June," said Richard. "At Pam's age, you can't expect her to know what she can or can't have."

"She can learn," said June.

"She's too young," said Richard.

"And you don't want me to tell her any more?"

"No."

A few nights later, Richard walked into his den and June heard a bellow. "June!"

She came running. He was standing in the middle of the room. At his feet were all the things that should have been on his desk. The floor was sticky with soft candy. "June," said Richard. "You must talk with Pam. You've got to tell her there are things she mustn't touch."

"Yes, Richard," said his wife.

It was June who tackled the problem of discipline head-on. It's June who does it today. "June tells me I'm too soft with the kids," says Richard. "But when I come home at night I want to play with them!"

He's proud of the way the mother of his children has taken over. He likes it when she puts her foot down, orders him to bed when he has a cold, hovers over him like a pint-sized angel of mercy. There was no happier man on earth the time she flew to the Utah location of "The Conqueror" to be with him.

Only when June arrived was the situation well in hand. She kept their room neat as a pin. She added her feminine touch to make it more like home. She was up at 6 A.M. to prepare breakfast. When he returned evenings, the laundry was done and June was there looking as if she'd stepped out of Saks Fifth Avenue and had never seen a clothesline.

He thought about the day at the table when little Pam asked him, "Daddy, is Mother a little girl or a lady?"

He'd smiled. "Sometimes, Pamela, I really don't know."

Slowly but surely he was finding out. And so was June. He thought about how he had been the one who had seen June through the jitters of Pam's arrival. When the doctor announced that they might expect Ricky, it was Richard who needed a calm, steady influence.

The baby, said the medico, would be born on January 12. June thought differently. "I'm going to give you a little boy for Christmas," she told her husband. "And he's going to look just like you."

Two days before Christmas, she said, "I ache."

Dick patted her on the head. "Wife," he said. "You don't know what a labor pain

is. Just put your trust in my judgment."

"Call the doctor," said wife.

He did. "June aches," he told the medico. "But it can't be labor pains. I've been timing them."

He began to tell how he'd been timing them, but he never finished. The doctor was shouting something about getting June to the hospital. That's when Richard officially became a nervous wreck. "You'd have hardly known my usually cool, calm and collected husband," says June.

"June laughed through the whole thing," Richard says, still amazed. "Ricky was born Christmas Eve day. They'd given her something to ease the pain and make her sleepy. But the only effect it had was to wake her up."

"She never stopped talking or laughing. She came out of the delivery room grinning and waving to everyone in the hall and calling, 'Merry Christmas!'"

Ricky weighed in at 4 pounds, 10 ounces and they kept him in the hospital for several weeks. When it was time for him to come home, Richard and Pam went to get him. They'd told Pam about her own adoption, how they'd gone to a big building and had chosen her especially. Now Pam was going to a big building to get her brother. There was only one thing that marred her happiness. "Ricky ought to be adoptinated," she told them. "Please adoptinate Ricky."

June aged a hundred years during Richard's near-fatal illness. He hadn't been feeling well and the doctor had put him to bed. June nursed him for three days and on the third evening fell asleep from exhaustion. She was awakened suddenly. Richard had collapsed at the foot of the bed and was moaning, "Help me, June."

Somehow she managed to get him back into bed. She called the doctor who rushed him to the hospital. Richard, they found, was allergic to the miracle drugs that might save him. The first operation was unsuccessful. There was another.

Richard was on the critical list. June was told that it was doubtful that he would live. She waited. And she prayed. Every so often she'd rush home for a moment to see Pam and Ricky, to smile and reassure them daddy would be all right.

She was in the waiting room at the hospital when she was told, "You'd better go in."

She walked into her husband's room.

She sat beside the bed and began to talk to him, to tell him that he must live. She had no way of knowing whether he could hear her.

She'll never forget when he finally opened his eyes. There was a tube in his mouth and he gave her a weak smile. "This is a heck of a way to quit smoking," he said.

"That's when I knew he would be all right," she smiles.

They know what it's like to come close to losing one another. Could they voluntarily say goodbye and walk away? Could they leave their home, cold and dark and empty and blot out the memories that would haunt it? The columns make it sound a cinch.

In the summers, the Powell family increases. Richard's daughter, Ellen, lives with them. She's a teenager now. She was seven when they were married, and she thoroughly approved. She'd watched as her brother Norman had given the Powells a book as a wedding gift and she refused to be outdone. Disappearing for a minute, she'd returned with a hastily wrapped package. "I want to give you a book, too," she'd said. It was "The Adventures of Superman." Her allowance had been a bit limited, but the thought was there.

June's brother, Arthur, has also come to live with them. He graduated *magna cum laude* from USC last summer and the Powells attended the ceremony as Richard puts it, "So proud our chins were practically in the clouds."

Arthur's the first student admitted to the new medical school at UCLA. "Now we'll have a real family doctor," says Richard.

As the rumors went on, the Powells began working together in "It Happened One Night." The picture stars June. Richard is producing and directing.

Fireworks were predicted. "Anybody at M-G-M or U-I can tell you that Allyson is temperamental," said one expert.

Proof may be found on at least one office wall at U-I studio. Thereon is tacked an elaborately printed card. The large print reads, "Allyson Obnoxious Club."

It's a membership card and it's signed by the club president, June Allyson. "Just anyone can't get in," grins the owner proudly.

As for the temperament, June says, "Some people think others are temperamental because they're definite."

She had to learn to be definite. Richard helped teach her. And he drank a toast to her when she announced that she was going to take the part of the wife in "The Shrike," despite the fact that he thought it was a mistake.

As for their working together, when the script of "It Happened One Night" was finished, they began discussing one of the scenes at home. There was a slight difference of opinion as to how it should be played. June listened as Richard described his ideas. "But . . ." she began. Then she sighed, "But who am I to tell you?"

"But I value your opinion," he told her. "But you're such a wonderful actor," she told him.

Suddenly they were grinning. Instead of tossing furniture they were tossing verbal bouquets. "How could anyone think that we could ever resign from such a mutual admiration society?" laughed June.

A ten-year membership is a long one. "It seems more like ten minutes," says Richard, remembering.

June remembers, too. And it's doubtful that the wife and mother who is the Mrs. Powell of today will ever forget the uncertain young girl of yesterday who, as a bride, prayed "Please, God, give us a long life together."

THE END

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WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

On page 67:

Criterion belt

Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's
Washington, D.C.—Garfinckel's

Daniel Green slippers

Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's
Washington, D.C.—Lansburgh's

Eye-ful pettiskirt

New York, N.Y.—Best & Co.
Oak Park, Ill.—Bramson's

Gotham hosiery

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Washington, D.C.—Jelleff's

Ingber bag

New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's
Providence, R.I.—Gladding's

Marvella necklace

New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's

Towle silver bowl

New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's

Volupté compact

Los Angeles, Cal.—The Broadway

On page 68:

Castlecliff jewelry

San Francisco, Cal.—I. Magnin

Garland sweater

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.

Glentex scarf

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's

Munsingwear pantaloons set

Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods

Ronay handbag

San Francisco, Cal.—I. Magnin

Uncle Sam umbrella

New York, N.Y.—Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop

On page 69:

Duchess jewelry

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Los Angeles, Cal.—The Broadway
New York, N.Y.—Oppenheim Collins

Gorham silver brushes

New York, N.Y.—Black, Starr & Gorham

Handcraft scarf

Chicago, Ill.—Broadstreet's
New York, N.Y.—Wallach's

Hickok belt, kit

Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.

Interwoven socks, slippers

New York, N.Y.—Stern's

McGregor plaid vest

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

Rosanna sweater

New York, N.Y.—Peck & Peck
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's

Taylor wrist compass

New York, N.Y.—Parker & Battersby

On page 70:

Baar & Beards scarf

New York, N.Y.—Stern's

Bergère jewelry

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's

Fleisher fur pieces

Columbus, O.—F. & R. Lazarus

Hansen gloves

Cleveland, O.—The May Co.

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Cleveland, O.—Halle Bros.
New York, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's

Mojud pajamas

New York, N.Y.—Arnold Constable
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's

Phoenix hosiery

Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads

What's Spinning?—page 78:

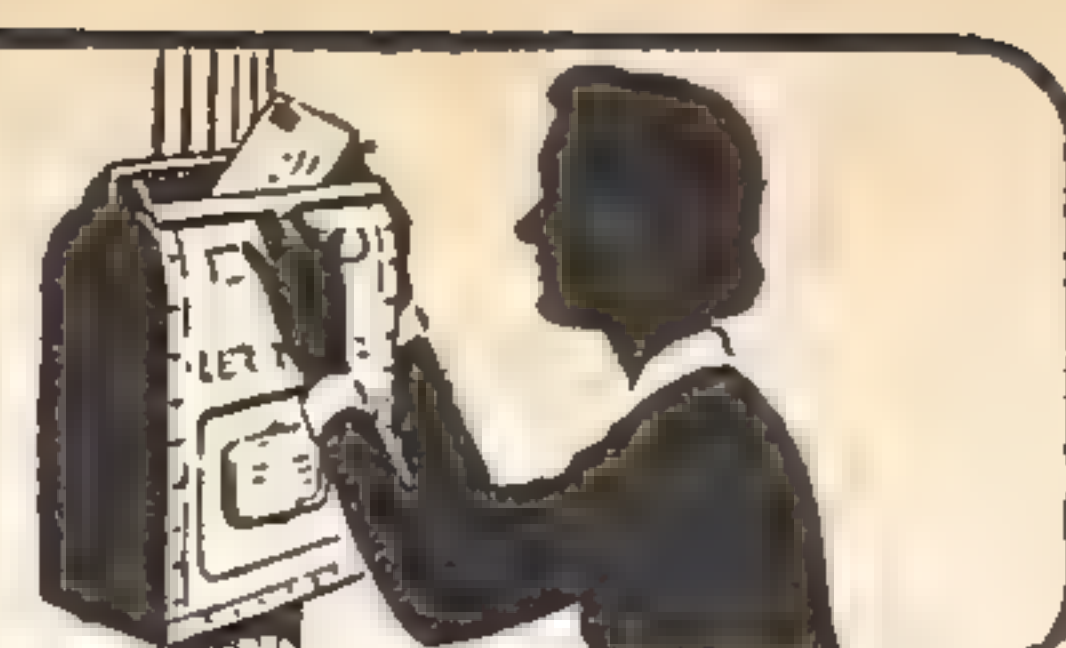
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(Continued from page 53)

George gives you the impression he likes fame very much, thank you, and likes acting, too, but you don't feel he's going to chew his way through any stone walls or climb on any friendship to get either. He's relaxed like the native Californian he is.

Hollywood calls him a lady's man—in the pleasantest meaning of the phrase. If he is, George doesn't seem to know it. He's honest, direct and to the point. If he likes the perfume you're wearing, you can bet he'll mention it. Look especially attractive and he'll note and comment on it. And the girl looking at him (a pleasant sight) starts glowing. It's no wonder Hollywood gals like Barbara Stanwyck and Martha Hyer and society belles from Pasadena to San Pedro find him good company. So far, George has been able to remain a bachelor. The way he explains it, it has to do with growing up on his part.

"I was terribly and deeply in love with a girl," explained George. "I had every intention, when the war let me off a hunk of dredged-up coral reef called Johnston island, of coming back and marrying her. But then came mail call one day and for me the end of a dream.

"There were also two other girls in my life. Since they're local girls and now happily married, how can I describe them to you? It could make for misunderstanding all around. But I can tell you this: If women are influenced by the men they go around with—and love—I think men are more influenced by the girls they date.

"I can tell you this much: The first girl I ever dated seriously gave me my first self-knowledge. Her family wasn't rich in money, but in idealism and intellect they couldn't have been wealthier. I don't believe this girl ever had one wicked thought, let alone the idea of doing one wicked act.

"As long as I admired her from a distance, it was fine. But the moment I found myself turning human, wanting her to be a little less flawless, I discovered my own first weakness: I just couldn't live up to an ideal, all day, every day.

"I think any young person has made a long step forward when he first comes to realize he is not perfect.

"The second girl I was serious about was completely different, though a beauty, too. She was superior to me and taught me many things I wanted to know and learn. Yet we broke up, eventually, because of that very fact—I didn't like always being the pupil. And then I met the girl—the

one who sent me the 'Dear John' letter."

George paused again, deeply serious. "Let me say for the purpose of disguise that this girl had two heads and poor posture, which she didn't. I can only say she made me, for the first time, think of somebody else first. What she wanted to do was what I wanted to do. Her comfort was my first thought, her wishes, her desires. I was a mere Ensign, j.g. in the Navy, a ninety-day wonder who had got a quick brush-up at Harvard to make me mildly fit to wear my uniform. But as long as I had that girl, I felt like a particularly blessed but humble young Prince, bowing down before a Princess. Then, all of a sudden, I was just 'dear John'."

Silence fell in the room at U-I. "You get this kind of wallop to the heart," George continued, coming back to the conversation, "and I think what it does to you is to make you want not to hurt anyone else. Later, when I went to India to make 'Monsoon' with Ursula Thiess, I couldn't stop marveling over the kindness of the Indian people. They were always giving us gifts and many courtesies.

"Ursula was a marvel to me, too, the first European girl I'd known, so very beautiful, so sweet and yet with such a good head on her shoulders. 'Monsoon' should have been a success, but it wasn't, and 'Memory of Love' which I made in Sweden, didn't get much circulation in this country.

"One thing seeing myself on a screen did—it helped me realize all the studying I needed to do. And when I came back to this country and encountered an actress like Loretta Young I knew I'd never know, try as I would, one-fiftieth as much as she does about acting. I'm one of the laziest people on earth and my idea of a perfect time is to lie on a beach and never move one inch. I knew though, when U-I signed me, particularly with all the top competition I've got around this studio, that it was live alone and work and like it for me if I expected to survive.

"If I had my life to live over again, however, I'd start working on acting right from the beginning. Perhaps there are a fortunate few who know from the beginning what they want to do, but most of us are very undecided about the whole thing for a long time—maybe even past college as I was. I was lucky in that my parents left the matter of choosing what I would do completely up to me. The kids I feel sorry for are the ones whose parents, no matter how well-to-do, turn this period of searching into a life-and-death

struggle. It becomes sort of a nightmare of indecision. In most cases, this worry is really needless, because it's normal not to know.

"The only dangerous part comes in if a person does *nothing*. You can't just sit and read comic books until you're thirty and then at thirty-one expect to discover a cure for the common cold. It doesn't work that way. You've got to keep trying and experimenting with as many different crafts, vocations, hobbies, lines of thought, as possible. You must make it possible for things to happen to you—nothing happens in a near-vacuum—at least nothing that will turn out to be of much help in deciding on a career or job.

"Most people have dreams—there's nothing wrong with dreaming—but more often than not these are made up of smaller hopes, wishes and desires that change as we grow and develop. I can't remember ever knowing a person who had a 'lifetime dream,' something that came to them in a blinding flash at the age of six and filled them with driving ambition, desperate desire and the burning knowledge that this was what must happen, this was it.

"If you have dreams, you've got to do something about them. If you want a particular thing and it seems impossible to achieve, sitting back and saying, 'There's no way that this can come true,' isn't going to help a bit. No one can spoil your life for you but you, and no one can really make a dream come true but you.

"In the matter of a career, I finally decided that I wanted to act in films. Foolishly, I took it for granted that to happen it must happen in one way and one way only: I would have to land a long-term contract right here in Hollywood, and it had to be right now. There were no if's, and's or but's about it—that was the way it had to be. So I spent a long, long time cracking my head against a stone wall and getting nothing but a nice collection of lumps and bruises. I finally got the contract I'd dreamed of all right, but it didn't happen by my staying here and diving at that wall—it took three trips to Europe working for independent companies, a number of jobs in little epics best forgotten, a lot of hard labor in live and filmed tv shows and the usual 'blood, sweat and tears' before that contract came along. Not at all the way I'd said it *had* to happen.

"I don't think most people have one, big, all-consuming goal that fills their whole life. Perhaps there is something in the future that is an ultimate marker towards which to travel, but it seems to me life is made up of a series of smaller goals, numerous goals that appear and develop as we grow. Perhaps the important thing is to make each job's fulfillment the goal of the moment no matter how small it is. When grouped together these minor goals make a pattern of living. For the fun of living, maybe one of the best things you can do is always have a project in mind—even if it's keeping a garden, exercising or getting supplies in from the market. You can think of these things as irritating chores—and they become irritating—or you can think of them as goals and set a pattern of achievement for yourself. You can broaden them later, once you've developed the habit, to include larger job, hobby and personal goals.

"As far as I'm concerned, my large goal today is working toward being a director. But I know I can't make this desire into blinders as far as the present is concerned. It's pretty obvious that almost everything I see or hear or do will con-

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tribute to this goal. I know that I can't achieve it overnight—and I don't want to—but I know, too, that every experience or observation will help prepare me and open doors.

"In thinking about you and your future, it's natural to be influenced by others. For a while it's natural to want to belong, to be part of a group, so we try to dress like everyone in the crowd, to go to the same places, speak the same jargon and ultimately, it seems, almost think the same thoughts. To some extent, when you're young, this is fine. But sooner or later you'll realize the truth in the quotation: 'To thine own self be true.' At some point, you've got to stop and understand, 'I'm an individual.' Only by being an individual will you begin to realize your potentialities and abilities. It's natural to want to be liked and it's easy to try to be like those we admire, but it's foolish and wrong to imitate and pattern ourselves.

"A good example in the motion-picture business would be Marlon Brando. From the beginning, I've enjoyed his work very much. As an actor, I have a great deal of admiration and respect for him. Does this mean I should imitate him or pattern my acting after what he does? Of course not. For proof of how wrong this would be, all you have to do is look around a little. A whole bunch of young actors have sprung up, trying to achieve his success by trying to imitate what he does on the screen. People refer to them, and not too kindly, as "the Brando school,"—no slur against Marlon, but rather a dig at those who mimic instead of create. They can never achieve Brando's success this way for the simple reason that no one wants a copy.

"I personally feel education is one of the most important factors in achieving success and happiness. A person must never stop learning and experiencing for this is the sure way to grow and develop as a human being. I can't agree with those who argue if a guy's going to be a mechanic all he needs to know is engines. I see no reason why all of us shouldn't try for as much education in as many fields as possible. I don't necessarily mean sitting in a classroom; the library's full of knowledge you can get on your own. The thing to remember is that the more you study and learn in facts and theories, the more you can understand and the more intelligently you can reason for yourself instead of being led.

"The world grows more and more complex. One way to keep from blowing ourselves off of it is through knowledge—not only of science but of human behavior. Education helps us become individuals and helps us appreciate the problems of others. Through learning you can become free, you can create. When I see people waste time, hear youngsters bemoan the fact that all frontiers have been discovered, I cringe. All goals do not have to be planned in terms of conquering wild territory, financial gain, fame or material possessions. We, today, have one of the most challenging goals in history: To learn more about ourselves and our neighbors, to learn to live in peace and harmony, to understand the tremendously exciting—and complex—world which is ours today.

"But don't kid yourself, no one's going to do it for you. You've got to do things for yourself, prepare for happiness and growth and achievement through thought, study, and plain hard work. Keep the doors all open to your future, don't say it must happen one way. Know if you stick to your ideals and if they are right, you'll receive intense satisfaction. It's up to you to set them up and pursue them.

"Okay," George smiled sheepishly. "I'm off my soapbox."

THE END



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Having Wonderful Time

(Continued from page 59)

on the side as the passengers slowly walked down the runway, played nervously with some silver coins in his hands, twisting and tossing them.

Janet's presence on the plane was obviously known to the other travelers, as they stood waiting at the foot of the runway instead of continuing to the customs. Janet and her mother were the last two to get out of the plane. Janet was wearing a bright red dress, and a tiny hat framed her dainty face, which was wreathed in smiles as she spotted Tony at the foot of the runway. She fell into his arms, and they both disregarded the curious stares of fifty onlookers as they kissed.

"What a life," muttered a male passenger.

But Tony and Janet were oblivious to everything and everyone, as they held each other close for several precious minutes. Then Tony extricated one arm and waived gaily at his mother-in-law, who was in the midst of recounting to a reporter her excitement of being in Paris.

Janet didn't stop chatting for a minute, as Tony led her and Mrs. Morrison to the customs lane to pick up their bags. "Darling, can you imagine us going into the jungles? Do you really think we'll see *real* wild animals in Kenya? I've had my shots, for every emergency under the sun, smallpox, tetanus, yellow fever, cholera, and trypanosomiasis, whatever that is. And do you know, we have to dust ourselves with DDT powder every night before going to bed . . . Yes porter, those are my bags . . . Does anyone around here speak French? Please tell them those are my bags . . . the DDT powder, that's for the fleas, and we can't go swimming or even take a bath unless the water has been treated chemically. That's, now Mother, what is that against? Oh yes, bilharziasis . . ." Tony nodded and smiled affectionately at Janet, as he frantically tried to cope with passports, baggage, tickets and the language.

Finally the Curtises found themselves alone with Mrs. Morrison in the luxurious vastness of their car.

"Take it easy," Tony admonished the chauffeur, "I'd like to show a little of Paris to my family." But the only one who got a glimpse of the city on that drive was Mrs. Morrison. She glued her nose to the

car window and stared into the dazzling light-sparked panorama of the City of Light.

He debated silently to himself if he should give her the surprise now or later, and decided to wait until they were alone.

Later that evening, after Mrs. Morrison had said good night, Tony took out of his pocket the little surprise he had planned for Janet. "Welcome to Paris," he said as he slipped on the fourth finger of her right hand a diamond ring set in gold.

"Oh, darling, it's beautiful," Janet whispered. "I'll always remember this night."

Tony had to work the next day. It was his first official day on the "Trapeze" set. Janet insisted upon accompanying him, although he suggested she and her mother visit the art collections or do some shopping.

"Don't be silly, darling," she said. "I came here to see you, not the collections."

The Cirque d'Hiver, where most of the action of "Trapeze" takes place, is a huge, animal-smelling, flea-infested circus. The dry heat of the Paris summer was intensified by the glow of the huge klieg lights which brought the temperature in the interior to almost 95°.

Tony was working out at the bars, under the instructions of his American teacher Eddie Ward, and Fay Alexander, when Janet and her mother came in. He saw her searching the arena with anxious eyes.

"Here I am, sweetie," he yelled. Janet looked startled at Tony, swinging on those flimsy little bars! Why, that's dangerous. She had known, of course, there was a certain amount of trapeze work to be done by Tony in this picture, but somehow, she hadn't realized it was so dangerous.

Tony climbed down the ladder with the agility of a natural athlete and came over to her. He kissed her gently, and pecked Mrs. Morrison on the cheek.

Tony was pleased and frankly amazed that she had come so early to the circus. "There's not much to do here," he warned her.

"That's all right," Janet said. "We'll be together. That's all that's important."

Tony found seats for Janet and her mother where they had a perfect view of the entire arena. There was strenuous activity everywhere. In the center, mon-

keys ran and chirped; in an upper balcony, dancers practiced their steps; on the side, acrobats swung back and forth on the bars.

The next day was the exciting date of the big circus parade down the Champs Elysées, when the entire "Trapeze" troupe, including Tony, Gina Lollobrigida, Burt Lancaster and Katy Jurado, dressed in their circus costumes, would ride down the great boulevards of Paris. Behind them would march the animals and chariots to be used in the film.

"My, but you're handsome," Janet whispered as she straightened the satin cape Tony had carelessly thrown over his shoulders. Tony's long black curls had been cut to a butch cut for this picture, and in his circus tights he looked like a high school undergraduate dressed for the annual school costume party.

Janet and her mother followed the parade in the studio car. The streets were lined with pushing, eager spectators, most of them American tourists who photographed the stars with zeal and unconcealed relish.

As the parade neared the Place de la Concorde, Tony leaned back on his float and called to Janet, "Come on, darling, get aboard."

Those within earshot echoed Tony's request and began to cry, "Yes, Janet, let's see you on the float with Tony."

So Janet climbed out of the car, and Tony helped her onto the float. For the rest of the parade, as it wended its way through the streets of Paris back to the circus grounds, Janet was at Tony's side, waving to the crowds and throwing kisses right and left.

Janet's second time at the circus impressed on her more and more the danger of Tony's part in the picture. In the week since he had seen her, Tony had graduated to flying solo without a safety belt, a progress which astonished experienced trapeze artists. He had been promoted by his tutors to the rank of "yugo." A "yugo" is an apprentice flyer who stands on the platform catching the bars and waiting for the professional to cry to him, "Now, next time, you go."

A few times Tony missed the bar and fell into the safety net. Each time that happened Janet would jump up from her seat, paralyzed with fear.

Tony managed to convince her that there was really no great danger as long as that net was there, and it was certainly to everyone's interest that the net be there. Janet was a little reassured.

Janet's notebook on the places she wanted to visit in Paris had one spot underlined, and that was Les Halles, the great central market. In the small hours of the morning, mountains of produce come rolling in from all parts of France to this center distribution point. It is the place to go for the traditional onion soup after a night on the town.

Admirers of the late great French novelist Colette, they walked back to their apartment by passing Colette's house at the Palais Royal, filled with memories of this extraordinary woman.

The next day was a memorable one for them both. Since the Monday was a French holiday, Tony didn't have to work, so he decided to go back to London with Janet. But there was no time to take the train, so for the very first time in his life he took a plane. To Janet this was indisputable proof of how much those few hours gained meant to him.

Tony spent the day visiting Janet on the set of her picture, "Safari," filming at Elstree studios, leased by Columbia. In-



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between scenes they would snatch a few moments and relax on a haystack adjoining the studios' grounds.

The following weekend Janet and Tony went to their first Paris social affair as guests of Gina Lollobrigida and her husband at a formal dinner in Paris' smart Laurent Restaurant. Set in the park, the brushery and woods shielding it from the noise of the neighboring Champs Elysées, its orchestra playing ever so softly, Laurent's was a setting made for romance. As the rest of the guests talked movies and plays, Janet and Tony danced—in the quiet woods, lit by a bright moon. The heady night air smelled of jasmine and roses as Tony and Janet danced. While the others ate salmon and chicken and wild strawberries, they danced. The others yawned and prepared to leave; they smiled up at the stars, hand in hand, and danced.

Tony and Janet's last two weekends in Paris before Janet's departure for Kenya were spent in quiet simplicity and solitude.

One of their purchases had been a tiny motor scooter, big enough for two, and they used it for their excursions. Janet wore a pair of Bermuda shorts and an old raincoat of Tony's, while he donned his blue jeans and a striped jersey.

Then off they went to explore the magnificent park of St. Cloud, and the hilltop forest of Meudon and the rustic villages immortalized by the painters of France. They avoided the inns and country restaurants and took picnic lunches which Janet had made.

Another Sunday they explored the city on foot. Strolling aimlessly along the banks of the Seine, past the fine bridges, watching the quiet waters, their silver sheen breaking into an occasional ripple with the passage of a boat, Janet and Tony could have been any young couple in love.

There were some subjects they avoided with care . . . Janet's trip to Kenya, for example. But Janet couldn't stop thinking. "What is he going to do here all alone?" And Tony echoed her thoughts, also to himself.

They had taken a practical step to minimize as much as possible Tony's loneliness during her absence. At Janet's suggestion, they had taken the penthouse apartment in the Georges-V Hotel. Thus Tony could always wander down to the bar or any of the public rooms to gab with the crew members from the "Trapeze" unit.

Janet had promised she would phone whenever her unit came to a civilized spot, as he could not phone her. There would be letters of course, and cables, but it was all so unsatisfactory.

Luckily there was the Dream, of the day when Kenya would be a past adventure, only a topic for dinner-table conversation, and they would be reunited—in Paris.

Janet and Tony have ridden the waves of cruel gossip which hinted at separation; they have laughed at the insinuation that their great love has ended; they have fought a silent battle against those intangible influences which are trying to part them.

They have protested in vain to those who will not understand that theirs is the good old-fashioned type of love, punctuated by occasional quarrels and misunderstandings of course, but based on a solid foundation of trust and comprehension.

Here in Paris they have found an atmosphere which answers their mood of intimacy and warmth, a city which revolves around and lives for Love.

Yes, in this city where Love is the keynote to the national fugue, Tony and Janet are right in tune.

THE END

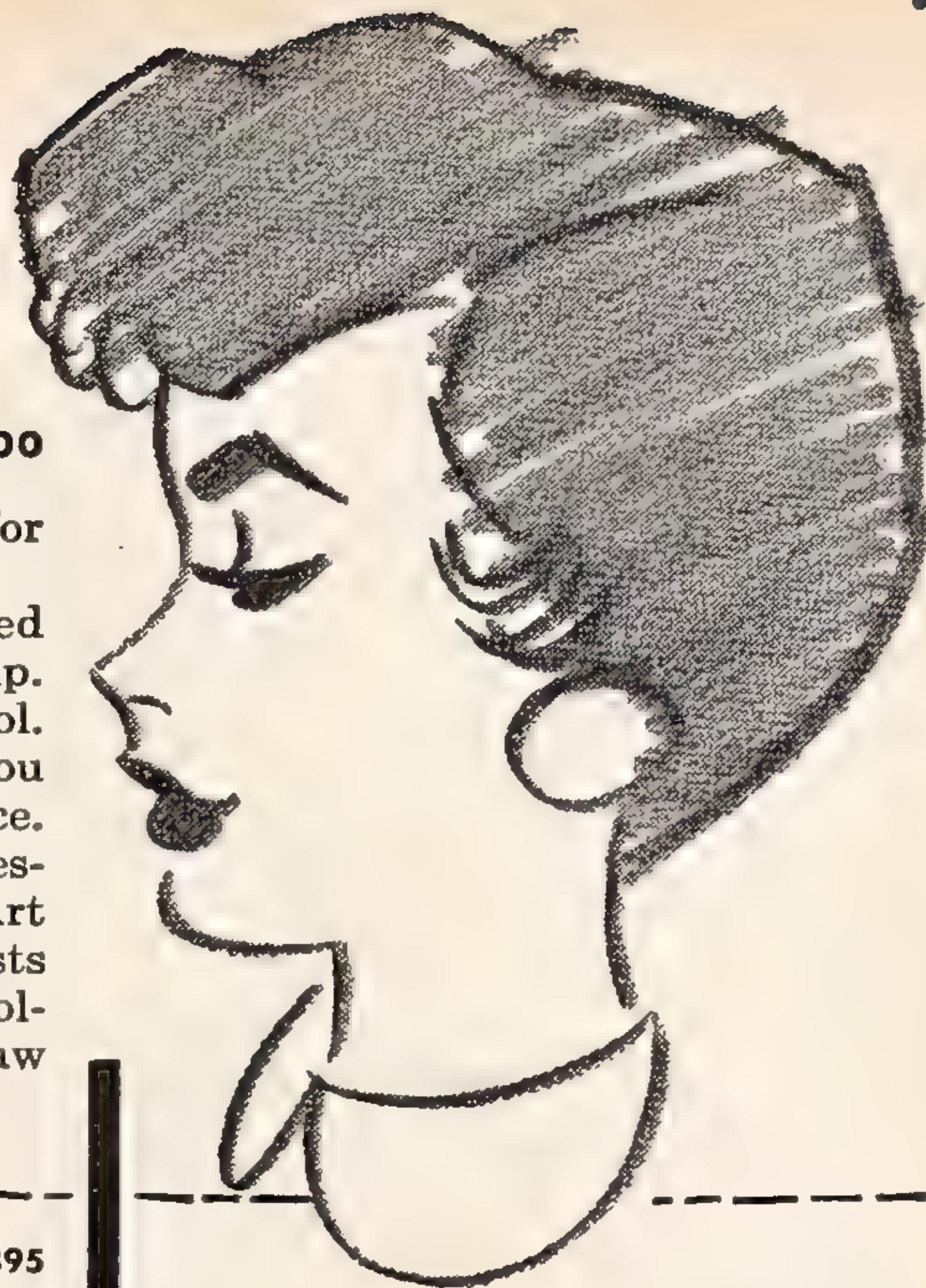
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This I Believe!

(Continued from page 60)
and in theory. They're part of his life. Ford would prefer not to go overboard on this thing.

"An actor's an actor," he said recently (he has never quite got over a somewhat apologetic attitude toward being one), "and when one of us sounds off, for instance, on the difficulties of being a teacher simply because he once played a teacher, he's laying himself open to ridicule. But before and during the filming of 'The Blackboard Jungle,' I was being prepped for the part by close contact with actual delinquency—if you want to call it delinquency. And the same thing was part of making 'Trial,' which looks the racial problem right in the eye.

"Then again, I live in Southern California, where you can't help knowing that a lot of Mexicans are born with two strikes on them. And the way some of them told it to me, when you start out with two strikes, you're going to get your bat on that third pitch any way you can. They tell me the umpires never call a ball for you when you're a Mexican in Los Angeles. That's pretty bitter talk, of course, and it's not always true. But Mexicans and other minority groups have a better claim to a franchise for bitterness than most of us."

Glenn Ford is the smooth-running star at M-G-M. "Trial" had been shown to the top brass a few days before, and the top brass had been delighted. Glenn said he had seen the picture but would be the last to know how it was.

Then he became serious. "But there is something I want to say. Not off the record either. You should read some of the mail we got after 'Blackboard Jungle.' A lot of it was great, sure. It gave us heart. But you wouldn't believe the number of people who worked us over for even making the picture.

"You've heard the arguments by now, I imagine. That 'Blackboard Jungle' was brutal, ugly, exaggerated, shock for shock's sake, of no use in solving the problem. All I can ask is, how could they say it? How could they say it?

"Of course it wasn't a pretty picture. Juvenile delinquency isn't a pretty problem either, and adolescent delinquency is even less pretty. For that matter, *adult* delinquency's probably in a class by itself. But you're never going to find out what you're dealing with until you uproot that stone and look under it. What's there? Nothing very elegant. But malignant tumor—is that elegant? A vicious kink in the mind's not elegant. But you can't hide from any of these or wish them away or ignore them away. As I get it, the first step in cure is knowing what it is you're after, looking it right in the face, knowing the best as well as the worst. But certainly the worst. Then you're over the meanest hurdle.

"'Blackboard Jungle' wasn't exaggerated. You can believe me on that. And we weren't out simply to shock people either. I thought, all of us thought, that compassion lay at the bottom of the picture. But why kid ourselves or anyone else by glossing over the illness? I don't want to go into sociologists' territory, they know all this better than I do. And wasn't it Father Flanagan back there in Boys' Town who said, 'There's no such thing as a bad boy?' Well, I wouldn't know about that either. But society's got to take the rap for a lot of conditions like the one in 'Blackboard Jungle,' not the kids. And maybe that's why so much of society got sore at us."

It was then that Ford really took off his gloves and got to work. He spoke earnestly.

"It's all part of a package," he said. "This other picture, 'Trial,' isn't too far from it. It's about a Mexican kid who's exploited by appeals to race violence. That wouldn't be so hard, especially here in Los Angeles. I try to think what it must be to be young and poor and Mexican here, but my mind gags. You read the local papers, the kid gangs and the knifings and muggings, and it's true that the pattern of names is predominantly Mexican. And you get sore for a minute and think to yourself, why? I tried to find out. The kids'll talk if they don't think you're stepping on their toes. Lord knows, their toes are touchy by now. But here's what it comes to: The chip's on their shoulder because it's put there. They might've started out with good will. Then one night they find out they can't seem to get service in a better drive-in or a table in a restaurant where there seem to be plenty of tables. They're not misbehaving either. There's only one taboo thing they *are* doing; they're being young Mexicans. The first experience frightens them. And the next time disillusion them. And the times after that you've got a different person. Now they're on the offensive."

Ford shoved his chair back. "I'm over-generalizing. I admit it. The chances are a few kids *are* vicious and would be no matter what their environment. And I know that not all restaurant-owners are guilty of discrimination. But the basic situation's there.

"I don't know, we pay a lot of lip-service to tolerance, and there's not a person I've met who wouldn't be sore if you called him a bigot. But let me tell you about some of the mail Elly's show has got."

Mrs. Ford, nee Eleanor Powell, has retired from a glittering career in films to be Mrs. Ford, plus the conductor of a charming Los Angeles television show, a kind of Sunday-school class for children.

"One Sunday," he said, "we had a choir of children—mixed. There were Mexican, Negro, Anglo-Saxon, really very nice. We worked hard on it. Well, some of the mail was stunning, especially to Elly. But some of the mail on that show—not *most* of it, thank heaven—berated her for mixing the races, for daring to intermingle whites with others. It was hard to believe. These were *little children* they were talking about, remember—*little children*, utterly innocent, all one together under God."

Ford leaned far back, supporting his

chair with his hands holding the edge of the table. "My own son, Peter, is eleven," he said. "There's no problem of delinquency there—for one thing because he's pretty young for it, and another, because there's not a lot of delinquency where we live in Beverly Hills. That's not to plug my neighborhood, but it fits into the environmental program. The main reason, though, is something else.

"He comes from a very loving home. So he feels secure; anyway, we hope and pray this is so. For instance, there are certain parental rules. So far as an order to Peter is concerned, neither Elly nor I ever countermands the other; we don't want him confused and therefore insecure. The so-called 'delinquent' kids *do* come from a background where there's neither love nor security.

"Now Peter's not an angel or a perfect child. I'd be worried about him if he were. He came home just the other day with a smashed-up bicycle. That wasn't bad, but he'd been riding just where I'd asked him not to ride. Well, he knows he has only one bicycle and it's up to him to fix it or get it fixed—out of his allowance. It isn't up to Elly or me."

Abruptly Ford broke stride. "But my very first reflex of all was what it always is—to tell him the same thing had happened to me. I want him to identify his troubles with mine, and I think the system is working out fine.

"As for what you might call bad trouble, he's not vulnerable. He works his energy out in other ways; exercise at school or boxing and playing ball with me."

Ford sighed and dropped the legs of his chair back to the floor. "One night a few weeks ago, though, we had something more serious than a bicycle. A lot more serious. Peter had made friends with some children a few blocks away, and of course they'd asked him to the house. Their parents were home. It seems he overheard the older people talking. After he got back, he didn't say much for a while, but I could tell he was puzzled. Then he came out with it. A derogatory remark had been made about some people in the neighborhood. And by accident, he'd been exposed to the idea that a neighborhood could be degraded by the residence of a group whose religion, according to what he'd overheard, was somehow contemptible.

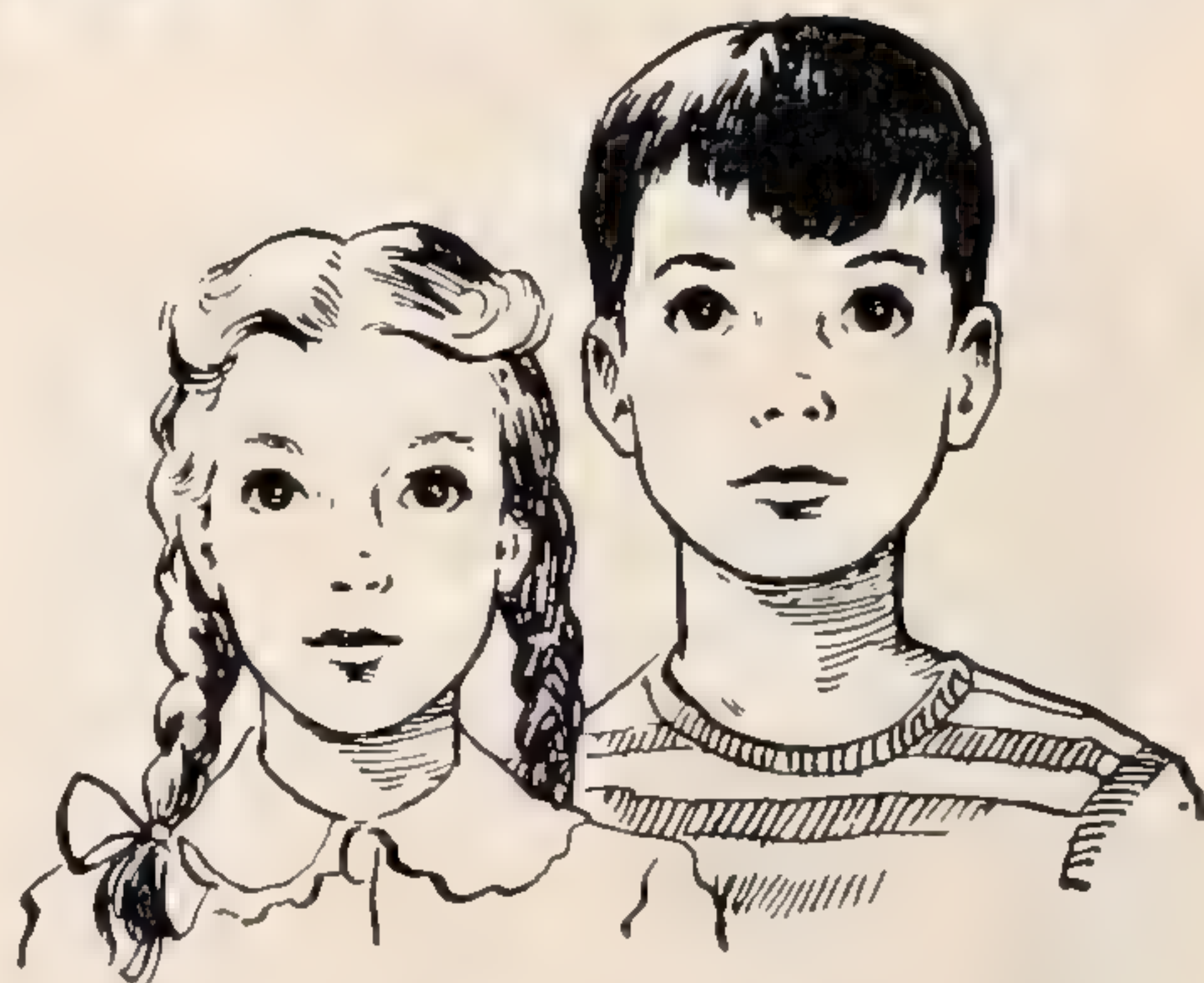
"Well, we could straighten it out without making an issue. Peter's a little young for that sort of issue—yet. Anyway, a child that age wouldn't be oppressed for long. But there you are. Elly and I don't know these particular parents and it's a safe guess we wouldn't want to. The kids you tend to feel sorry for. But I'd be just as happy if Peter wouldn't go back to that house again."

Ford settled his shoulders and smiled thinly. "Maybe it's trouble, I don't know. Some of our smartest people out here feel an actor shouldn't commit himself in public beyond acknowledging it's a nice day. But you've got to live with yourself, too. And a thing like this, if I didn't stand up to be counted, I'd feel ashamed. Okay. I'm standing against religious and racial bias. Count me."

Very well, if Glenn Ford wishes to make a stand on elementary human rights rather than hide in a closet and decline to be counted, he has a lot of right to. His three-year hitch with the tough, spartan Marines in World War II was his idea, and he wasn't just fighting for laughs. It seemed to him there was a reason for fighting the battle and one not too far removed from what he has been saying here.

THE END

Give them a Faith



to live by

Worship with them this week

The Christmas I'll Never Forget

(Continued from page 41)

we had Chris did I really understand what it meant."

Piper Laurie found something Christmas 1951 in Korea. She was away from her family, friends, gifts and celebrations. She was on a three-week tour of the rear areas of Korea, visiting and entertaining at hospitals.

"It was Christmas night and we were able to wangle our way up to a front position along with a chaplain," says Piper. "In a bleak isolated section, we found the camp and a group of about twenty men came to greet us.

"While we stood there talking, I felt something brush against my hair and I turned around sharply. There stood a shy-looking sergeant, who rather embarrassedly apologized. 'I just wanted to touch your hair,' he said. 'It feels so good and smells so nice.'

"I couldn't say anything, I was so touched. But I'll never forget that boy nor the tenderness of the moment."

Both for Jane Powell and Vera-Ellen, "Childhood Christmases were the best." Vera-Ellen fondly remembers a Christmas spent at her Grandmother Robe's farm in tiny Wadena, Minnesota. "It was below zero and the snow so deep you had to dig your way to the barns at milking time," says Vera-Ellen. "I remember the big white farmhouse in the snow and Grandma Robe standing in the doorway to greet us, Mama and me, as we arrived in a cutter drawn by horses with jingle bells.

"This was my memorable Christmas. We didn't have much money, so Mama and Grandma and my aunts wrapped up little things. The tree in Grandma's parlor was lit with real homemade candles and the ornaments were nuts wrapped in green and red tinsel paper and strings of colored popcorn and gilded pine cones. Our gifts were all homemade—socks, embroidered towels, huck towels, pot-holders and tea cozies, handkerchiefs—plus boxes of stationery. And for me—a doll. She turned out to be my last doll, so she was always a special memory.

"I remember, too, the sound of the jingle bells going to church, all of us, to the tiny white church that was lighted only with candles. At bedtime, I slept under a great big homemade feather puff—everyone should sleep under a feather puff on Christmas Eve. I awoke so early the next morning that the stars were still shining and to the smells of fruitcake baking, applesauce cake, mince and pumpkin pies and walnut cake. Grandma and my aunts were up at five to start the baking.

"And Grandma telling me, 'Eat up, child, you look poorly,' as she continued to tell me, especially after I was in pictures. 'When you're the right size for your folks,' she would scold and load me down with more cookies and candies. It was a Christmas I'll never, no matter how old I am, ever forget."

"Since the birth of my two youngsters," says Janie Powell, "Christmas has naturally taken on new meaning, but I'll never forget the Christmas morning I was five. We lived in Portland, Oregon—Mother, Daddy and I. I was excited. I couldn't wait for Mother and Daddy to come down, so when it was barely dawn I crept down into the living room.

"The tree was beautiful and all the gifts prettily wrapped. The first to catch my eye was a package wrapped in silver, tied in silver and topped with a big silver bell. Feeling guilty, but not being able to wait any longer, I tore off the paper, ribbon and bell to look. Inside I found a small wooden

box, brightly painted with delicate Swiss figures. The box was a maze of springs and cylinders all covered with glass. It was a music box which played 'The First Nowel.'

"That night when I went to sleep I took the music box with me. I kept it in my room for many years. In fact, I still have it put away with a doll that I've kept through the years. And when my little girl is five, I'll rewrap it in silver paper, tie it with silver ribbon and top it with a big silver bell, and hope it will make her Christmas as happy and unforgettable as it did mine."

"My first Christmas away from home was one I'll never forget," says Tab Hunter. "I was in the Coast Guard. I'd enlisted at fifteen and they hadn't, as yet, found out that I was underage. On Thanksgiving Day I was sent on a thirty-day weather patrol. This meant I couldn't return until after Christmas, but my mother insisted that I would be home. I kept writing that orders were orders, but she never gave up. Sure as shooting, she was positive I would be home to spend the holidays with her and my brother Walter, as I had every year of my life.

"Toward the end of December, we were in the middle of the Pacific and one of the men had an attack of appendicitis. The captain decided to return to port for an emergency operation. For a while I didn't know whether we would make it by Christmas. I recall one night standing lookout watch and saying to myself, 'One foot nearer home.'

"Well, to make a long story short, I arrived in Long Beach in a driving rainstorm, at five P.M., Christmas Eve. I had no money so I hitched up to Los Angeles and arrived just in time to open the Christmas presents with my family—just as my mother had been sure I would. They know, mothers do—somehow."

"When I was a little girl," says Debbie Reynolds, "our whole family worked together to make Christmas a happy time. My brother Bill and I would decorate everything in sight from the big tall evergreen tree to the Christmas cookies. We loved to make wreaths of holly and mistletoe and hang them on the neighbors' doors, then ring the bell and run. And we'd always hide nearby so we could see their reactions. I never quite realized, until the Christmas of 'fifty-two, when I was in Korea, why we did this.

"I didn't truly appreciate the meaning of giving until I spent my first Christmas overseas for American servicemen. In the Far East orphans were brought in truckloads over snow-swept, wind-blown roads to the Army camps. I'll never forget their faces when they saw the turkey and cranberries or when they heard the Christmas carols. And how busy our servicemen were in showing others the true meaning of Christmas by giving of themselves.

"One soldier in Seoul taught six little girls to sing 'Silent Night' by teaching himself the words of the song in Korean. Another GI helped some boys make a manger out of firewood.

"This is the Christmas I'll never forget," Debbie said. "I understood that no matter how small a gift, a carol sung, a drawing on a blackboard, a wreath of holly hung on a neighbor's door—it makes the Christmas Star shine brighter. Ever since I've wanted to give something of myself, not only to my family and friends and," Debbie twinkled, "to Eddie—but to people all over the world. Since I cannot do this, the best I can do is send a Merry Christmas wish to everybody, everywhere."

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THE END

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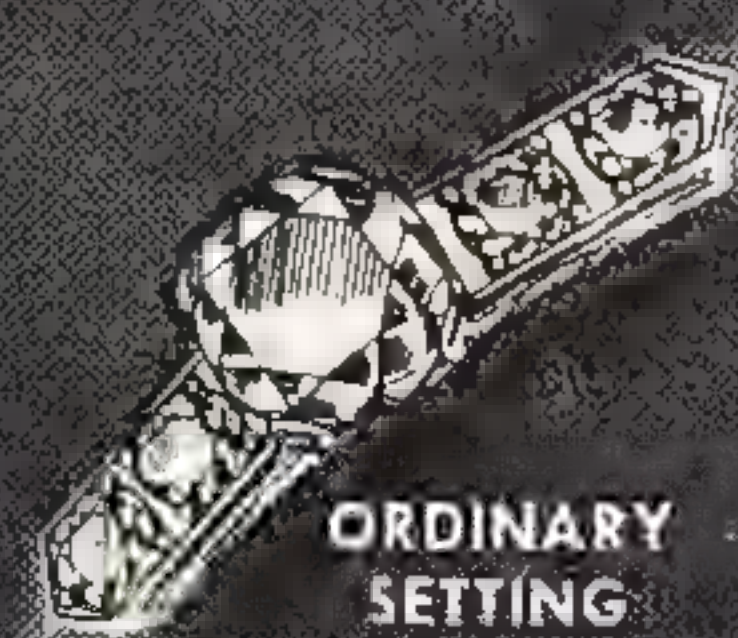
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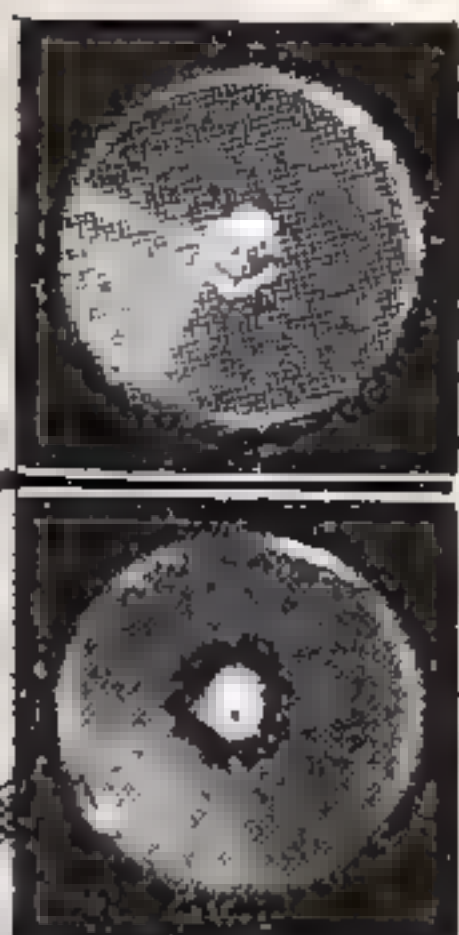
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(Continued from page 48)

dences. Pier was not deeply interested in ballet, she confided; she wanted to become an actress, a tragedienne like Italy's immortal Eleonora Duse.

It was always like that with the twin sisters. They were separate personalities with divergent interests. Because they are fraternal twins, they look no more alike than the usual pair of sisters and, as time passed, they found that many of their tastes (even in boys) differed.

Whispering at night, they compared notes. Pier said, "Of course, I would want to marry someday and have a family."

Marisa insisted, "I may never marry. If I could become a ballerina nothing else would matter much."

Mrs. Pierangeli, recognizing the extent of Marisa's talent and the intensity of her ambition, made arrangements for her to take ballet lessons. After the first few periods of instruction, the ballet teacher spoke breathlessly to Mrs. Pierangeli, "Your child is so gifted, she has the greatest natural instinct for ballet I have encountered in years."

The praise meant only one thing to Marisa: Her dream might become reality. If what the dancing mistress said was true, Marisa would work even harder.

During all that wondrous month, Marisa moved on enchanted feet. Then her father learned about her lessons.

Mr. Pierangeli was head of the family in the protective, classical European tradition. During his own boyhood, the theatre and those who worked in it had been regarded askance by proper people of substantial family background. Repeatedly he had said, "Never will I permit a daughter of mine to have anything to do with the stage—not in any form."

After a stormy scene, during which everyone wept, Marisa's lessons were discontinued.

That night the twins conferred again. They would run away. They would save their allowances and their Christmas money, and they would slip away some night. Somehow, though, they never did.

Marisa and Pier were seven when Hitler marched against Poland; they were fifteen when the postwar Italian film industry began to make its influence felt throughout the world. Pier was spotted on the street one day by a famous producer wanting a fresh young girl for a role in his new production. When the producer discussed the part with Pier, she explained that her father was totally opposed to acting as a career for his daughters. She must decline.

A few days later Pier was spied in an art gallery by director-actor Vittorio de Sica; he wanted her for the same film. After hearing her story about her strait-laced father, he called upon Mrs. Pierangeli.

Although understanding her husband's bias, Mrs. Pierangeli had ambitions for her beautiful daughters. In the old prewar days her reactions might have been different, but she had lived through a war. Life, Mrs. Pierangeli reasoned, was difficult at best.

While they, as a family, had been remarkably fortunate, six years of war did not leave them unmarked. Marisa, for example, was unable to plan for the future. To this day, she holds tomorrow in suspicion.

She says quickly to her family, when some word is dropped about doing something a year from now, "Don't talk about time far away. When the future comes, we meet the situation as it exists then."

A child of war, thought Mrs. Pierangeli when she first observed Marisa's mistrust of time to be. And, she thought, the theatre—whether live or on film—is a world of make-believe, infinitely kind to those it chooses as its own. Kind because it opens fresh vistas. Kind because its rewards are generous. Why not experiment?

The sisters, dressing for school in exchanged clothing because what belonged to one always belonged to the other, discussed the possibilities. "If I make a success as an actress, maybe I can find ways to get you a dance opportunity," Pier assured Marisa.

"An actress and a ballerina in the family! If only Papa would not refuse," Marisa prayed.

Mrs. Pierangeli said nothing to her husband about Pier's studio visits until the deadline hour when, as legal guardian, he had to sign the film contract. By that time cameras were ready to roll; wardrobes were completed, rehearsals were done, all the preliminaries had been satisfied. To have refused to sign invited possible litigation.

Grumbling, Father Pierangeli signed with the proviso that Pier was to make one film. "Only one," he warned.

But theatre-owners took one look at their first Pier Angeli film, noted the musical cascade of silver at the boxoffice and forever ended Mr. Pierangeli's plan.

At this point, a tremendous change took place in the life of Marisa, but in reverse. Whereas Pier found herself in the midst of a vivid new existence, meeting exciting new people, learning fascinating new tech-

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niques, Marisa became the stay-at-home. Mrs. Pierangeli had to remain on the set with Pier at all times, so it fell to Marisa's lot to become baby sister Patrizia's full-time chargé d'affaires. "Patrizia was not yet a year old," Marisa explains. "She kept me always on the jump."

Marisa had other responsibilities, too: sweeping and dusting the house, making the beds, washing dishes, ironing the frilly blouses that are so much a part of the Italian summertime, and preparing certain portions of the family dinner to simplify her mother's task at the end of the studio day.

Marisa particularly remembers one day, blushing. It started with the tomato sauce simmering on the back of the stove. Marisa—one eye on the baby contentedly kicking and rolling in her playpen—started one of those interminable telephone conversations which helped pass her day. There were rules about the telephone. Fifteen minutes per conversation; no call-back permitted in less than two hours.

But when there was no one around to enforce the rules and when the baby was good, Marisa could see no reason for inhibiting her social life. After all, since she had quit school to make Pier's career possible, she had the average teenager's conviction that the world owed her something in return, if only an active telephonic existence.

Her social life was yakking along nicely on this particular afternoon when she was interrupted by thunderous poundings on the front door. Neighbors arrived via the back door. The fire department came screeching around the corner.

"Hold the wire one moment," Marisa told her caller. "There must be trouble."

Running to the kitchen, she found it filled with smoke and with neighbors wielding fire extinguishers. Soon came the firemen shouting questions. Eventually the blackened tomato sauce and the molten remains of the aluminum container were cleared away and the room was aired.

Marisa returned to the telephone, blasély announced, "I have had bad luck with our tomato sauce. I'll talk tomorrow," and set about, as best she could, to remove the evidence of her crime.

There is no point in going into the next scene. Mrs. Pierangeli said all the things the average American mother would have said, and the disapproval of Mr. Pierangeli was as black as that of any American father. "Doghouse for Marisa," she laughs now.

Often, with a fretful baby to tend, the ironing to do and dinner to prepare, Marisa shared her father's disapproval of careers for women—other than ballerinas, of course. She felt her responsibilities unjust. Even so, though, she was tremendously proud of Pier and listened avidly to reports about the studio.

Long after their light was out at night, the two girls discussed scripts and acted the various roles Pier was working on. Pier was maturing rapidly, learning new arts and graces. But it was Marisa who had the first experience with blossoming love. One of the boys to whom she talked regularly on the telephone, punctuated his report on local happenings one afternoon with the abrupt declaration, "I love you, you know."

For several moments Marisa was so startled that she could think of nothing at all to say except, "Oh?"

When silence persisted at the other end of the wire she asked, "Are you there?"

The boy said he was on the wire but that he considered "Oh?" a strange reply to a declaration of love. "What does it mean?"

Haltingly, Marisa tried to explain, just as millions of American girls in precisely

the same spot have tried, that she liked him very much; perhaps she *liked* him better than other boys she knew. But she was not in love.

Still, the fact that she was beloved added flavor to her days. That one particular telephone call each afternoon was something to anticipate in the morning, something to discuss with Pier every night. Pier had so much to talk about; it was pleasant for Marisa to have at least one fascinating topic of conversation.

Happily enough, the boy was an imaginative beau. On one occasion he sent Marisa a recording of a Chopin waltz together with a note: "This is the way it is supposed to be played." He had listened, during the long open-windowed hours of summer, to Marisa's labored mutilation of the melody until he had been driven to constructive action.

On other occasions he sent books he thought Marisa would enjoy: the works of Voltaire, a Goethe collection, Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," and the poems of Garcia Lorca. As it turned out, these were the poems with which Marisa spent the gloomiest Christmas Eve of her life.

After the sudden death of Mr. Pierangeli, the family made it a habit to travel with Pier when she was signed to make a picture away from Rome. Mrs. Pierangeli, Pier, Marisa and Patrizia were living in a hotel suite in Paris while Pier was working in a French film, and there Christmas of 1951 found them.

The only traditional touch of Noel that the Pierangelis had the spirit to bring to their foreign quarters was a small Christmas tree for Patrizia. She found it enchanting, but the rest of the family could only note that the tinsel had tarnished in the damp French climate. How they ached for home and friends, the soft air and blue winter sky of Rome!

On Christmas Eve Pier was invited to attend an elegant party. Reasoning that she might as well be wretched while dancing instead of turning blue with homesickness in a hotel suite, she accepted the invitation.

Marisa and her mother tucked Patrizia into bed, then put a bottle of champagne on ice. "Several hours between now and time for the midnight toast," Marisa said. "We might as well read."

Marisa has never known what book occupied her mother's time, but the pages she scanned—through her tears—were leaves in her precious volume of Garcia Lorca's poems.

At midnight she and her mother met in the living room, poured their champagne, touched glasses and lifted a toast "To the health, happiness and prosperity of the Pierangelis." Both had difficulty swallowing.

Certainly neither had any faintest notion that the next Christmas would be spent in Los Angeles, or that when someone should ask Marisa, teasingly, what she wanted for Christmas dinner she would reply, "A hot dog or a hamburger"—and mean it.

To this day she maintains that—like native born teenagers—she could live indefinitely on hot dogs, hamburgers and ice cream sodas.

However, Marisa's first reaction to the U. S. was that, to look down at it from a hotel window, was exactly like watching the frantic activity of an ant heap. The traffic struck her as being the most appalling instance of pure frenzy she had ever seen. "I can't watch," she announced, turning her head away.

She would have scoffed had anyone told her someday she would negotiate Los Angeles boulevards with only an occasional shrill.

"My second American problem," she says, "had to do with money." Spending it,

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that is. For several weeks she represented
a major threat to the entire financial struc-
ture of the Pierangelis. When a bellboy
brought a flower arrangement to the hotel
suite, Marisa expressed her appreciation
with three one-dollar bills. (Paper money
in Italy comes in a variety of small de-
nominations.)

The bellboy who delivered the mail re-
ceived a dollar bill and the delivery boy
with the dry cleaning picked up two happy
dollars.

"Stop," a friend who witnessed one of
these minor holdups told Marisa in hor-
ror. "No wonder you people are the most
popular guests in the hotel." He immedi-
ately explained the dollar system. Marisa
now understands but confesses, "I still get
confused about two bits."

If American money confused her, Amer-
ican pronunciation caused complete baffle-
ment. "American words are not pronounced
as they are spelled," she explains, still
mystified. "They look exactly as you do
not say it."

"When I first arrived in Hollywood, I
wanted to buy a shirt. A white shirt. I ask
to see a 'tzirt.'"

"The girl showed me a skirt; a tailored
skirt. When I shook my head, she showed
me a circle skirt."

"No-no. A blooz," I explained. The
woman brought out several blue skirts.
Finally, pinching the waist I wore beneath
my suit jacket, I said, 'Please, a tzirt. A
blooz.'

"A blouse," she said clapping a hand to
her forehead.

"Yes, please, a blouse," I sighed finally."

Incidentally, one of Marisa's hobbies is
designing her own clothing. Whenever she
sees a sleeve that she likes, on a friend or
in a store window, she sketches it quickly,
uses it in a future dress plan. Envious
chums insist that Marisa's talent is such
that if she preferred she could become a
top designer.

Another hobby is sketching attractive
rooms in the homes she visits. Someday
she wants to build a house; when the time
comes she will have a portfolio of sketches
from which to assemble the blueprints.

It doesn't seem to be generally known
that Pier and Marisa started their Ameri-
can careers at approximately the same
time. Pier was placed under contract to
M-G-M, but Marisa's first role came in
the remake of "What Price Glory?" in
which she was directed by John Ford. He
came to regard the sensitive, flexible young
Roman with a father's deep affection, and
Marisa always refers to him as "Papa
Ford." It was he who advised Marisa
against signing a contract with a major
studio at once. "You have a special quality
that will have to be carefully used in
films," he said. "Avoid molds. Don't let
yourself become a type—a fate almost un-
avoidable in many Hollywood situations."

So she remained a free lance—difficult
at first but now remarkably successful.
(She worked in "Down Three Dark
Streets"; was Alan Ladd's love interest in
"Drum Beat"; got top billing opposite Burt
Lancaster in "The Rose Tattoo," and now
a starring part in "Diane.")

Marisa insists upon handling her own
career plans despite an occasional problem
with English. Recently, in conference with
her attorney over a film commitment,
Marisa was eager to let the barrister know
how pleased she was by his efforts in her
behalf. "It is easy to see that you are a
very good liar," she said, beaming on him.

His startled and instantly affronted ex-
pression warned her that her vocabulary
had run amuck. "One moment," she
begged. "One moment—a misunderstand-
ing with words. What have I said? Let me
think."

And then it dawned. "I did not mean

"liar!" she gasped. "I intend to say
lawyer."

"No matter what anyone tells you," the
attorney said, recovering quickly, "the two
words have quite different meanings."

While learning to speak and to under-
stand "American," Marisa also learned to
understand American boys. "They are
more practical than European boys," she
says. "And more curious. Instead of pay-
ing compliments, they ask questions."

As most fans remember, Marisa dated
Vic Damone before Pier did, but there was
never a romance between them. Arthur
Loew, jr. was a steady caller for many
months, but those who know Marisa are
convinced that theirs was a friendship and
nothing more. There are other beaux, too;
young actors whose names are not yet
known, and the upcoming young tech-
nicians around the studios.

Long ago Marisa wrote to the boy in
Italy, explaining that it would be unfair
to him for them to continue their corre-
spondence. "He needed to be thinking of
other things. He is in the Air Force—fly-
ing jets," she says, shuddering. "I remem-
ber his name in my prayers because I
know, in a small way, what his life must



Color portraits of Jack Lemmon and family,
Piper Laurie by Marshutz, Jane Powell and
family, Tab Hunter by Avery, Debbie Reynolds
by Apger, Debbie Reynolds by Carpentier,
Leigh Snowden, Pat Crowley, Lucy Marlow,
Taina Elg, Natalie Wood, Elaine Stewart by
Avery, Martha Hyer by Marshutz, Marisa Pavan
by Fraker, George Nader by Stern; stills from
"Guys and Dolls" by Goldwyn-M-G-M; Eleanor
Powell and Glenn Ford by Avery.

be like. I flew in a jet from Rome to Lon-
don and back again last year, and I never
want to take off in a jet again. Never.
Perhaps I'm old-fashioned. I don't care.
That kind of flying is too terrible for the
human body to endure. To be honest—I
truly hate jets."

What does she love?

Right up at the top of the list is her
lusty young nephew, the son of Pier
Angeli and Vic Damone. If Pier is the
most devoted young mother in Hollywood
at the moment, Marisa is the most devoted
aunt. When she discovered that the only
vacation she could take during 1955 would
occur during the month of August when
the baby was due, she shrugged and said,
"Then—no vacation. I am not going to be
anywhere in the world except here when
that baby is born."

So there you have Marisa: a self-styled
"old-fashioned" girl who has ridden jet
airliners; a practical girl who has passed
out three-dollar tips; a marathon tele-
phone conversationalist who dislikes cook-
ing; an independent girl who likes her
own apartment but who spends most of
her free hours with the family she adores;
a connoisseur brought up on wines and
champagne who would rather have a choc-
olate malt any day—with hamburger.

We suggest you keep an eye on her.
She's going places.

THE END

Happy-Go-Lucky Firebrand

(Continued from page 62)

generation that women have been thrusting themselves into economic, political and domestic equality, even going so far as to feel superior to the men they've married. And let me tell you something. The day we accomplish this, will be a sad one for women all over the world. We'll realize, too late, that something precious has gone out of our lives; that men no longer look upon us as beings to be shielded and loved. We asked for equality in all things and we'll get it—right on the button."

Miss Russell thinks that being reared in a family composed largely of males was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to her. The eldest of five children and the only girl, she learned early how to get along with men. Her father, a sternly religious man, was old-fashioned enough to make the Bible a strong factor in his life and to believe that a man was the head of his house. Her wise mother lovingly assured him that he was right. She taught her children that their father was the final authority; that God was the author of their being; that He was responsible for all the good which might befall them in life, providing they used the talents He gave them. Miss Russell believes these things as firmly today as she did when she was a mere ten years old.

"Even now," she said, "I find myself more at ease in the company of men than I do with women. I think it's the result of years of trying to get along with the male ego of my brothers and the authority of my father. What I learned as a kid at home has helped me over a lot of hills in my marriage."

In Hollywood, where rumor often parades for truth, Jane has been able to emerge with her married life unscarred, with only a few scratches. When in Las Vegas for the premiere of her picture, "The Las Vegas Story," she accidentally acquired a lulu of a black eye in getting out of a car as a gust of wind slammed the door in her face. It happened that Bob Waterfield, her husband, who rarely accompanies his wife to premieres, had preceded her to Las Vegas, hoping to get in a couple days of fishing at Lake Mead. Being one who does not like premieres, even though the picture happens to be one that stars his wife, Bob left Las Vegas earlier so he was unaware of Jane's black eye.

Knowing that Waterfield had returned to Los Angeles and getting a gander at Jane's purple eye, the newsmen and wire service writers put two and two together and came up with ten. Jane, they thought, and her individualistic spouse had finally had the big fight. Being good reporters they called Jane on the phone. She gave them the facts and they printed them—but with a sly, tongue-in-cheek shading which permitted the reader to say, "Oh, yeah?"

On the following day before boarding her plane for home, Jane called her husband on the telephone. "Here we go again, honey," she said. "Have you seen the papers?"

"I heard some rumors. Looks like I showed you!"

"That's what the reporters think. So you'd better be at the airport to meet me, even though the studio will have a car there to take me home."

It was the end of that particular rumor and Jane smiles about it now. "I don't blame the reporters," she said. "They have their job to do and generally they're as fair as one could ask. After all, I did have a

shiner that looked as if I'd walked into a mule's hind hoof—and Robert had taken off for home."

A warmhearted girl who admires talent in others and likes to acknowledge it, Jane is often the target of venom-tipped gossip coupling her with her leading men. It doesn't seem to matter greatly what the situation amounts to or who the male lead happens to be. The whisperers require only that he be handsome and verile looking. Bob Mitchum was the perfect party of the second part. Talk began to be heard at cocktail parties. "That Mitchum!" the behind-the-scenes critics said, "with his pantherish walk and cool, woman-baiting eye! Did you see how he kissed her in their last picture? Now far be it from me to spread, but . . ."

When the Mitchum talk faded out through sheer inanition and the fact that Dorothy Mitchum and Jane continued to be close friends, the whisperers seized upon Richard Egan. "Gossipers even call the studio," an RKO publicist said. "With each new story we can expect, almost mathematically, a certain number of inquiries."

Asked if her husband was ever aware of this vicious gossip, Jane said: "He never gave the slightest indication of it. Robert has a remarkable faculty of keeping his mind free of such garbage. That is one of the things that has contributed largely to our happiness together."

Another ability of Bob's which has helped keep their marriage free from the petty squabbles that have wrecked so many others, is his insistence that they lead their own professional lives. For instance, he has never expressed an opinion regarding his wife's roles in pictures. He recognizes Jane's obligations to Howard Hughes, to whom she is under personal contract, and has confidence in her own judgment. "When 'The French Line,' a picture that was pretty sharply criticized, came out," Jane said, "Robert never so much as offered an opinion. I suppose he saw it, but he didn't talk about it at all to me."

RKO, too, has never had to be concerned about her husband interfering in any way with normal picturemaking routine. Jane recalls only one instance where Bob exercised his authority as her husband—and even then it was by invitation.

"This happened while I was making 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' at Twentieth," Jane said. "It was a pretty strenuous picture and I was working very hard. Suddenly, in the middle of a scene I collapsed. I came to in my dressing room and started to give them the old line that I'd be okay in a couple of minutes, you know, but they didn't believe me. Instead they called Robert and he hurried out to the studio. He took one look at me and said: 'You're going home, honey.' That was one time when I gave him no arguments. I just followed."

Miss Russell, however, is quick to dispel any impression that her home life with Bob is one long lilting song of tranquillity. It isn't. Despite her best efforts she has been unable to conquer her great and abiding fault—trigger-quick impatience. She wants speech, action, written communications, everything, pared to the bone; has utterly no time for embroidery or nonessentials.

Waterfield, a deliberate, logical-thinking person, likes to prepare the groundwork of any discussion he has with his wife. She can stand it only so long and then explodes like a hand grenade. "We get to the point fast enough, then," she said,



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"and I spout a lot of harsh things I'm sorry for a second later. So far, our quarrels—and there have been plenty—have never got out of hand and I don't believe they ever will. If that ever happens, it will be my fault."

One of the biggest flaws in their marriage has been Jane's frequent and lengthy absences from home on personal-appearance tours. A self-contained, nongregarious man who avoids Hollywood gatherings, Bob chooses to remain at home and play golf when his wife is away on some exploitation junket. Of late, however, these lengthy trips have grown fewer and fewer. The reason for this is that Bob, finding himself increasingly alone on Saturdays and Sundays reacted like any normal male. He expressed his resentment by weekend golf sessions with other addicts while Jane, when home, sat, lonely in the living room, wondering what had happened.

They both quickly saw they were drifting apart. "I'm not certain which of us made the first move," Jane said, "but I think I did. Anyway, we got the trouble talked out and came up with an understanding. I'd cut the trips to the barest minimum and he'd drop golf on Sundays. Now when my studio calls up and outlines a new personal-appearance tour, I say, 'Sorry. My old man wants me to stay home on weekends and he's boss. You'll have to talk to him about it.'"

So it has been only within the last eighteen months that Robert has identified himself in any manner with his wife's career in motion pictures. Until that time, his attitude was coolly, even remotely objective toward the films in which Jane appeared. He kept his nose deep in his own business—football and related activities.

Then, with the organization of Russ-Field, Bob became president and immediately found himself floundering in the unfamiliar movie element.

"I was aware that he was suffering," Jane said. "I could almost see him lose weight as he lay awake night after night, trying to think his way through a pretty dark time. But I knew something else, too. Robert had to fight this out on his own. So I stood womanly by, watching him grow more and more harassed and careworn. Then, quite suddenly, he began to get his feet under him. I could see a new ease, a fresh confidence in his manner. It was like watching him in a football game when he was up against a pass defense that he couldn't solve. The game would go along for one, maybe two quarters with the opposing backs and ends smearing every pass, every cute trick that Robert dreamed up. And then, suddenly,

his long tosses down-field began to click, his deception was smooth as silk and the team started to come home.

"It's the same now. Robert can talk to technicians in their own language and his skill in handling the business details of Russ-Field is amazing. I needn't have worried in the first place, really. It was just that I hated to see him suffer. But I should have remembered how well he had always managed our family finances. From the beginning of our marriage, Robert collected my salary as well as his own and gave me an allowance. It worked out fine, but I never seemed to have much spending money, not even enough for tips in restaurants and parking-lot fees. It's funny, actually, the number of times I've had to confess I didn't have a dime with me. I'm still on a pretty scant allowance, for that matter."

With the signing of her new Howard Hughes contract which calls for six pictures—three on loan-out to other studios and the others to be made when and where Hughes chooses—and with her husband assuming management of their new company, Miss Russell has reached the point in her career which she has been eagerly awaiting. Professional and financial considerations being largely eliminated, she can now devote much of her time to the rearing of her two adopted children, Thomas, five, and Tracy, a girl, four. Also she will have additional time for the child adoption organization called WAIFS, which she originated. There will be, too, greater opportunity for the selection of good stories for her future pictures. She hopes to find more like "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Russ-Field's first release, "Fox-fire," "The Tall Men," "Tambourine" and "Underwater!" This last-named picture, incidentally, caused something of a furor in the Far East. "Japan has been spared the mambo until last fall," said Time magazine, "when touring bandsman Xavier Cugat introduced it. But it did not really catch on until the Japanese saw Jane Russell do the Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White mambo in the film 'Underwater!'"

Today, everyone agrees, Jane is on the top of the world. Jane knows it, too. At the apex of her career, slangy, impatient, big-hearted, phony-hating Jane Russell is looking about, catching a long breath. With money in the bank, a husband who adores her and two healthy children, she's thankful for her good luck. She's built a world of happiness only complete revolution could destroy. And being Jane, you can safely bet she's no intention of letting that happen.

THE END

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A Dream Come True

(Continued from page 42)

and found each other again, vowing at their wedding, "never to be apart" again. Tired of prying eyes and inquisitive headlines, Debbie and Eddie took great precaution to keep their wedding arrangements a secret. Plans for the wedding really were complete before Eddie left Hollywood in early September for New York. "It's a secret," he pledged, and not until September 26, the day of their marriage, did the news leak out. Even then, Debbie was cautious. She refused to comment, didn't even lend a hint to anxious society editors about her gown.

In fact, the news broke only by clever work of the press, which put two and two together and got a wedding. If, it reasoned, Debbie's mother was already in the East, and her dad was en route from California; and if Mrs. Kate Stuff, Eddie's mom, was coming in from Philadelphia, and his dad, Joseph Fisher, had already checked in at Grossinger's—well—"It seems like a merger," anticipated excited headlines. It was.

At 8:50 P.M. (50 minutes behind schedule because Eddie's mother was held up in traffic), in the living room of a friend of Eddie in Liberty, New York, Debbie and Eddie were married. A lovely Debbie, in a white lace ballerina-length gown trimmed with white velvet and wearing a white Juliet cap with short veil, and a handsome Eddie promised "to love, honor, keep and comfort" and exchanged simple platinum bands in a simple, three-minute ceremony.

Immediately afterward, Eddie took Debbie in his arms and gave her a long kiss with a little more than usual ceremonial gusto. Smiling, Jeanette Johnson, an old school chum and Debbie's only attendant, handed her back the orchid-covered Bible (her grandfather's) that she carried, then the couple turned to receive the excited congratulations of friends and relatives. Her eyes dancing with happiness, Debbie took Eddie's hand. Theirs had been a bumpy road to marriage, their eyes said, but they both knew now, they had come to a happy ending.

Today, with the happiness of marriage and a future secure, Debbie and Eddie are willing to talk about the months in-between—the months they spent under the glow of public interest to work out their future.

Theirs had been unhappy months in-between then and the marriage. Under a cross fire of comments and criticisms, many a vintage marriage would have gone down. But they're just crossing those months out of their lives.

"Now that it's over—it's just as though it never happened. That's all I can say," says Eddie earnestly. "You don't talk about it. You try not to think about it. It's over—as if it just never happened. It has to be that way."

"We aren't bitter and we aren't unhappy about it. And we have no misgivings," Debbie says now. "I've always believed that whatever happens in life is for the best; that's always been my philosophy. You may be hurt at the time it happens, but you learn something and it's good experience."

"I'm just happy that what we felt, what we had during the first weeks of love, hasn't passed us by but has only grown into something much stronger and permanent," Debbie goes on.

"I don't believe anyone can foresee what's in the future. That would take a power I don't have. I just want to remain as happy as I am right now. We're trying to plan our lives as best we know how. We know the time we took in learning more

about one another—and about one another's lives—was important for our present happiness together. After all, when you're spending your whole life together, one year of getting acquainted compared with a lifetime isn't such a long time."

This is Debbie's answer, too, for those who were outspokenly critical of them for seemingly not making up their own minds. "We were criticized for setting a date in June—then supposedly postponing it to July—and so on. We never set any date but June seventeenth—the anniversary of our first evening together. When that couldn't be, we said, 'We'll be married when the time is right.' But then so much happened—so much was said. And afterward there wasn't any right time, not till the last week in September."

"Some people even said I was marrying Eddie for his money," Debbie goes on with a note of frank wonderment in her voice. "I don't need his money. I have money of my own. All I need is the love and affection of a good man, and that's what I've found in Eddie. I admire him so very much."

"A few people had tried to picture Eddie as an incompetent surrounded by a pack of people. This was never right. They pictured Mr. Blackstone managing Eddie's life. There was no truth to it. Mr. Blackstone has never interfered with our lives. He's our unspoken friend. Like our families, he remains quietly in the background. As for the kids around Eddie, all of them have a job and they do it well. They're all needed. I work in a studio and I have the benefit of all the departments. If I were working alone, I would have to have a few people employed around me, too."

Take Eddie Fisher's word for this, too. "Nobody's dictating my personal life. That is my own. The people around me have never interfered nor would they even want to." And some of the things said about Milton Blackstone, his discoverer and friend who's been like a father to him, Eddie will never understand.

"I never cared what they said about me, but Mr. Blackstone was just an innocent bystander and that really hurt. He wouldn't hurt anybody or anything in this whole world. Not only me—he wouldn't hurt anybody. He has never managed me in anything except my career, and even then he has only suggested. He's the finest. I'm lucky he took an interest in me. He's so far from the things they said."

As for that shocking news story that Debbie was breaking her engagement because Eddie's manager was trying to make her embrace his religion, "That was really below the belt," says Eddie.

To Debbie the thought in itself is incredible. "The important thing with Eddie and me is that we both believe in God. The difference in religions doesn't matter. For anybody to accuse Mr. Blackstone or Eddie of trying to get me to change my religion," she breaks off and adds slowly, "that's so false—and not a very nice thing to say."

"Rumors start a lot of trouble, and there have been so many rumors regarding our affairs. Where they came from we don't know. Certainly not from Eddie or from me. Some of them have quoted 'reliable sources' and 'close friends,' but none of this has come from reliable sources or from friends. These stories have hurt us—and some people very dear to us have been hurt, too. They said things about my mother—none of them true."

"Eddie and I didn't want to hurt anybody by being in love. And we hope we haven't really hurt anybody. We're very happy and we just want everybody to be as happy as we are," Debbie goes on.

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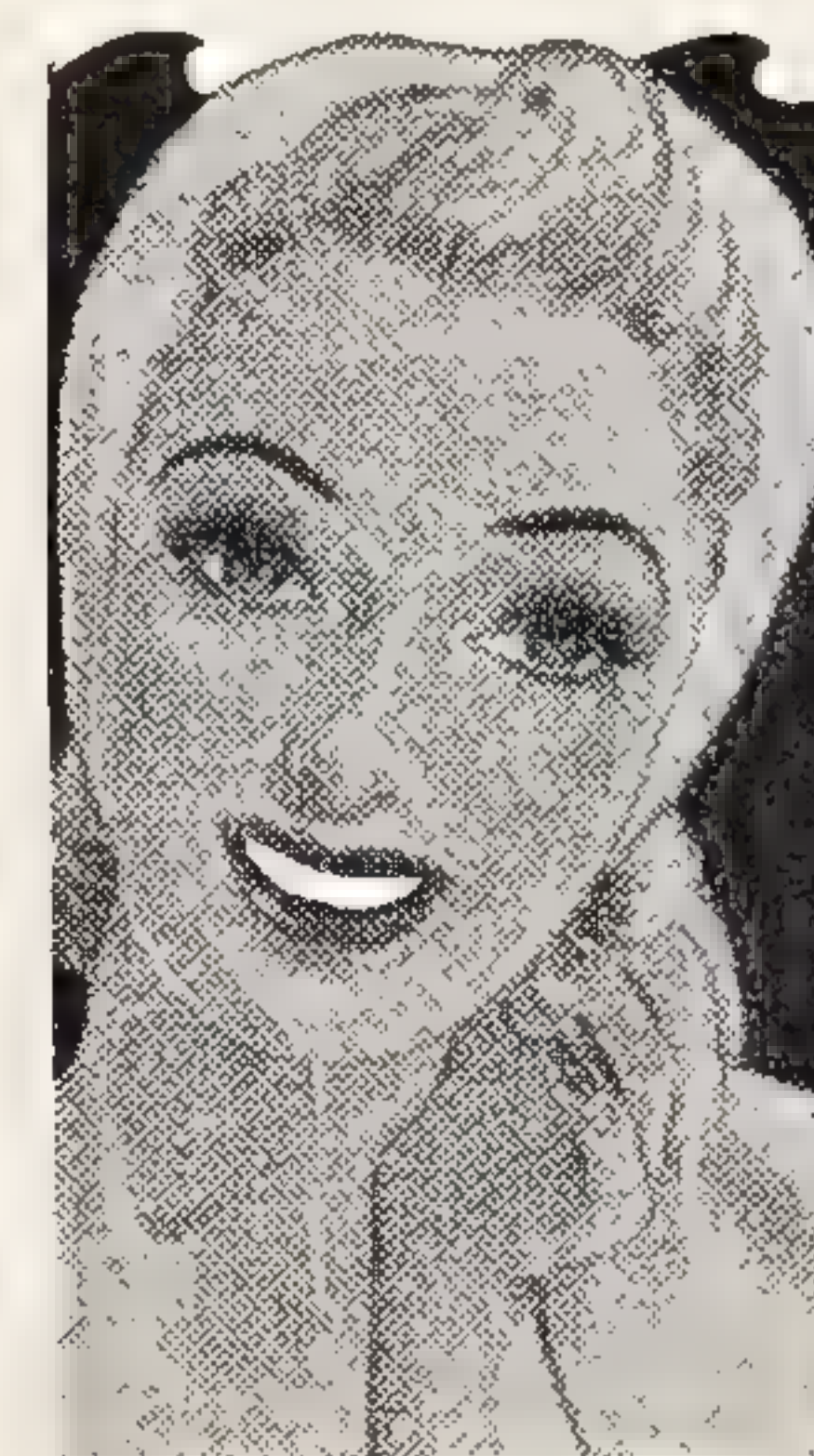
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It's tough pretending, forgetting those months when life was no longer set to music for Eddie Fisher. Months when he lost so much weight, became tense and trigger-nerved and lost all heart for show business and for his first love—the music that had taken him out of the tenements and into fame's sun.

Tough pretending for those who watched Debbie Reynolds shadow away and lose all the laughter that hides the kittenheart of a very sensitive girl.

It's hard to pretend they never happened, the days when a gallant little girl who'd fought so hard for her happiness could fight no more. Outside a gay red Thunderbird gathered dust in the sun. But the shades of the green stucco bungalow in Burbank were carefully drawn. And inside Debbie Reynolds lay in a state of complete shock and despair, seemingly unconscious of the receiver held to her ear, or of the voice calling her from more than 3000 miles. Eddie Fisher called her name over and over again that summer afternoon, coaxing her back to the world outside where they'd once been so happy together.

Today it never happened. They're writing it off. But the true story behind the love story of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, behind their successful struggle to straighten out their lives and forget those months after Eddie's unpublicized flight to Hollywood to tell Debbie they couldn't keep their original wedding date—foretells how much the future means.

So much has been said. So much written. And so little truth.

Ironically enough, they had even been accused of using that publicity to hypo two lagging careers and eke them by. "Someone said the studio had dropped me. The studio never dropped me. And Eddie was tops in his field. Publicity only complicated our lives," Debbie says now.

Those with short memories forget that Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher fell in love in spite of publicity—not to further it.

When they met, they were at the peaks of their respective careers. Debbie's saucy sparkle had zoomed her to the top of every magazine poll. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had given her a new contract with a triple raise. Eddie Fisher was television's most popular young singing star, the romantic idol of younger America. He'd chalked up an unprecedented 19 hits and four gold discs at RCA Victor Records. And he was turning down motion-picture contracts from every studio in Hollywood.

Careerwise, it's to their credit they've fought for their marriage and future when that future could hurt both careers. Into Eddie Fisher's office have come thousands of letters from feminine fans begging him not to marry. And what marriage will do to Debbie's career is yet to be determined. When they met, her smash performance in "Susan Slept Here" was opening new vistas as a dramatic star, but Debbie made it very plain her career came a very poor second compared with marrying the boy she loved and having a home and family. Debbie would have stepped down but fast from her throne.

"My career has never been a problem," she says. Short memories forget that from the moment they met Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds fought a losing battle for privacy. To the public they were love's young dream come true, and from the moment of their first date their public took over the love story of the handsome young baritone and the girl in the red lace dress sitting ringside at the Coconut Grove. A panting press headlined their every move.

Debbie's mother answered the columnists who called constantly for romantic items with, "Look, Frannie's been through this before. When she dates a boy, you start

marrying her. Why don't you give the kids a break?"

Eddie Fisher couldn't get over it. "This is the craziest place ever!" he would laugh.

"You think it's funny, huh? Well, I'm going to give them your number and let you talk to them," Mrs. Reynolds would threaten laughingly.

"Oh, no!" he'd recoil in horror.

During these first weeks, a little stuffed lion and a small fluff of a white French poodle, Fanny Fisher, made animal history. Eddie had planned the pup for a farewell gift and pleaded, "Please don't say anything, Debbie doesn't know yet." When they got wind of an old player piano Debbie had gotten for him, she said, "But—it's a surprise for Eddie's birthday—when he comes out." A "good conduct" medal he brought her from Europe for not dating when he was away made more headlines than many given heroes on the fighting front.

When and how and where he would give her an engagement ring became a matter of almost international conjecture. A determined Debbie asked the press to "stop pushing" them. As she told PHOTOPLAY's reporter then, "They not only want to walk you down the aisle, they want to shoot you down." To columnists she said, "If you were going with someone you wouldn't want to be pushed all the time. If anything happens, it's going to have to happen naturally. We have lots of time."

Even though they had been secretly engaged three weeks, finally they were resigned, it was just bigger than both of them. Their engagement was announced at a cocktail party for 600 in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. From the first, they both went on record as believing in long engagements. As Debbie said, "You don't know anybody unless you've known him a long time." Their careers had them a continent apart. "That's the thing, of course," Eddie Fisher said then. He was going to try to arrange to do his Coca-Cola tv shows, from Hollywood, "at least some of them," he said, adding "although—that might be all right, too." That would be a test of the distance—the months—and their love. Little did they know then how much their feeling for each other would be tested later on. They went on record right from the beginning and they stayed there, but there were too many people with short memories.

Debbie and Eddie always wanted a small wedding—"just intimate friends and family." A close circle Eddie defined on his side as consisting of friends like "Bernie and Marge Rich, Joey Forman, the Eddie Cantors and the Milton Blackstones—the kind of friends if you were in deep-down trouble—you'd go to them." And this is the kind of wedding they finally had.

Although the press didn't know it, actually the closest they came to getting married before September was last Christmas. They talked of it then, but Eddie couldn't get his family out to Hollywood at that time, and they wanted both families to be present.

Then one day last March there began a chain of unfortunate things which almost broke them up. Eddie and Debbie had thought it would be pretty dreamy to be married on the anniversary of their first date, since Eddie was sure he would be doing his show from the West Coast the next season anyway, they began thinking in that direction. Eager to make the announcement, Eddie Fisher asked one of the show's production heads if they couldn't Kinescope two of the shows in June so he and Debbie could be married June 17. Without giving it any thought, the fellow said, "Sure." Eddie called Debbie the good news, and they made their announcement from both coasts. But a few

days later the production staff said they couldn't reschedule the shows for that period. Sorry. Just couldn't be done.

Eddie Fisher was so upset and so concerned what Debbie's reaction might be, he made an unscheduled flight to Hollywood that weekend to tell her in person. He called the Reynolds' home from the airport. "What are you doing in town?" Debbie's mother asked and started to call Debbie to the phone.

"No, don't say anything. I have something to tell Debbie, but I want to tell her in person. I don't want to go into it on the phone. I'll catch a cab and be right out," he said. Naturally there was disappointment, but as Eddie said, "As soon as I can find out what I can do we'll set another date."

Meanwhile rumor leaked out, statements were made and speculation flew. Between Eddie and Debbie, too, tension and indecision and frustration took their toll. One night Eddie called Debbie and suggested they elope, but neither felt that to be pressured into this in an atmosphere of discord and confusion was any solution.

It was at Eddie Fisher's insistence that Debbie finally accompanied him to London when he played the Palladium. Some snide stories were even remarked about Debbie and her family "hanging around Eddie's neck" and accompanying him wherever he went. As Debbie told him, "Mama doesn't want to go." Eddie Fisher was in touch immediately with Debbie's mother saying, "Please, won't you go? I want her with me." Every measure was taken for their comfort and enjoyment and they had a wonderful time. It was Eddie's idea for Debbie to take a bow on the stage with him. "I will the first night—and that's all," she said. But the cute bit they'd worked up went over so well he announced, "Hey, you've had it. You've got to go on stage with me now." And it was Eddie who told the Queen, "I'm going to marry this girl."

But before they could set another date, the hue and cry began.

When they returned from England, Eddie's sponsors called a meeting to discuss their new plans for next season's TV show. They were bringing out a new giant economy-size bottle, they said, and wanted his television show to headquarter in New York and travel around the country hyping the sales. A syndicated television columnist happened to be at the meeting and overheard Eddie Fisher say, "Oh my, this really presents a problem with Debbie." Eddie knew she was positively committed for two pictures at M-G-M, "The Tender Trap" and another. With their combined commitments, there was a business problem of working out a wedding date. But the columnist made a personal issue out of it, He speculated since Eddie couldn't move his show to Hollywood, all wedding plans were off.

Caught in the cross fire between New York and Hollywood columnists, neither Debbie nor Eddie could pin the sources for any of it. And the rumors and untruths and words scissored out of context and misquoted began to draw blood. Eddie Fisher was increasingly convinced they must be coming from Debbie's studio, and he was furious because Debbie wasn't stopping them. Debbie thought they were coming from Eddie's camp and was hurt because he didn't shut them down. It was pretty hopeless trying to disentangle them 3000 miles and many gossip columnists apart.

Unknown to the columnists, during the height of the discord Debbie Reynolds offered to send back Eddie's engagement ring. "If this is your doing, if this is what you want, just say so." Eddie said it wasn't his doing and he didn't want her to send back the ring. "Let's not be

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hasty," he pleaded. "We'll work it out."

Debbie told him she wanted to go to Korea and entertain the GI's, reasoning this would put her an ocean away from reporters and give them both time to think things out. She thought maybe it would be wise not to wear her engagement ring on the flight. "You'd better wear it," Eddie said, half-jokingly. "But something might happen to it, Eddie," said Debbie, explaining the ring was a little large for her and she didn't know if the insurance covered overseas junkets like that. "Wear it, it's insured for everything," he assured her.

It was never off her finger. But little did either of them dream the news her ring would be making within a few short days from then.

Back home the gossipmongers weren't letting up. Wire stories coming out of New York confined the wedding indefinitely. They pictured Eddie Fisher renting a swank apartment with terraces, preparing to settle down in New York and really live it up.

Chatting with Debbie's mother long-distance, Eddie was surprised when she mentioned his new apartment. "How did you get that? I don't have a new apartment. I told the reporter this one wouldn't do. I said I needed a larger one and that Debbie and I both liked terraces."

After playing her heart out to entertain some 100,000 GI's and doing twenty-two shows in nine days, a weary but happier Debbie flew into Honolulu from the Far East to spend two days doing shows for the boys stationed at Hickam Field—and then home! She was bringing back gifts for her friends and Eddie's from Tokyo. She'd written him constantly. He was flying to the Coast to see her as soon as he could, and she couldn't wait to get home and talk to him. Then the phone rang.

In Hollywood a television gossip columnist had broken a front-page story which had a Debbie calling Eddie a "puppet" in the hands of his manager, saying she was mailing Eddie's ring back to him because his manager was trying to get her to renounce her faith and embrace Eddie's, and calling off the engagement for good! The story quoted Debbie's brother, Bill, a sound technician at NBC, and a quiet and shy kid who barely says more than "Hello" even to an old friend. Supposedly he had talked to Debbie in Honolulu and gotten this news.

Bill Reynolds was working the columnist's TV show that day and she and her staff cornered him. Asked for his side of the story, Debbie's brother was indignant. He'd only had a wish-you-were-here postcard from his sister, hadn't talked to her at all, he explained. They asked him whether his sister took her ring to Korea with her. "I didn't know," he answered. "It's a very valuable ring and it doesn't fit her—and flying around all those islands—I didn't know." Later, looking at the quotes given him, he was shocked. "Why, those are the things *they* said." The only explanation those knowing Bill could give was that his silence must have been taken for assent.

The story was bannered in New York papers. Eddie Fisher's manager, who hadn't been well anyway, was confined to bed. An incensed Eddie denied the rumors and called the Reynolds' home. "You mean it isn't true?" he said, of their part of the story.

"Of course it isn't true," Debbie's mother said, sick over the incident. "What about Mr. Blackstone?" she said. "Don't worry, I'll take care of this end," Eddie assured her. But the story had hit—hard and deep.

Unknown to the press, Debbie Reynolds

was a sick girl. Eddie talked to her doctor about canceling his commitments and flying out, but her physician advised him not to. What she needed from him was his assurance that Eddie didn't believe the things that had been written. Across the miles Eddie talked two hours, helping pull her out of a severe state of shock.

Without fanfare, he flew out to see her the following weekend. They were two different people from those who'd last met. Eddie Fisher had lost fourteen pounds and Debbie was down to 96. They'd lost weight and hope and heart. They were so weary, the whole thing seemed too much for them. Too much had happened to be dissolved in one meeting, certainly. Those who predicted they'd set a date to marry were far afield. They were dangerously close to giving up.

During the summer, Eddie and Debbie tried hard to put the pieces back together again. To become acquainted again, to erase the months from March through June. In the eyes of those watching, they were making a valiant effort to recapture the glow, but the gulf seemed almost too wide and the scars too deep. To see this happen to two kids like these was a pretty heartbreaking thing.

Then gradually they could laugh again. The tension eased and they began to be themselves again. Eddie gained back eleven pounds and Debbie began to bloom again.

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Out of experience—painful experience—they were closemouthed with the press. And their friends of the press, along with the gossips and detractors, began speculating again—either setting a date or dissolving them for good. Some were openly impatient for them to "make up your minds." The "reliable sources" were active again. And as Debbie asked Eddie, "Where did we get so many close friends?"

But they aren't thrown by any of them. When a New York columnist gossiped, "Does Debbie Reynolds know Eddie Fisher is seeing Terry Moore?" they read the item together and laughed together. "Hmmm—I've been with you every evening. When did this happen?" Debbie mused. "That must have been the other night at Ciro's when I walked Terry back to her table when I met her coming out of the Powder Room."

On his birthday, Debbie surprised Eddie with a party at Axel Stordahl's that Eddie's still talking about. "It was the first birthday party I've ever had," he says moved, adding, "and I sure was surprised! I thought I was out of my mind when I got there and saw everybody. I just stood there gaping. The funny thing about it is that it was my own idea to have a little celebration there for Axel, whose birthday is the day before mine, and Harry Akst's the next week. I told Debbie I thought we should have a few friends in and have a little family party. When we got there, I thought it was funny that nobody was out in front. They were all inside—in Hawaii. Debbie had moved the whole M-G-M studio into Axel's back yard."

Indeed Debbie had. She'd moved in

two truckloads of props from the studio. Palm trees, banana trees, tons of tropical flowers, a combo band and a whole Hawaiian luau.

All day long Eddie thought everybody had deserted him. He couldn't find any of his gang anywhere. Naturally. They were all out at Axel's getting ready for the party. Knowing he would wonder when she didn't answer the phone at home, Mrs. Reynolds gave him her gift the night before, explaining, "I'm working the blood bank at Lockheed tomorrow and I won't see you. Open it after midnight."

But the next afternoon it was Debbie's mother Eddie finally got at home. "Where is everybody? I've been calling all day," he said.

"I told you I was working the blood bank."

"Oh, that's right. Where's Debbie? I can't find her anywhere."

"I don't know, I just got home."

"Where's Willard? I can't find Willard any place," Eddie said, of his trusty valet and man Friday. Mrs. Reynolds said she had no idea where Willard was. Nor could he get in touch with his manager, Milton Blackstone, in New York. He didn't expect orchids, but he was a little hurt. They didn't have to be this hanged casual.

He kept calling and finally he found Debbie back home. He just couldn't understand where she'd been all day long. And Willard, "Where's Willard?" he said. "I can't find any of my clothes."

"You're twenty-seven years old now; it's about time you're finding your own clothes," Debbie laughed.

That night before they left for the Stordahls' for their little "family party," Debbie gave him her gift. Diamond and jade cuff links and studs. "Just the most fabulous!" he says. He hadn't recovered from them when they got to the party and he walked into a whole Hawaiian luau and sixty happy faces, including those of the Milton Blackstones, who'd flown out from New York for his birthday on Debbie's invite. Stopped for something to say, Eddie spotted Willard among the palm trees and covered huskily with, "Am I glad to see you. I've been looking for you all day."

The fun was still there. The pink cloud was still there. As Debbie said, "We're completely in love—and we always have been." And as she said, too, they hadn't lost what they once had; they'd just replenished it with something stronger and surer.

As Eddie Fisher says, they're a "little older" now, and wiser and strengthened by that which they've weathered together—and won. And the future is brighter because of it.

Eddie isn't going to have to tour his show around the country. As he told us, "Technically it was just too rough. We're not going to do that. But we're going to be in Miami, Florida, in November for a big convention they're having there." They do have a new apartment now. "I moved into Milton Berle's apartment just down the hall from mine in the same apartment hotel. Mine had one bedroom and Milton's has two."

Eddie's very proud of Debbie's career. "I saw a few scenes from 'The Tender Trap,'" he said. "It's the best thing she's ever done! She's very good with Frank Sinatra." Reminded she's very good with Eddie Fisher, too, he agreed, "I'm with you!"

Today they're really, really living again. Laughing again. Singing again. And this time making the future a happy one side by side. For beside the engagement ring that made headlines, there is a thin, narrow wedding band—a band that made Debbie Reynolds Mrs. Eddie Fisher.

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